

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE

LIFE

OF THE

Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Dr. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Cook Sculp.

DETUR DIGNISSIMO.

I HERE preſent the world with the Life of Dr. Swift: a man, whoſe original genius, and uncommon talents, have raiſed him, in the general eſtimation, above all the Writers of the age. But, from cauſes to be hereafter explained, his character as a man, has hitherto been very problematical; nor ſhall I find it eaſy, notwithſtanding the moſt convincing proofs, to perſuade mankind, that one who flouriſhed in the beginning of this century, in times of great corruption, ſhould afford in himſelf a pattern of ſuch perfect virtue, as was rarely to be found in the annals of the ancient Republic of Rome, when virtue was the mode. Yet if it can be ſhewn that even at this day, when corruption ſeems to have arrived at its utmoſt pitch, when proſtitution is openly avowed, and public ſpirit turned into a jeſt: if in ſuch times as theſe, *in fæce Romuli*, there lives a man fully equal to Swift in all the moral virtues attributed to him; the improbability of the exiſtence of ſuch a character at a former period, will be much leſſened. In the following hiſtory SWIFT has been repreſented as a man of the moſt diſintereſted principles, regardleſs of ſelf, and conſtantly employed in doing good to others. In acts of charity and liberality, in proportion to his means, perhaps without an equal, in his days. A warm champion in the cauſe of liberty, and ſupport of the Engliſh Conſtitution.

 A firm

A firm Patriot, in withſtanding all attempts againſt his country, either by oppreſſion, or corruption; and indefatigable in pointing out, and encouraging the means to render her ſtate more flouriſhing. Of incorruptible integrity, inviolable truth, and ſteadineſs in friendſhip. Utterly free from vice, and living in the conſtant diſcharge of all Moral and Chriſtian duties. If, in theſe times, there ſhould be found a man reſembling him in all theſe points, it is fit the memorial of him, together with that of his immortal compeer, ſhould be handed down to lateſt poſterity: and that ſuch a one does exiſt, will be acknowledged by all who have ever heard the univerſally revered name of Sir GEORGE SAVILE.

To him, therefore, is the following Life of a congenial Patriot inſcribed by its Author; who has long admired his character, and been well acquainted with his worth, though a ſtranger to his perſon.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE above was committed to the Preſs ſome weeks before the much-lamented death of the excellent man, to whom it was addreſſed; but the publication has by ſome accidents been deferred 'till now. That the Author had no intereſted view in his choice of a Patron (though he muſt ever regret the occaſion) he has now an opportunity of ſhewing, by letting the above Dedication remain in it's original ſtate, and thus conſecrating to the memory of the dead, that tribute of praiſe, ſo juſtly due to the living.

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ſeveral attempts to gratify the curioſity of the world, in delineating the Life and Character of the immortal Swift, yet hitherto little ſatisfactory has been produced on that ſubject. The different, and often oppoſite lights in which he has been ſhewn by the ſeveral Writers, have occaſioned an equal diverſity of judgments in their ſeveral readers, according to their various prepoſſeſſions; and even the moſt candid are too often left in a ſtate of doubt, through the want of having the truth laid before them ſupported by ſufficient proofs.

Perhaps there never was a man whoſe true character has been ſo little known, or whoſe conduct at all times, even from his firſt ſetting out in life, has been ſo miſrepreſented to the world, as his. This was owing to ſeveral cauſes which will be laid open in the following Work. But the chief ſource of all the erroneous opinions entertained of him, aroſe from Swift himſelf, on account of ſome ſingularities in his character, which at all times expoſed him to the ſhafts of envy and malice, while he employed no other ſhield in his defence, but that of conſcious integrity.

He had, early in life, from cauſes to be hereafter explained, imbibed ſuch a ſtrong hatred to hypocriſy, that he fell into the oppoſite extreme; and no mortal ever took more pains to diſplay his good quali-

ties, and appear in the beſt light to the world, than he did to conceal his, or even to put on the ſemblance of their contraries.

This humour affected his whole conduct, as well in the more important duties, as in the common offices of life.

Though a man of great piety, and true religion, yet he carefully ſhunned all oſtentation of it: as an inſtance of which, it is well known that during his reſidence in London, not being called upon by any duty to officiate publickly in his clerical capacity, he was ſeldom ſeen at church at the uſual hours that pretenders to religion ſhew themſelves there; but he was a conſtant attendant on early prayers, and a frequent partaker of early Sacraments.

Though generous and charitable in his nature to the higheſt degree, he ſeemed to part with money ſo reluctantly, and ſpoke ſo much about œconomy, that he paſſed for avaricious, and hard-hearted.

His very civilities bore the appearance of rudeneſs, and his fineſt compliments were conveyed under the diſguiſe of ſatyr.

Lord Bolingbroke, who knew him well, in two words, ſummed up his character in this reſpect, by ſaying, that Swift was a *hypocrite reverſed.*

In ſhort, he always appeared to the world in a maſk, which he never took off but in the company of his moſt intimate friends: and as the world can judge only by appearances, no wonder they were ſo much miſtaken in the ideas formed of him.

When we conſider that the time in which he made the chief figure in life, was a ſeaſon wherein faction

faction raged with the greateſt violence; that he was looked upon as the principal champion of the Tory cauſe, and therefore was the common butt at which all the Writers on the Whig ſide levelled their ſhafts; there will be no occaſion to wonder, that out of the many calumnies poured out againſt him, ſome of them ſhould ſtick. Theſe were indeed ſo numerous, that we are told by himſelf, that in the ſpace of not many years, upwards of a thouſand Pamphlets and Papers were written profeſſedly againſt him; to which he never deigned to give an anſwer, nor endeavoured to wipe off any aſperſion thrown on him. Thus by the former part of his character, juſt laid open, he afforded his enemies ſufficient ground-work on which to raiſe what ſuperſtructure of calumny they pleaſed, and as no defence was made, it was daily ſuffered to increaſe. For he had very unwiſely laid it down as a maxim, "To act uprightly, and pay no regard to the opinion of the world *."

Thus, while he was admired, eſteemed, beloved, beyond any man of his time, by his particular friends, not only on account of his ſuperior talents, but his pre-eminence in every kind of virtue; he was envied, feared, and hated by his enemies, who conſiſted of a whole virulent faction to a man. And when we take in the general appetite for ſcandal, and the ſpirit of envy in the bulk of mankind, which delights in the humiliation of an exalted character

* Miſs Vanhomrigh, in one of her letters to him, has the following paſſage. "You once had a maxim, which was—To act what was right, and not mind what the world would ſay."

we ſhall not be ſurpriſed, that even among his own party, he found few advocates to vindicate his fame; and that he had no other ſupport in this torrent of abuſe, but the conſciouſneſs of his own rectitude, and the unalterable attachment of his intimate friends: among which number he could count ſuch as were moſt eminent in thoſe days, both for talents and virtue.

In this ſtate Swift continued 'till the death of the Queen; admired by all as a genius, deteſted by moſt as a man. All the world now knows, upon that event, with what implacable malice the Whigs purſued their antagoniſts, as ſoon as they had got all power into their hands. This ſpirit raged ſtill more violently in Ireland, than in England; the effects of which Swift ſenſibly felt on retiring to his Deanery. The ill name he had obtained in London, followed him to Dublin; where he was the object of general hatred for ſome years. But when, in proceſs of time, his true character came to be known, and his exemplary conduct gave the lie to the groſs miſrepreſentations that had been made of him; when his ſpirit of patriotiſm broke forth into action, and ſaved his country from threatened ruin; when it was ſeen that the great object of his life was to promote public good; that in the diſcharge of all moral and religious duties, he had no ſuperiour; in the choice and extent of his charities, perhaps no equal; he obtained ſuch a degree of public favour, as no man in that country had ever reached. Praiſe was united to his name, admiration and affection to his perſon; and this juſt tribute

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was ever after paid to him during his life, and to his memory after his deceaſe; till a certain Author aroſe, bent upon ſullying his fair fame, who, opening the channels of calumny, long covered over by time, and raking in them with a *friendly* induſtry, once more brought their foul contents to light. Nor was it an enemy that did this, but one who profeſſed himſelf Swift's friend, and who was during his life-time, his greateſt flatterer; I mean John Earl of Orrery.

The cruel manner in which he has treated the memory of his *friend* Swift, as his Lordſhip in the courſe of the work often affects to call him, had ſomething ſo ſurpriſing in it, that people were at a loſs how to account for it, except by ſuppoſing it to proceed from ſome uncommon degree of malevolence in his Lordſhip's nature. But though he cannot be wholly cleared from an imputation of that ſort, yet I am perſuaded that his chief motive to it was not quite of ſo black a die. His father had, in his will, bequeathed his library from him; and this circumſtance made the world conclude that he looked upon his ſon as a blockhead. This ſtung the young man to the quick; and we may ſee how deep an impreſſion it made on him, by the account he gives of it in one of his letters to his ſon. It ſeems to have been the chief object of his life afterwards, to wipe away this ſtigma, and convince the world of the injuſtice done him, by publiſhing ſome Work that might do him credit as a Writer. Conſcious of his want of genius to produce any thing original, he applied himſelf diligently to a Tranſlation of Pliny's

Letters; but he was ſo long about this taſk, and put it into ſo many hands to correct it that Melmoth's excellent tranſlation of the ſame Work, ſlipped into the world before his, and foreſtalled this avenue to fame. Vexed at this diſappointment, he looked out for ſome other way by which he might acquire literary reputation, and he found no field ſo ſuited to his talents, as that of criticiſm; ſince, to make a figure there, required neither genius, nor deep learning; and therefore he might, with eaſe, arrive at the title of a *true* critic, as deſcribed in the Tale of a Tub. Of whom it had been remarked, "That a *true* critic is a ſort of mechanick ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade, at as little expence as a taylor." But Swift denies this poſition—"For, (ſays he) on the contrary, nothing is more certain, that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critics company, than that of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind: which, perhaps, for a leſs purchaſe, would be thought but an indifferent bargain." As his Lordſhip has fairly paid the purchaſe, it would be hard if he ſhould be denied the title.

The buſineſs now was, to find out a proper ſubject on which to exerciſe his talents in that way. As there never had been publiſhed any Hiſtory of Swift's Life, he thought nothing could excite general curioſity more than ſome account of that extraordinary man. It is true he was ſupplied with

but

but ſcanty materials for ſuch a Work; for though he had lived a ſhort time in ſome degree of intimacy with Swift, yet it was only in the latter part of his life, when he was declined into the vale of years, when his faculties were impaired, when his temper, ſoured by diſappointments, and his ſpirits ſunk by continual attacks of a cruel diſorder, made as great a change in his mind, as in his outward form, ſo that little of his former ſelf remained. To draw his character at length, from obſervations made at ſuch a period, was the height of injuſtice; and yet his Lordſhip had no opportunity of knowing any thing of the brighter part of his days, but from common report. For, as Swift was the laſt man in the world to talk much of himſelf, his Lordſhip's acquaintance with him furniſhed him with no materials of that ſort; he therefore had recourſe to common fame, which, as I have before ſhewn, had been always buſy in calumniating that great man; and with a cruel induſtry he collected and revived all the reports which had formerly been ſpread to his diſadvantage. His Lordſhip's chief view in publiſhing this Work, being to acquire celebrity as an Author—

——————— *hominum volitare per ora*—

in order to obtain this end, he knew that ſatyr was more likely to procure a rapid ſale to the book, than panegyrick. All regard therefore to truth, juſtice, honour, and humanity, was to be ſacrificed, whenever they came in competition with this great end.

The event did credit to his Lordſhip's ſagacity, for the Work had a rapid ſale, and ſoon ran through

a variety

a variety of editions. This was owing to ſeveral cauſes. The Whigs were then a great majority of the nation, and in poſſeſſion of all the power. Though their animoſity againſt thoſe of the oppoſite party had ſomewhat ſubſided, yet was it far from being wholly extinguiſhed. They had always entertained an implacable hatred to Swift, as the great champion of the other ſide; which was not extinguiſhed by his death, as in the caſe of others, becauſe his immortal Works ſtill continued a living war againſt the baſe meaſures they purſued. It was with delight therefore they read over a Work, which painted him in the ſame colours, in which they had always endeavoured to repreſent him. The bulk of mankind, finding that the accounts there given, coincided with the general prejudices founded on common fame, readily received them as true. And that ſpirit of envy, an inmate in the breaſts of moſt men, which delights in ſeeing thoſe of ſuperior talents degraded, and brought down more to a level with themſelves, was highly gratified by the peruſal of that book. Nor was it the leaſt cauſe of an extenſive ſale, that it was written by a *Lord*; a thing ſo rare in latter times! Wonder, uſually accompanied by a bad taſte, looks out only for what is uncommon; and if a Work comes abroad under the name of a Threſher, a Bricklayer, or a Lord, it is ſure to be eagerly ſought after by the million.

To theſe, and ſimilar cauſes, was owing the favourable reception this book met with; which, in itſelf, contains little that could be approved of by men of true taſte. What relates to Swift's Life, from the ſcantineſs of his materials, does not take up a

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ſixth portion of the whole. The greater part of the remainder, conſiſts of uſeleſs or invidious criticiſms on his Works. Yet all this not being ſufficient to make up a *juſt* volume, (according to the bookſellers phraſe) he has eked it out from his common-place book, in order to ſhew his learning, by introducing ſeveral diſſertations, foreign to the ſubject in hand: ſuch as thoſe on Madneſs, Idiotiſm; Characters of Homer, Ariſtotle; of Ramus, Scotus, and Aquinas; of Epicurus, Deſcartes, and Gaſſendi. Remarks upon the Writings of Lord Bacon, Milton, Harrington, Algernon Sidney, Lord Clarendon, Dr. Sprat, Sir William Temple, Addiſon, Lord Bolingbroke, *&c.* with many other impertinencies.

Not long after the publication of this Work, there came out an Anſwer to it, under the title of "Obſervations on Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift, afterwards known to be written by Dr. Delany: who, from an early and long intimacy with the Dean, was able to refute moſt of the facts, upon which his Lordſhip grounded his obſervations, by producing uncontrovertible proofs to the contrary. Yet, though this book was written with great ſpirit, and carried the evidence of truth with it; as it was an anonymous publication, it was little attended to, except by thoſe who wiſhed well to the memory of the Dean. Beſides, truth is not the object ſought after by thoſe, who are deſirous of remaining in an error. Swift has an obſervation on this head which will be found to be generally true. "The ill talent of the world is ſuch, that thoſe who will be at pains enough to inform themſelves in a malicious ſtory, will take none at all to

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be undeceived; nay, will be apt with ſome reluctance to admit a favourable truth." This obſervation was never more ſtrongly verified than in the caſe before us; for, while the book which calumniated Swift's character, and endeavoured to depreciate his talents, though poorly written, went through a great number of editions; the ſingle one of the Anſwer, incomparably ſuperior in every thing which can recommend Writings of that kind, ſtill remains unſold.

But whatever favourable reception this book met with in England, never did I know ſuch a univerſal indignation as was excited in all ranks of people, by the publication of it in Ireland. They were the only proper judgès of his character, who had an opportunity of knowing his conduct, during a reſidence of ſo many years. If they admired him for his genius, they almoſt adored him for his virtues. In his public capacity, he was one of the trueſt Patriots that ever lived; and for the many important ſervices he did his country, he was hailed by the general voice *pater patriæ*. In his private life, of the ſtricteſt morals; and in the diſcharge of his clerical duties, of exemplary piety. His charities were boundleſs, and the whole buſineſs of his life was, doing good. As party animoſities had long before ſubſided, he had few enemies left; and even thoſe few, when their hatred, together with their fear, had been buried in his grave, joined in doing all juſtice to his memory. To calumniate the character of ſuch a man, was thought little leſs than ſacrilege; and the rage of the people was ſuch, that it vented itſelf even on the poor printer of the Work, who became for a long time the object of public

odium. It was happy for his Lordſhip that he did not pay a viſit to that country during the ferment, for he would, moſt aſſuredly, have been groſsly inſulted by the populace, and avoided by all of a ſuperior rank.

Dr. Delany's Anſwer was followed by another from Deane Swift, Eſq. As it came from a near relation of the Dean's, it, at firſt, excited ſome expectation; which was ſoon ſucceeded by diſappointment, and the Work conſigned to oblivion. Where let it reſt.

On the publication of a new edition of Swift's Works, the proprietors applied to Dr. Hawkſworth to write his Life. He was an Author of no ſmall eminence; a man of clear judgment, and great candour. He quickly diſcerned the truth from the falſehood; wiped away many of the aſperſions that had been thrown on Swift's character; and placed it, ſo far as he went, in its proper light. But as he had no new materials of his own, and was confined to ſuch only as were contained in former publications, the view he has given of his life is very imperfect; many of the moſt important articles are omitted, and others ſtill left in a very doubtful ſtate.

The laſt Writer who has given any account of Swift, is Dr. Johnſon. Who ſeems to have undertaken this taſk, rather from the neceſſity he was under of taking ſome notice of him in the courſe of his Biographical Hiſtory of the Engliſh Poets, than from choice. He has preſented us only with a ſhort abſtract of what he found in Dr. Hawkſworth, for which he makes the following apology. "An account of Dr. Swift has been already collected with great diligence and acuteneſs, by Dr. Hawkſworth,

worth, according to a ſcheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendſhip. I cannot therefore be expected to ſay much of a life, concerning which I had long ſince communicated my thoughts, to a man capable of dignifying his narration, with ſo much elegance of language, and force of ſentiment." Accordingly he has produced little new on the ſubject, except ſome obſervations of his own, which are far from being favourable to the character of Swift. It is much to be lamented, that a man of his great abilities, did not chooſe to follow his friend Hawkſworth in the paths of juſt and candid criticiſm, inſtead of aſſociating himſelf with Lord Orrery to the band of *true* critics. Of which body he has ſhewn himſelf no unworthy member, not on this occaſion only, but in the many ſevere ſtrictures paſſed on the Lives and Writings of ſome of the greateſt geniuſes this country has produced; to the no ſmall indignation of their ſeveral admirers, and to the great regret of the Doctor's own. As this Work is more likely to be generally read than any of the others; both on account of the great reputation of the Author, and as it will of courſe preſent itſelf to the eyes of all who ſhall go through his collection of Lives, I ſhall hereafter take an opportunity of making ſome comments upon thoſe paſſages, which tend to depreciate and miſrepreſent the character of ſo great a man.

Theſe ſeveral publications, which place the Life and Character of Swift in very different, and often oppoſite points of light, have occaſioned great diverſity in the judgments formed of them by the world, according to the different degrees of prejudice,

dice, or candour, in their ſeveral readers. But as the ſale of the firſt Eſſay on this ſubject, written by Lord Orrery, was infinitely ſuperior to that of all the others put together, the prepoſſeſſions in favour of the accounts delivered by him, have, for reaſons already aſſigned, made too deep an impreſſion on the bulk of mankind, to be eaſily eraſed. I have before taken notice of the ſcantineſs of his materials, which yet he has not ranged in any regular order; and which conſiſt chiefly of detached facts, and unconnected Anecdotes, ſo that there is no appearance of a whole. The portrait he has drawn of him, puts one in mind of certain paintings to be ſeen at the optician's in St. Paul's church-yard, where we behold ſome ſcattered and diſtorted features, covered with blotches of various colours, ſo that we cannot diſcover what it is intended to repreſent: 'till, by the application of a cylindrical mirrour, we are ſurpriſed too ſee ſtart forth a face of the fineſt proportioned features, and moſt beautiful complexion. By ſuch an application of the mirrour of truth I hope to ſhew Swift in a ſimilar light.

I have long wiſhed for leiſure to ſet about this taſk, which a life ſpent in a variety of laborious occupations has hitherto prevented. And even now I am obliged to ſuſpend purſuits of more advantageous kind with regard to myſelf, in order to accompliſh it. But, reflecting, at this advanced period of life, on the near approaches of old age, which might ſoon diſqualify me from carrying my deſign into execution, I determined to poſtpone all other conſiderations, that might ſtand in the way of an object I have had ſo much at heart. The love I had to

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his perſon, and the reverence in which I was taught, from my earlieſt days, to hold his character, and with which I had an opportunity of being well acquainted, on account of the long intimacy ſubſiſting between him and my father; and, above all, the means I have in my power of reſcuing his good name from the aſperſions thrown on it by foulmouthed calumny, have made me think it an indiſpenſible duty, no longer to delay doing juſtice to his memory.

From the above acknowledgement of my early prepoſſeſſions in his favour, it may be thought that I ſhall prove not an unprejudiced hiſtorian: but, though I am conſcious to myſelf that I ſhall never be guilty of any wilful miſrepreſentations, I know too well how little weight all profeſſions of impartiality carry with them on ſuch occaſions, to trouble the reader with any. I deſire no credit to be given to aſſertions or opinions not ſupported by the moſt convincing proofs: which therefore, in all diſputable points, I hope I ſhall be indulged in producing at full length. And I doubt not but that the diſplay of Swift's true character and conduct in life, though to the confuſion of his maligners, and diſappointment of the envious and malevolent, will give great ſatisfaction to all good minds; as it is of moment to the general cauſe of religion and morality, to make it appear, that the greateſt Genius of the age, was, at the ſame time, a man of the trueſt piety, and moſt exalted virtue.

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THE LIFE OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

SECTION I.

SWIFT was deſcended from an ancient family in Yorkſhire, of no ſmall note, and conſiderable property. He was of the younger branch *. His grandfather, the Revd. Thomas Swift, was poſſeſſed of a good eſtate, and was diſtinguiſhed above any man of his ſtation in life, for his attachment to Charles I. and the ſufferings he underwent in ſupport of the royal cauſe, by which his fortune was entirely ruined. He had ten ſons, and three daughters. Five of his ſons went to ſeek their fortune in Ireland: the fourth of whom, Jonathan, was father to the famous Dr. Swift. He had married Mrs. Abigail Erick, deſcended from an ancient family of that name in Leiceſterſhire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, ſeven months before the birth of his only ſon; and as he was but juſt beginning the world, left his widow in very diſtreſſed circumſtances.

* For farther particulars of Swift's family, vid. Appendix.

JONATHAN SWIFT, afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November 1667, in Hoey's-court, Dublin. When he was but a year old, he was, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, ſtolen away by his nurſe, and carried to Whitehaven; which place ſhe was under a neceſſity of viſiting, on account of the illneſs of a relation, from whom ſhe expected a legacy; and, as is uſual among Iriſh nurſes, ſhe bore ſuch an affection to the child, that ſhe could not think of going without him. There he continued for almoſt three years; and ſhe took ſuch care of him, that he had learned to ſpell, and could read any chapter in the Bible before he was five years old.

At the age of ſix he was ſent to the ſchool of Kilkenny; and at fourteen admitted into the Univerſity of Dublin. The expence of his education being defrayed by his uncle Godwin Swift, the eldeſt of the brothers who had ſettled in Ireland. He was a lawyer of great eminence, and had made conſiderable ſums of money, which were for the moſt part ſquandered away in idle projects. By means of which, ſoon after his nephew had entered the College, he found himſelf involved in great difficulties; and being father of a numerous offſpring by four wives, he was under a neceſſity of reducing the ſtipend allowed to his nephew for his ſupport at the Univerſity, as low as poſſible. The real ſituation of Godwin's affairs not being then known to the world, and as he was looked upon to be much the richeſt of the family, Swift's other relations ſeemed at that time to think that their aid was not at all neceſſary; ſo that he was obliged to make the beſt ſhift he could, with the wretched allowance that his uncle gave him. Thus was one of the moſt aſpiring and liberal minds in the world, early checked and confined, by the narrowneſs

narrowneſs of his circumſtances; with this bitter aggravation to a generous ſpirit, that the ſmall pittance afforded by his uncle, ſeemed to him, from the manner in which it was given, rather as an alms doled out for charity, than an act of beneficence due from ſo near a relation; who was ſuppoſed by him, as well as by the reſt of the world, to be in circumſtances that might have afforded a much more liberal ſtipend, without prejudice to his own family. Under this load did the ſpirit of Swift groan for the ſpace of near ſeven years that he reſided in the College of Dublin; which made ſo deep an impreſſion on him, that he never afterwards could think with patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect ſhewn him during that time by his other relations.

The uneaſy ſituation of mind which a young man of high ſpirit muſt have been in, under ſuch circumſtances, produced conſequences likely to prove deſtructive of his future fortunes. For, in ſuch a ſtate, he could not bear to give the neceſſary application to ſome of the more dry parts of the academick ſtudies, for which he had indeed naturally no great reliſh; but paſſed his time chiefly in reading books of hiſtory and poetry; which were better ſuited to his taſte, and more calculated to relieve the troubles of his mind. In conſequence of this, when the time came for his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was ſtopped, as he himſelf expreſſes it, for dulneſs and inſufficiency. It is to be ſuppoſed that the word dullneſs was on this occaſion uſed by Swift jocoſely, as the cauſe aſſigned for ſtopping any perſon of a degree, is anſwering badly in any branch of literature appointed for that particular examination; which does not neceſſarily imply dullneſs, as it may as well proceed from idleneſs. But in Swift's caſe it was rather to be imputed to contumacy,

than either the one or the other. For the fact is, there was one branch of the examination, on which the greateſt ſtreſs was laid in thoſe days, in which he could not be ſaid to anſwer badly, for he did not attempt to anſwer at all. This account I had from his own lips. He told me that he had made many efforts, upon his entering the College, to read ſome of the old treatiſes on logic writ by Smegleſius, Keckermannus, Burgerſdicius, &c. and that he never had patience to go through three pages of any of them, he was ſo diſguſted at the ſtupidity of the work. When he was urged by his tutor to make himſelf maſter of this branch, then in high eſtimation, and held eſſentially neceſſary to the taking of a degree; Swift aſked him, what it was he was to learn from thoſe books? His tutor told him, the art of reaſoning. Swift ſaid that he found no want of any ſuch art; that he could reaſon very well without it; and that as far as he could obſerve, they who had made the greateſt proficiency in logic, had, inſtead of the art of reaſoning, acquired the art of wrangling; and inſtead of clearing up obſcurities, had learned how to perplex matters that were clear enough before. For his own part, he was contented with that portion of reaſon which God had given him, and he would leave it to time and experience to ſtrengthen and direct it properly; nor would he run the riſk of having it warped or falſely biaſſed, by any ſyſtem of rules laid down by ſuch ſtupid writers; of the bad effects of which he had but too many examples before his eyes, in thoſe reckoned the moſt acute logicians. And accordingly he made a firm reſolution that he never would read any of thoſe books. Which he ſo pertinaciouſly adhered to, that though he was ſtopped of his degree the firſt time of ſitting for it, on account of his not anſwering in that branch, he went into the

the hall a ſecond time, as ill prepared in that reſpect as before; and would alſo have been ſtopped a ſecond time, on the ſame account, if the intereſt of his friends, who well knew the inflexibility of his temper, had not ſtepped in, and obtained it for him; though in a manner little to his credit, as it was inſerted in the College Regiſtry, that he obtained it *ſpeciali gratia*, by ſpecial favour; where it ſtill remains upon record.

In going through the uſual forms of diſputation for his degrée, he told me he was utterly unacquainted even with the logical terms, and anſwered the arguments of his opponents in his own manner, which the Proctor put into proper form. There was one circumſtance in the account which he gave of this, that ſurpriſed me with regard to his memory; for he told me the ſeveral queſtions on which he diſputed, and repeated all the arguments uſed by his opponents in ſyllogiſtick form, together with his anſwers.

He remained in the College near three years after this, not through choice, but neceſſity; little known or regarded. By ſcholars he was eſteemed a blockhead; and as the lowneſs of his circumſtances would not permit him to keep company of an equal rank with himſelf, upon an equal footing, he ſcorned to take up with thoſe of a lower claſs, or to be obliged to thoſe of a higher. He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in purſuing his courſe of reading in hiſtory and poetry, then very unfaſhionable ſtudies for an academick; or in gloomy meditations on his unhappy circumſtances. Yet, under this heavy preſſure, the force of his genius broke out, in the firſt rude draft of the Tale of a Tub, written by him at the age of nineteen, though communicated to no-body but his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng; who, after the publication of the book, made no ſcruple to declare that he

had read the firſt ſketch of it in Swift's hand-writing, when he was of that age.

Soon after this, his uncle Godwin was ſeized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of buſineſs; and then it was that the broken ſtate of his affairs was made public. Swift now loſt even the poor ſupport that he had before; but his uncle William ſupplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more enlarged way, which could not be expected from his circumſtances; yet with ſo much better a grace, as ſomewhat lightened the burden of dependance, and engaged Swift's gratitude afterwards, who diſtinguiſhed him by the title of the beſt of his relations. He had no expectation however of receiving any thing more from him than what was abſolutely neceſſary for his ſupport; and his chief hopes now for any thing beyond that, reſted in his couſin Willoughby Swift, eldeſt ſon of his uncle Godwin, a conſiderable merchant at Liſbon. Nor was he diſappointed in his expectations. For, ſoon after the account of his father's unhappy ſituation had reached Willoughby Swift at Liſbon, he, reflecting that his couſin Jonathan's deſtitute condition demanded immediate relief, ſent him a preſent of a larger ſum than ever Jonathan had been maſter of in his life before. This ſupply arrived at a critical juncture; when Swift, without a penny in his purſe, was deſpondingly looking out of his chamber-window, to gape away the time, and happened to caſt his eye upon a ſea-faring man, who ſeemed to be making enquiries after ſome body's chambers. The thought immediately came into Swift's head, that this might be ſome maſter of a veſſel who was the bearer of a preſent to him from his couſin at Liſbon. He ſaw him enter the building with pleaſing expectation, and ſoon after heard a rap at his door, which he eagerly opening, was accoſted

coſted by the ſailor with—"Is your name Jonathan Swift?" Yes! "Why then I have ſomething for you from Maſter Willoughby Swift of Liſbon." He then drew out a large leathern bag, and poured out the contents, which were ſilver cobs, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the ſight, in the firſt tranſports of his heart, puſhed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the ſailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honeſt tar declined taking any, ſaying that he would do more than that for good Maſter Willoughby. This was the firſt time that Swift's diſpoſition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he ſaid that the reflection of his conſtant ſufferings through the want of it, made him huſband it ſo well, that he was never afterwards without ſome in his purſe.

Soon after this, upon the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift determined to leave that kingdom, and to viſit his mother at Leiceſter, in order to conſult with her upon his future plan of life.

Such was the opening of this great man's life; and from ſuch a beginning, who could at that time have imagined that ſuch mighty things were to enſue? He was now in his one-and-twentieth-year; unqualified for any profeſſion but that of the church; in which he had no proſpect of ſucceeding from intereſt; and the diſgraceful manner of his taking his degree, was a ſtrong bar to any hopes on the ſcore of merit. He had made no advances in any of the uſeful ſtudies neceſſary to put a young man forward in the world; the recluſeneſs of his life had rendered him little known; and a temper naturally ſplenetic, ſowered by the miſery of his ſituation, did not qualify him much for making perſonal friends. How unpromiſing were the proſpects of ſuch a man, juſt entering into the world, under ſuch circumſtances! And yet it is to thoſe very circum-

ſtances, probably, that the world owes, *a Swift*; to the want of money, want of learning, want of friends. Whoever is acquainted at all with the life and writings of Swift, muſt ſee that he had an uncommon ſhare of ſpirit and fire in his conſtitution. Such, as had it not been kept under during the heat of youth, would probably have precipitated him into ſome extravagant courſes. Nothing leſs than the lowneſs of his circumſtances from his birth, could have kept that fire from burſting out; nothing leſs than the galling yoke of dependance, could have reſtrained that proud ſpirit within due bounds. His poverty and his pride were two excellent guards ſet over him, during that moſt dangerous time of life, to fix and keep him in a courſe of virtue. The one debarred him from exceſſes in the pleaſureable gratification of youth, which money only can procure; the other, kept him from endeavouring to obtain from the purſe of others, by mean compliances, any pleaſures that he could not purchaſe from his own fund. Thus, neceſſarily fixed in a courſe of temperance, the practice of other moral duties became eaſy to him. And indeed there was no flaw to be found in his moral character, during his reſidence in the College, however low his parts might be rated.

Thus far I have ſhewn the benefits which were probably derived to him from his want of fortune. I ſhall now ſhew what advantages it is likely he derived from want of learning.

Had Swift met with ſufficient encouragement to apply himſelf to the learning of the times; had his ſituation in the College been rendered eaſy to him, ſo that he might have purſued his ſtudies with an undiſturbed mind; had his emulation been rouzed in ſuch a way as to make him enter into a competition with thoſe of his own ſtanding; it is highly probable, from the greatneſs

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of his parts, that he would have thrown all competitors at a diſtance. And in that caſe, he might have acquired a fondneſs for thoſe ſtudies by which he obtained fame, however diſagreeable they might have been to him at firſt. He might have proved the foremoſt Logician, Metaphyſician, or Mathematician of his time; he might have paſt his life, like ſome of the moſt eminent of his fellow ſtudents, in uſeleſs ſpeculations; and inſtead of writing a Laputa, he might himſelf have been qualified for a profeſſorſhip in the academy of that airy region.

Let us only ſuppoſe Swift to have been a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar in the Univerſity, and we may reaſonably ſuppoſe alſo, that, circumſtanced as he was, his friends would have made him ſit for a fellowſhip there, as the ſureſt and beſt proviſion for any one ſo educated. Or elſe, encouraged by the hopeful expectations raiſed from the diſtinguiſhed figure he made in the College, they would have puſhed all their intereſt to have gotten him ſome ſmall preferment in the Church. In either of which caſes, the *Swift* of *the world* might have been loſt in a Univerſity Monk, or a Country Vicar. On the other hand, the diſgrace thrown on him in the College, deprived him of all hopes of preferment, and rendered his friends ſo cold to his intereſt, that he had no expectations of future ſupport, but by changing the ſcene to another country; where only there was a field large enough for the exertion of thoſe high talents, which yet in a great meaſure lay dormant in him.

And with reſpect to the third article, the want of friends; had it not been for that circumſtance, he would not have been under a neceſſity of going to ſeek for new ones, in another country; and he might probably never have fallen into the hands of that particular friend, who was perhaps the only one living, capable of forming

forming his mind to thoſe great things which he afterwards executed.

It was in the year 1688 that Swift left Ireland; he was then in his one-and-twentieth year. Suppoſe him landed in a country where he was utterly unknown, and without recommendatory letters that might introduce him to the acquaintance, or procure him the aſſiſtance of any one in that country, with regard to any future plan of life. Let us ſtop a while, and ſurvey the future Swift, ſetting out on foot from Cheſter, in order to go to a mother, who was utterly incapable of affording him the leaſt aſſiſtance, as ſhe herſelf was chiefly ſupported by preſents and contributions from her relations. One can hardly imagine a ſituation more hopeleſs with regard to externals; and with reſpect to his own internal powers, he had yet given no proofs of thoſe, which would not rather occaſion deſpondency in his relations, than raiſe in them any hopes of his being able to puſh his own way in the world. And indeed at that juncture perhaps there were few living leſs qualified than he to do any thing for his own ſupport.

The world was all before him where to chooſe
His place of reſt, and Providence his guide.

And he ſeems indeed to have been then under the immediate guidance of Providence; for, hopeleſs as the end of ſuch a journey might at that time have appeared, it proved in fact the means of all his future greatneſs.

After a reſidence of ſome months with his mother, he laid before her the uncomfortableneſs of his preſent ſituation, and the gloomineſs of his future proſpects; requeſting her advice what courſe he ſhould purſue. She clearly ſaw that her ſon's caſe required the aſſiſt-

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ance of ſome powerful friend, and the unfortunate can ſeldom number ſuch among their acquaintance. She recollected however that Sir William Temple's Lady was her relation; and that there had been a long intimacy between Sir John Temple, father to Sir William, and the family of the Swifts in Ireland; ſhe knew alſo that a couſin German of her ſon's, the Revd. Thomas Swift, had been Chaplain to Sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the Church, on the ſcore of family connections. She recommended it therefore to her ſon to go to Sir William, and make his caſe known to him.

However grating ſuch an application might be to the proud ſpirit of Swift, yet, as it was his only reſource, he followed his mother's advice, and ſoon afterwards preſented himſelf to Sir William Temple at * Shene, requeſting his advice and aſſiſtance. Sir William was a man of too much goodneſs and humanity, not to take compaſſion on a young man born an orphan, without fortune, diſtreſſed from his cradle, and without friends or intereſt to puſh him forward in life; who at the ſame time had a double claim to his favour, as related by blood to a wife for whom he had the higheſt honour and affection; and as the offspring of a family with whom his father had lived in the cloſeſt ties of friendſhip. He accordingly received him cheerfully into his houſe, and treated him with that hoſpitable kindneſs, which family connections, and what was ſtill more to a generous mind, his unfortunate ſituation demanded of him. But yet we do not find, for a long time, that his kindeſs to him was encreaſed from motives of per-

* Sir William Temple's own place of reſidence was a ſeat which he had purchaſed, called Moor-Park, near Farnham in Surrey; but at the time of the Revolution, as Moor-Park grew unſafe by lying in the way of both armies, Sir William went back to his houſe at Shene, which he had given up to his ſon.

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ſonal regard, on a nearer acquaintance with him. It is probable that Sir William early ſounded his depth of knowledge, and examined into the progreſs he had made in his ſtudies; which was far from being ſo great as might have been expected from his courſe of education, and time of life. The firſt good office that Sir William could do him, therefore, was to put him into a courſe of reading, in order that he might redeem loſt time. Accordingly we find, that Swift, during his reſidence with Sir William, applied himſelf with great aſſiduity to his ſtudies; in which, for the ſpace of eight years, he was employed, by his own account, at leaſt eight hours a day, with but few intermiſſions. The firſt of theſe was occaſioned by an illneſs, which he attributed to a ſurfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldneſs of ſtomach, and giddineſs of head, which purſued him more or leſs during the remainder of his life. After two years reſidence at Moor-Park, to which place he had removed with Sir William when the troubles were ended, his ſtate of health was ſo bad, that he was adviſed by phyſicians to try the effects of his native air, towards reſtoring it. In purſuance of this advice he reviſited Ireland; but finding himſelf growing worſe there, he ſoon returned to Moor-Park; where, upon the abatement of his illneſs, he renewed his application to his ſtudies.

It does not appear that Sir William Temple knew any thing of the value of his young gueſt, till about this time; and Swift himſelf ſays that it was then he began *to grow into ſome confidence with him.* The little progreſs Swift had made in learning at his firſt arrival at Shene, muſt have given Sir William but a mean opinion of his capacity; and the few things which he wrote during his firſt two years reſidence with him, could have given him no very high idea of his genius.

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For Swift had at that time ſo far miſtaken his talents, that he tried his ſtrength only in Pindarick Odes; in which, though there appeared ſome vigour of mind, and efforts of an uncommon genius, yet it was apparent that it was vigour improperly exerted, and the efforts of a genius miſapplied. The ſentiments were ſtrained and crowded; and the numbers irregular and harſh *. How then ſhall we account for the ſudden change of Sir William's ſentiments towards him? It could not be on account of his progreſs in literature, for he had not had time enough to ſtand highly in the opinion of ſo diſtinguiſhed a ſcholar as Sir William was, on that ſcore. And indeed, with all his aſſiduity, it is probable that he had not then ſo far recovered loſt time, as to be maſter of the learning which his ſtanding required. The moſt probable conjecture is, that Swift had, at his leiſure, reviſed and corrected his Tale of a Tub, which was ſketched out by him in the College, as was before mentioned, and now firſt ſhewed it to Sir William. A work, bearing ſuch a ſtamp of original genius, muſt, in a man of Sir William Temple's delicate taſte, and nice diſcernment, have at once raiſed the author into a high place in his eſteem, and made him look upon him afterwards with very different eyes. Accordingly we find that, about this period, he truſted him with matters of great importance. He introduced him to King William, and ſuffered him to be preſent at ſome of their conferences †. He employed him in a com-

* Two of theſe Odes, as being the firſt that have appeared of his poetical writings, are placed, on that account only, at the head of the firſt volume of his poems.

† Sir William had been Ambaſſador and Mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen before the Revolution. In this character he contracted a cloſe intimacy with the Prince of Orange; who, after he had aſcended the Engliſh throne, frequently viſited him at Shene, and took his

a commiſſion of conſequence to the King, when he was unable to attend him himſelf, which required dexterity, and knowledge in the Hiſtory of England. And above all, he conſulted him conſtantly, and employed him in the reviſal and correction of his own works.

In this ſituation Swift continued, ſtill applying cloſely to his ſtudies till the year 1692, when he went to Oxford in order to take his Maſter's degree; to which he was admitted on the 5th of July 1692.

From his delaying ſo long to take this degree, it may be concluded that Swift was determined to prepare himſelf for it in ſuch a way, as might do him credit in the eyes of the Univerſity, in order to wipe off the diſgrace of the former. And we may judge that his progreſs in academick ſtudies had been very ſmall, when it required four years application before he thought himſelf qualified to appear at Oxford with that view. Nor can there be any other reaſon aſſigned for his not having done it ſooner, as he was of ſufficient ſtanding to have applied for his Maſter's degree in the firſt year of his reſidence at Moor-Park. From the ſatisfaction he expreſſes at the behaviour of the Univerſity of Oxford, and the civilities he met with there, it is probable that he was not undiſtinguiſhed as a ſcholar; and that he found the firſt end he propoſed by his ſtudies, fully anſwered.

his advice in affairs of the utmoſt importance. Sir William being then lame of the gout, ſubſtituted Swift to attend his Majeſty in his walks round the gardens; who admitted him to ſuch familiarity, that he ſhewed him how to cut aſparagus in the Dutch faſhion; and once offered to make him a Captain of Horſe. But Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an eccleſiaſtical life; and it is therefore probable that upon declining this offer, he obtained a promiſe of preferment in the Church; for, in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he ſays,—"I am not to take orders 'till the King gives me a Prebend."

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From Oxford he paid a viſit to his mother, and then returned to Moor-Park. Not with a deſign of continuing there, for he now wanted to enter into the world, but in expectation of getting ſome preferment by means of Sir William's intereſt with the King, which he had promiſed to exert in his behalf, and had already indeed obtained an aſſurance of that ſort from his Majeſty. But Swift at this time entertained ſome ſuſpicion, that Sir William was not *ſo forward* on the occaſion as *he could wiſh*; and the reaſon he aſſigned for it was, that Sir William was apprehenſive *Swift would leave him*, and *upon ſome accounts, he thought him a little neceſſary to him* *. Swift was indeed by this time become very neceſſary to a man in the decline of life, generally in an ill ſtate of health, and often tortured with the moſt excruciating diſorders. The loſs of ſuch a companion as Swift, after ſuch a long domeſtic intimacy, would have been like the loſs of a limb. Beſides, as he ſeems to have had nothing ſo much at heart in the latter part of his life, as the leaving behind him a corrected copy of all his writings, done under his own inſpection, he could not bear the thought that Swift ſhould leave him, till that point was accompliſhed. He had already experienced the uſe that he was of to him in that reſpect, and knew that his place was not eaſily to be ſupplied. And his ill ſtate of health occaſioned the work to advance but ſlowly, as it was only during the more lucid intervals he applied to it. On theſe accounts, Sir William was in no haſte to procure any preferment for his young friend, to the great mortification of Swift. In this uneaſy ſtate he continued at Moor-Park two years longer, and then, quite wearied out with fruitleſs expectation, he determined at all events to leave Sir Wil-

* Thus Swift expreſſes himſelf in a letter to his uncle William, dated Moor-Park, November 29, 1692.

liam, and take his chance in the world *. When this his reſolution was made known to Sir William, he received it with evident marks of diſpleaſure; but that he might ſeem to fulfil his promiſe to Swift, of making ſome proviſion for him, he coldly told him, that ſince he was ſo impatient, it was not at that time in his power to do any thing more for him, than to give him an employment, then vacant in the office of the Rolls in Ireland, to the value of ſomewhat more than a hundred pounds a year. Swift immediately replied, "That, ſince he had now an opportunity of living, without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, he was reſolved to go to Ireland to take Holy Orders." To comprehend the full force of this reply, it will be neceſſary to know that Sir William was well acquainted with Swift's intention of going into the Church, from which he had been hitherto reſtrained only by a ſcruple of appearing to enter upon that holy office, rather from motives of neceſſity, than choice. He therefore ſaw through Sir William's deſign, in making him the offer of an employment which he was ſure would not be accepted by Swift. With great readineſs and ſpirit therefore, he made uſe of this circumſtance, at once to ſhew a proper reſentment of the indelicacy of Sir William's behaviour towards him; and to aſſign an unanſwerable motive for immediately carrying his long formed reſolution into act. Their parting on this occaſion was not without manifeſt diſpleaſure on the ſide of Sir William, and ſome degree of reſentment, not ill-founded, on the part of Swift.

He procured a recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, from whom is uncertain, but it may be preſumed, from the ſmallneſs of the pro-

* See his account of this, in his letter to his couſin Deane Swift, dated June 3, 1694.

viſion

viſion made for him in conſequence of it, that it was not a powerful one; and therefore, that Sir William Temple had no ſhare in it. He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694, being then almoſt 27 years old. Soon after this, Lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot in the dioceſe of Connor, worth about 100 pounds a year. To this place Swift immediately repaired, in order to reſide there, and diſcharge the duties of his office. He now for the firſt time enjoyed the ſweets of independence; but theſe ſweets were not of long duration, as he ſoon ſaw that the ſcene of his independence could not poſſibly afford him any other ſatisfaction in life. He found himſelf ſituated in an obſcure corner of an obſcure country, ill accommodated with the conveniencies of life, without a friend, a companion, or any converſation that he could reliſh. What a contraſt was this to the delightful ſcene at Moor-Park! replete with all the beauties, and adorned with every elegance, that could charm the ſenſes, or captivate the fancy; and where the mind had a continual feaſt of the moſt rational and refined converſation. But ſtill the ſpirit of Swift ſo far prized liberty above all other bleſſings in life, that had he had no other alternative, he would certainly have preferred that uncomfortable ſituation to any ſtate of dependance. But he now began to feel his own ſtrength, and, conſcious of his powers, could not conceive they were meant for ſo narrow a ſphere as that of a ſmall country living. He felt an irreſiſtible impulſe once more to launch into the world, and make his way to a ſtation more ſuited to his diſpoſition. In this temper of mind he received accounts from his friends, that Sir William Temple's ill-founded reſentment had ſubſided ſoon after his departure, and that he was often heard to lament the loſs of his company. Soon after, upon receiving

a kind letter from Sir William himſelf, with an invitation to Moor-Park, his reſolution was at once fixed. He determined upon returning to England, but firſt reſolved to reſign his living. As there were ſome ſingular circumſtances attending this reſignation, I ſhall relate them exactly as I received them from a Gentleman of veracity, who declared he had the account from Swift himſelf. He ſaid, that ſoon after he had come to this determination, he was taking his cuſtomary walk, and met an elderly clergyman riding along the road. After the uſual ſalutation, he fell into diſcourſe with him; and was ſo pleaſed with what paſſed between them, that he invited him to dinner, and eaſily prevailed on him to be his gueſt for a day or two. During this time Swift found that he was a man of great ſimplicity of manners, good ſenſe, ſome learning, and unaffected piety: and, upon enquiring into his circumſtances, learned, that he had only a curacy of forty pounds a year, for the maintenance of a wife and eight children. Swift lamented his ſituation, and told him that he had ſome intereſt which he would exert in his behalf, and endeavour to procure him a living, if he would only lend him his black mare to carry him to Dublin; for Swift was not at that time poſſeſſed of a horſe. The clergyman readily conſented, and went home on foot; promiſing to meet him at any time he ſhould appoint on his return. Swift went to town, and repreſented the poor curate's caſe to his patron in ſuch ſtrong terms, as ſoon prevailed on him to conſent that Swift's living ſhould, upon his reſignation, which was propoſed at the ſame time, be made over to him. Nor was this a difficult point to accompliſh, as, beſide motives of humanity, it was for the intereſt of the patron to accept of an old incumbent of near ſixty years of age, in the room of a young one of twenty-ſeven.

Swift

Swift, having diſpatched this buſineſs, returned as ſoon as poſſible to the country, and gave notice to the old clergyman to meet him. He found him at his door on his arrival, and immediately upon their going into the parlour put the preſentation into his hand, deſiring him to read it. Swift ſaid, that while he was doing ſo, he kept his eyes ſteadily fixed on the old man's face, in which the joy of finding that it was a preſentation to a living, was viſibly expreſſed: but when he came to that part of the writing which mentioned the name of the living, and found that it was Swift's own which he had reſigned in his favour, he looked at him for ſome time in ſilence, with ſuch a mixed emotion of aſtoniſhment and gratitude in his countenance, as preſented to Swift one of the moſt ſtriking pictures of the mind expreſſed in the face, he had ever ſeen; and he ſaid that he never before had felt ſuch exquiſite pleaſure of mind as he did in that hour. Nor is this to be wondered at, ſince it was the firſt opportunity he ever had of letting looſe that ſpirit of generoſity and benevolence, whoſe greatneſs and vigour, when pent up in his own breaſt by poverty and dependance, ſerved only as an evil ſpirit to torment him. And when we conſider the nature of this action in all its circumſtances, that the object of it was the worthy father of a numerous family, for whom it was impoſſible he could make any proviſion from ſo poor an income as he then poſſeſſed; that the motive to it was pure diſintereſted benevolence, without any alloy, as the man was a ſtranger to him, and therefore there could be no incentive to it from ties of blood or friendſhip; that the gift was ſuch as would brighten the latter days of a well-ſpent life, though hitherto clouded with indigence, and make a whole family happy; and laſtly, that this gift was not like that of a wealthy man, who might eaſily ſpare it without feeling the loſs, but the

whole viſible income Swift poſſeſſed for preſent and future ſupport, the ſole means in his power of preſerving that independence which he had ſo long ſighed for, and at laſt with difficulty obtained: it is no wonder, I ſay, all theſe circumſtances conſidered, that the great mind of Swift ſhould have exulted in ſo glorious an opportunity of paying off at once the large debt which, from the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, he had been contracting all his life, to benevolence.

After ſeeing his ſucceſſor eſtabliſhed in the living, he ſoon ſettled his affairs, and ſet out for Dublin, in his way to England. The old man, before his departure, preſſed him to accept of his black mare, which was the moſt valuable of his poſſeſſions, as a ſmall token of his gratitude; and Swift was too well acquainted with the ſenſibility of a generous heart, under obligations, to hurt him by a refuſal.

With about fourſcore pounds in his pocket, which by his own account was all his worldly wealth at that time, Swift once more embarked for England, and arrived at Moor-Park in the year 1695, after ſomewhat more than a year's abſence.

To all appearance he had but little bettered his condition by his journey to Ireland. He was now returned to the ſame ſtate of dependance, which had before proved ſo irkſome to him, that he determined to break away from it, at all hazards. But there were ſeveral circumſtances which contributed to make his preſent ſtate, though ſtill dependant, of a very different nature from the former. In the firſt place, his ſituation now was not the effect of neceſſity or conſtraint, but the object of his choice. In the next, he was highly gratified with an opportunity of ſhewing his regard and attachment to Sir William, by returning voluntarily to him, when it was in his power to have lived independently,

ently, though he ſcorned to be compelled into it from motives of neceſſity. Then, by ſo readily complying with Sir William's requeſt, and giving up all his viſible ſupport in order to do ſo, he had laid him under ſuch an obligation as entitled him to all future favours, which might be in his power to beſtow. Accordingly we find, that Swift's mind being now perfectly at eaſe, and Sir William conſidering his return, with all its circumſtances, in the moſt obliging light, theſe two great men lived together to the time of Sir William's death, in the moſt perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and eſteem. Nor do we find during that ſpace, which was almoſt four years, that Swift was at all preſſing on the ſcore of preferment promiſed him; which, had he been ſo, he would certainly have obtained; but, from a true generoſity of mind, he ſeemed determined to ſtay with his friend, in order to cheer his latter days, which were embittered by illneſs and pain, and required ſuch a cordial to make life ſupportable; and to lay aſide all views with regard to himſelf, till his friend's death ſhould releaſe him from the benevolent taſk, and leave him at liberty to purſue his own intereſt.

During this ſpace Swift's time was fully and uſefully employed. He devoted eight hours a day, as before, to the proſecution of his * ſtudies. His function as a clergyman was confined to a private family, but he was regular in the diſcharge of it, having ſtated times in the morning and evening for their meeting together at prayers. He took upon himſelf the office of preceptor to a young Lady, niece to Sir William Temple, reſiding

* As many may be curious to know of what nature his ſtudies were, the following account of the books which he read in one year, preſerved in his own hand-writing, may afford ſome ſatisfaction.

reſiding in his houſe, teaching her Engliſh, and directing her in a proper courſe of reading. At the ſame time Miſs Johnſon, afterwards ſo well known by the name of Stella, was a fellow ſtudent with the other young Lady, and partook of the benefit of the ſame inſtruction. Miſs Johnſon was daughter to Sir William Temple's ſteward, and was at that time about fourteen years of age; beautiful in her perſon, and poſſeſſed of ſuch fine talents, as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and forming her mind. At this time too he writ his famous Digreſſions to be found in the Tale of a Tub; and the Battle of the Books, in honour of his great and learned friend.

In the year 1699, Sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a legacy, and the care, truſt, and advantage, of publiſhing his poſthumous writings. As he had alſo obtained a promiſe from King William, that he would give Swift a prebend, either of Canterbury or Weſtminſter, he thought he had made a ſufficient return for

From Jan. 7, 1696-7.

Lord Herbert's Harry VIII. *fol.*
Sleidan's Comment, abſtracted, *fol.*
Council of Trent, abſtracted, *fol.*
Virgil, *bs.*
Horace, 9 vols.
Sir William Temple's Memoirs
——————— Introduction
Camden's Elizabeth
Prince Arthur
Hiſtoire de Chypre
Voyage de Syam
Voiture
Memoires de Maurier
Lucius Florus, *ter.*
Collier's Eſſays, 2 vols.
Count Gabalis
Sir John Davis, of the Soul
Conformité de Religion, *&c.*
Dialogues des Morts, 2 vols.
Lucretius, *ter.*
Hiſtoire de Mr. Conſtance
Hiſtoire d'Ethiopie
Hiſtoire de Cotes, de A°.
Diodorus Siculus, abſtr. *fol.*
Cyprian & Irenæus, abſtr. *fol.*
Voyage de Mawe, *&c.*
Ælian, Vol. I.
Homer, Iliad, & Odyſſ.
Cicero's Epiſtles
Bernier's Grand Mogol, 2 vols.
Burnet's Hiſt. of Reform. *fol.*
Petronius Arbiter.
Oeuvres Melées, 5 vols.
Thucydides, by Hobbes, abſtr. *fol.*
Theophraſti characteres
Voſſius de Sibyllinis

all

all his merits towards him, and that he left him in the high road to preferment *.

Before we accompany Swift into the world, let us review the manner of his paſſing his life, from the time that we ſtopped to ſurvey him on his way to Leiceſter, when, forlorn and hopeleſs as his condition was, the unſeen hand of Providence was guiding him to the means of all his future greatneſs, in placing him under the hoſpitable roof of Sir William Temple. However bounteous nature had been, in beſtowing on Swift extraordinary talents, yet were they of ſuch a kind, as required much time and application to bring them to perfection, and fit them to anſwer their deſtined ends. He had miſſed the uſual ſeaſon of cultivating thoſe talents, but at the ſame time he had eſcaped the danger of their being perverted and miſapplied. His mind had not been ſtrait-laced into that faſhionable ſhape which ſeemed moſt beautiful to the eyes of pedantry, but was ſuffered to reach its full growth according to the courſe of nature. Thus did it attain an unuſual ſize, vigour, and eaſe. He did not enter ſeriouſly upon his ſtudies till his underſtanding was mature; thus all that he read was to ſome uſeful end, nor was his memory charged with thoſe important trifles, about which the ſcholaſtic world is generally ſo buſy. He read the claſſics at a time when he could penetrate into their profoundeſt depths, and enrich himſelf with the ſpoils of their hidden treaſures; not at the uſual ſeaſon of boyiſhneſs, when the weak ſight can be regaled only

* Such was the love and attention which Swift ſhewed to this great man, that in his laſt illneſs he kept a daily regiſter of the variations which appeared in his conſtitution, from July 1, 1698, to the 27th of the January following; when he concludes with this note, "He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men."

with ſuch flowery beauties as are pointed out to it on the ſurface. Thinking for himſelf as a man, he ſoon ſaw that no ſcience was ſo valuable to man, as that of human nature. He judged that the beſt way to obtain a general knowledge of that, was from hiſtory; and a more particular view of it, from ſtudying mankind. He could not poſſibly have been better ſituated than at Moor-Park, to have made obſervations on the higher and more refined life; and he ſtudiouſly ſought all opportunities during his little excurſions and journies, to make himſelf acquainted with low life; often preferring the conveyance of waggons, and their inns, to thoſe of coaches. Scenes of middling life muſt, of courſe, often fall into his way; and where, to a boundleſs curioſity, there was added from nature an uncommon penetration, it is no wonder he became ſuch an adept in the knowledge of man, and of the world. A ſcience eſſentially neceſſary to him to make that figure which he afterwards did in life.

His ſituation at Sir William Temple's was indeed in every reſpect the happieſt that could have been choſen, to prepare this great genius for the complicated part he was to act in the world. Swift was to figure as a Writer, as a Politician, as a Patriot. And where could a young man have found ſuch a director and aſſiſtant in fitting him for the performance of theſe ſeveral parts, as Sir William Temple; who was himſelf one of the fineſt writers, one of the ableſt ſtateſmen, and the trueſt lover of his country, that had been produced in that, or perhaps in any other age?

It was from the frequent reviſal of that great man's works, under his own inſpection, that Swift acquired his firſt lights with regard to propriety and purity of ſtyle, which he was afterwards allowed to carry to a greater degree of perfection than any Engliſh writer whatſo-

whatſoever. The high opinion he entertained of Sir William's Works in this reſpect, was known to me from the following circumſtance. When I was an undergraduate in the College, he recommended it to me to lay aſide ſome portion of time every day for the ſtudy of Engliſh; and when I aſk'd him what authors he would adviſe me to read, he immediately replied, Sir William Temple; not, ſaid he, his latter Works, written during or after his long reſidence abroad, for his ſtyle became then ſomewhat corrupted by the introduction of newfangled foreign words and phraſes, which he fell into by converſing and writing ſo much in foreign languages; but ſuch of his Works as were written before his going Ambaſſador to Nimeguen. And after him, added he, I do not know any writer in our language that I would recommend to you as a model. I had upon this occaſion a fair opportunity of paying him a juſt compliment; but I knew his deteſtation of any thing that carried the appearance of flattery with it, too well, to make mention of his own Works to him.

With reſpect to Politicks, it muſt be allowed that there was no man of that age better qualified than Sir William Temple, not only to inſtruct Swift in the general ſyſtem of Politicks purſued in the ſeveral States of Europe, but likewiſe to lay open to him all the arcana of ſtate, all the moſt ſecret ſprings of action, with regard to public affairs, both foreign and domeſtic, during his time; in which he himſelf had borne ſo principal a part: and with regard to Patriotiſm, Sir William Temple muſt be allowed to have been the moſt ſhining example of that nobleſt of virtues, produced in that age; as he paſſed all the vigorous part of his life in the moſt indefatigable endeavours for the good of his country, upon the moſt diſintereſted principles;

never

never having received any reward, nor ſeeming ſolicitous about any, for a long ſeries of the moſt important ſervices rendered to his King and Country, often at his own expence; and at laſt nobly declining the higheſt ſtation to which a ſubject could be raiſed, when offered to him, as it was at a time of life, when he found the vigour of his mind ſo far abated, that he did not think himſelf equal to the arduous employment of firſt Miniſter. And with reſpect to private virtue, there could not have been a more illuſtrious example placed before the eyes of a young man, than that of an old Courtier, who during the diſſolute reign of Charle II. had ſingly at Court maintained his integrity unſhaken, and his morals untainted.

Under the direction of ſuch a tutor, ſuch a guide, under the influence of ſuch an example; how happily was the moſt dangerous ſeaſon of life paſſed in ſtudious retirement, far from the dangers and temptations of a corrupt world.

When we reflect that Swift was firſt brought up in the ſchool of Adverſity, (who though ſhe be a ſevere miſtreſs, yet does ſhe generally make the beſt ſcholars) and that he was thence removed to another Lyceum, where preſided a ſage, in whom were blended Socratic wiſdom, Stoical virtue, and Epicurean elegance; we muſt allow his lot to have been moſt happily caſt for forming a great and diſtinguiſhed character in life. Nor did he fail to anſwer the high expectation that might be raiſed of a young man endowed by nature with uncommon talents, which were improved to the utmoſt by a ſingular felicity of ſituation, into which fortune had thrown him.

Let us now accompany Swift into the world, from entering into which he was happily detained till his thirty-firſt year. His mind was now ſtored with va-

riety of uſeful knowledge; his underſtanding had arrived at its utmoſt maturity and ſtrength; his fancy was in its prime; and his heart, long filled with the nobleſt affections towards God, and towards man, ſwelled with impatience for proper opportunities of diſcharging his duty to both. With ſuch abilities, and ſuch diſpoſitions, behold him now entering on the great ſtage of the world, to perform the character allotted to him in the drama of life, that of an able, bold, and unwearied champion, in the cauſe of religion, liberty, and virtue.

SECTION II.

From the Death of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE *to the Time of his Introduction to* Lord OXFORD.

UPON the death of Sir William Temple, Swift immediately removed to London; where his firſt care was to diſcharge the truſt repoſed in him, that of publiſhing a correct edition of Sir William Temple's Works; which he effected as ſpeedily as poſſible, and preſented them to King William, with a ſhort Dedication written by himſelf, as publiſher. He thought he could not pay a more acceptable compliment to the King, than by dedicating to him the poſthumous works of a man, for whom, from his earlieſt days, when Prince of Orange, he had profeſſed the higheſt friendſhip and eſteem; and with whom he lived, after his arrival at the Crown of England, on the moſt intimate footing; frequently viſiting Sir William in his retreat, after he had found his endeavours vain to draw him out of it, by the tempting offer of making him his firſt Miniſter. There was another reaſon too, which muſt have made the publication of theſe works peculiarly acceptable to the King; which

which was, that ſome of the moſt important tranſactions mentioned in thoſe writings, were relative to himſelf; and many perſonal anecdotes with regard to him, were now brought to light, which could have been diſcloſed by no one but Sir William, and which put the character of that truly heroic Prince in a high point of view. On theſe accounts Swift thought that ſuch a dedication was not only the politeſt method of reminding the King of his promiſe made to Sir William Temple in his behalf, but the likelieſt means of having it ſpeedily carried into execution. However, as he did not find the event anſwer his expectation, he applied to that Monarch by memorial.

But after waiting ſome time, he found that his memorial had produced no better effect than his dedication. He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by Lord Berkeley, then appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom, in the double capacity of Chaplain, and private Secretary.

This total neglect of his promiſe, made in conſequence of a laſt, and it may be called a dying requeſt, of his particular friend, ſeems to bear not a little hard on the character of King William. But it is to be obſerved that Swift was the moſt unfit man in the world to ſolicit a point of that ſort in due form, without which nothing is to be done at Court. He thought that his ſhewing himſelf there, or at moſt the dedication of Sir William's Works, was all that was neceſſary to be done on his part. And with regard to the memorial, he himſelf exonerated King William ſo far, as to ſay often that he believed it never was received. For he put it into the hands of a certain Nobleman, who profeſſed great regard to him, and offered to preſent it to the King, and ſecond it with all his might; but Swift had

afterwards

afterwards reaſon to believe that he had ſunk it, and ſaid not a word of the matter.

Swift acted as Secretary to Lord Berkeley, till they arrived at Dublin; when he was ſupplanted in that office by one Buſh, who had by ſome means ingratiated himſelf with my Lord; and repreſenting the office of Secretary as an improper one for a Clergyman, he was appointed in Swift's room. Lord Berkeley making the beſt apology to him that he could, and at the ſame time promiſing to make him amends, by beſtowing on him the firſt good church preferment that ſhould fall in his gift. Swift was not a man to be treated in this manner with impunity. Accordingly, he gave free ſcope to his reſentment, in a ſevere copy of verſes, which placed the Governor and his new-made Secretary in a moſt ridiculous point of light, and which was every where handed about to their no ſmall mortification. Soon after this the rich Deanery of Derry became vacant, and as it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to preſent to it, Swift applied to him for it upon the ſtrength of his promiſe. Lord Berkeley ſaid, that Buſh had been before-hand with him, and had got the promiſe of it for another. Upon ſeeing Swift's indignation riſe at this, my Lord, who began to be in no ſmall fear of him, ſaid that the matter might ſtill be ſettled if he would talk with Buſh. Swift immediately found out the Secretary, who very frankly told him that he was to get a thouſand pound for it, and if he would lay down the money, he ſhould have the preference. To which Swift, enraged to the utmoſt degree, at an offer which he conſidered as the higheſt inſult, and done evidently with Lord Berkeley's participation, made no other anſwer but this; "God confound you both for a couple of ſcoundrels." With theſe words he immediately quitted the room, and turned his back on the

Caſtle,

Caſtle, determined to appear there no more. But Lord Berkeley was too conſcious of the ill treatment he had given him, and too fearful of the reſentment of an exaſperated genius, not to endeavour to pacify him. He therefore immediately preſented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, then vacant in the dioceſe of Meath. Though theſe livings united did not make up a third of the Deanery in value, and though from the large promiſes which had been made him, he had reaſon to expect much greater preferment, yet, conſidering the ſpecimens already given of the performance of thoſe promiſes, Swift thought it moſt prudent to accept of thoſe livings, dropping all future expectations from that quarter. Nor did he afterwards eſtrange himſelf from Lord Berkeley's family, but continued ſtill in his office of Chaplain; to which he ſeems to have been chiefly induced, from the great honour and reſpect which he had for his excellent Lady: whoſe virtues he has celebrated in ſo maſterly a manner, in the Introduction to the Project for the Advancement of Religion.

From this behaviour to Lord Berkeley, we may judge how little Swift was qualified to riſe at Court, in the uſual way of obtaining preferment; and we may eſtimate the greatneſs of his ſpirit, by the degree of reſentment ſhewn to the man, in conſequence of ill treatment, upon whom all his hopes of preferment then reſted.

It was at this time that Swift's true humourous vein in poetry began to diſplay itſelf, in ſeveral little pieces, written for the private entertainment of Lord Berkeley's family; among which was that incomparable piece of low humour, called The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, *&c.*

When

When Lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reſide on his living at Laracor; where he lived for ſome time in the conſtant and ſtrict diſcharge of his duty.

It was about this time that Mrs. Johnſon (the afterwards celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland, accompanied by another Lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the family of the Temples. Sir William Temple had bequeathed to Mrs. Johnſon a legacy of a thouſand pounds, in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices, and her own riſing merits. After Sir William's death, ſhe lived for ſome time with Mrs. Dingley, a lady who had but a ſmall annuity to ſupport her. In this ſituation Swift adviſed his lovely pupil to ſettle in Ireland, as the intereſt of money was at that time ten per cent. in that kingdom; and conſidering the cheapneſs of proviſions, her income there would afford her a genteel ſupport, inſtead of a mere ſubſiſtence in England; for the ſame reaſon alſo he recommended it to Mrs. Dingley to accompany her. This propoſal was very agreeable to both the ladies. To the latter, as ſhe had ſcarce a ſufficient income to ſubſiſt on in England, though managed with the utmoſt frugality; to the former, that ſhe might be near her tutor, whoſe leſſons, however they might dwell on her memory, had ſunk ſtill deeper into her heart. Theſe ladies, ſoon after their arrival, took a lodging at Trim, a village near Laracor, which was the place of Swift's reſidence. The converſation of this amiable woman, who, by his own account, had the moſt and fineſt accompliſhments of any perſon he had ever known of either ſex, contributed not a little to ſweeten his retirement, which otherwiſe muſt ſoon have become burdenſome to ſo active a ſpirit. But though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of blooming eighteen,

eighteen, yet it is certain that he never dropped the leaſt hint that might induce her to conſider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he ſtill maintained the character of a tutor, a guardian, and a friend; but he ſo ſtudiouſly avoided the appearance of any other attachment to her, that he never ſaw, or converſed with her, but in the preſence of ſome third perſon. The truth is, that Swift, at that time, knew not what the paſſion of love was; his fondneſs for Stella was only that of an affectionate parent to a favourite child; and he had long entertained a diſlike to matrimony. He ſeems to have been under the dominion of a ſtill more powerful paſſion, that of ambition: a paſſion which, from his boyiſh days, had taken ſtrong hold of his mind, and never afterwards forſook him, till all hopes of its being farther gratified had failed.

Urged by this reſtleſs ſpirit, he every year paid a viſit to England, abſenting himſelf for ſome months from the duties of his pariſh, and the charming converſation of the amiable Stella, in hopes of finding ſome favourable opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, and puſhing his fortune in the world. His firſt viſit to London, from the time he had taken poſſeſſion of his living, was in the year 1701. At which time he found the publick in a ferment, occaſioned by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Orford, Lord Somers, and Lord Halliſax, by the Houſe of Commons. Upon this occaſion Swift wrote and publiſhed his firſt political tract, entitled, A Diſcourſe of the Conteſts and Diſſentions in Athens and Rome. In which he diſplayed great knowledge in ancient hiſtory, as well as ſkill in the Engliſh conſtitution, and the ſtate of parties. The author of this piece concealed his name with the greateſt precaution, nor was he at that time perſonally known to any of the Nobles, in whoſe favour it

ſeems

ſeems to have been written; and indeed, from the ſpirit of the piece itſelf, we may ſee that Swift was induced to write it from other motives than ſuch as were private and perſonal. As no one underſtood the Engliſh conſtitution better, ſo no one loved it more, or would have gone greater lengths to preſerve it, than Swift. He ſaw clearly that the balance, upon the due preſervation of which the very life of our conſtitution depends, had been for ſome time in a fluctuating ſtate, and that the popular ſcale was likely to preponderate. All the horrors of anarchy, and the deteſted times of a Cromwell, came freſh into his mind. He therefore thought it his duty to lay before the public the fatal conſequences of the encroachments then making by the Commons upon the other two branches of the Legiſlature; which he executed in a moſt maſterly manner, with great force of argument, aſſiſted by the moſt ſtriking examples of other ſtates in ſimilar circumſtances; and at the ſame time in a ſtyle and method ſo perſpicuous, as to render the whole clear to common capacities. Another reaſon for ſuppoſing that Swift wrote this wholly from a principle of duty, is, that the author deals throughout in generals, excepting only one oblique compliment to the four Lords who were impeached by the Commons, which at the ſame time ſerved to ſtrengthen his general argument. The truth is, Swift, at that time, was of no party; he ſided with the Whigs merely becauſe he thought the Tories were carrying matters too far, and by the violence of their proceedings were likely to overturn that happy balance in our ſtate, ſo lately ſettled by the glorious Revolution; to which there was not a faſter friend in England than himſelf. However it is certain that it remained for ſome time a profound ſecret to the world, who the author of that admirable piece was. And the firſt diſ-

covery made of it, was by Swift himſelf, upon the following occaſion. After his return to Ireland, he happened to fall into company with Biſhop Sheridan, where this much-talked of pamphlet became the topic of converſation. The Biſhop inſiſted that it was written by Biſhop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it. Swift maintained the contrary; at firſt by arguments drawn from difference of ſtyle, manner, &c. and afterwards upon being urged, ſaid, that to his certain knowledge it was not written by Burnet. Then pray, ſaid the Biſhop, who writ it? Swift anſwered, my Lord, I writ it. As this was the only inſtance in his life that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece as his, it is to be ſuppoſed that the confeſſion was drawn from him by the heat of argument.

Early in the enſuing ſpring, King William died; and Swift, on his next viſit to London, found Queen Anne upon the throne. It was generally thought, upon this event, that the Tory party would have had the aſcendant; but, contrary to all expectation, the Whigs had managed matters ſo well, as to get entirely into the Queen's confidence, and to have the whole adminiſtration of affairs in their hands. Swift's friends were now in power, and the Whigs in general, knowing him to be the author of the Diſcourſe on the Conteſts, &c. conſidered themſelves as much obliged to him, and looked upon him as faſt to their party. The chiefs accordingly applied to him for his aſſiſtance in the meaſures which they were taking; and there is no doubt that he had now a fair opening for gratifying his ambition to the utmoſt, only by joining heartily with them, and exerting his talents on their ſide. But great as his ambition was, he would not have purchaſed its higheſt gratifications at the expence of his principles; nor

would

would all the wealth and honours of the realm, accumulated, have tempted him to act contrary to the conviction of his mind. Upon examining into their new political ſyſtem, which varied in many points from that of the old Whigs, he conſidered ſeveral of their meaſures as of a dangerous tendency to the conſtitution. Notwithſtanding, therefore, both his intereſts and perſonal attachments were of their ſide, he declined all overtures made to him by the heads of the Whiggiſh party, and after ſome time determined to have no concern in their affairs. This conduct in Swift was ſo unexpected, for they had all along counted upon him as a ſure man, that it met with the ſame ſort of reſentment from the Whigs, as if he had deſerted their party, and gone over to the enemy; though Swift, in reality, ſo little liked the proceedings of either, that for ſeveral years he kept himſelf entirely a neutral, without meddling in any ſhape in politicks.

The chief reaſon that made him decline any connection with the Whigs at that time, was, their open profeſſion of Low-church principles; and under the ſpecious name of toleration, their encouragement of Fanaticks and Sectariſts of all kinds to join them. But what above all moſt ſhocked him, was, their inviting all Deiſts, Freethinkers, Atheiſts, Jews, and Infidels, to be of their party, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conſcience. As Swift was in his heart a man of true religion, he could not have borne, even in his private character, to have mixed with ſuch a motley crew. But when we conſider his principles in his political capacity, that he looked upon the Church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed, to be the main pillar of our newly erected conſtitution, he could not, conſiſtently with the character of a good citizen, join with thoſe who conſidered it more as an

ornament, than a ſupport to the edifice; who could therefore look on with compoſure while they ſaw it undermining, or even open the gate to a blind multitude, to try, like Samſon, their ſtrength againſt it, and conſider it only as ſport. With ſuch a party, neither his religious nor political principles would ſuffer him to join; and with regard to the Tories, as is uſual in the violence of factions, they had run into oppoſite extremes, equally dangerous to the ſtate. He has fully given us his own ſentiments upon the ſtate of parties in thoſe times, in theſe words: "Now, becauſe it is a point of difficulty to chooſe an exact middle between two ill extremes; it may be worth enquiring in the preſent caſe, which of theſe a wiſe and good man would rather ſeem to avoid: taking therefore their own good and ill characters of each other, with due abatements, and allowances for partiality and paſſion; I ſhould think, that in order to preſerve the conſtitution entire in the Church and State, whoever has a true value for both, would be ſure to avoid the extremes of Whig, for the ſake of the former; and the extremes of Tory, on account of the latter."

This was a maxim, which, however well founded, was not likely to influence the opinion of many, amid the violence of party-rage; however, as Swift was firmly perſuaded of the truth of it, it was by that principle he governed his conduct, though on that account he ſtood almoſt alone.

Finding therefore that he could be of no uſe to the public in his political capacity, while things remained in the ſame ſtate, he turned his thoughts wholly to other matters. He reſided for the greateſt part of the year at his living, in the performance of his parochial duties, in which no one could be more exact; and once a year he paid a viſit to his mother at Leiceſter,

ter, paſſing ſome time alſo in London, to take a view of the ſtate of things, and watching ſome favourable criſis.

During this period, Swift's pen was hardly ever employed, except in writing ſermons; and he does not ſeem to have indulged himſelf even in any ſallies of fancy, for ſome years, excepting only the Meditation on a Broom-ſtick, and the Tritical Eſſay on the Faculties of the Mind, both written in the year 1703. As Swift has been much cenſured for writing the former of theſe pieces, on account of the ridicule contained in it of the ſtyle and manner of ſo great and pious a man as Mr. Boyle, it may not be improper here to relate an * anecdote which I had from undoubtedly good authority, with regard to the occaſion of writing that piece, and which will in a great meaſure exonerate Swift from the charge brought againſt him on that account. In the yearly viſits which he made to London, during his ſtay there, he paſſed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as Chaplain to the family, and attending Lady Berkeley in her private devotions. After which the Doctor, by her deſire, uſed to read to her ſome moral or religious diſcourſe. The Counteſs had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the ſame reliſh for that kind of writing which her Ladyſhip had, he ſoon grew weary of the taſk; and a whim coming into his head, reſolved to get rid of it in a way which might occaſion ſome ſport in the family; for which they had as high a reliſh as himſelf. The next time he was employed in reading one of theſe Meditations, he took

* This anecdote came from Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of Lady Berkeley, and was communicated to me by the late Lady Lambert, an intimate of Lady Betty's.

an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterouſly inſerted a leaf, on which he had written his own Meditation on a Broomſtick; after which, he took care to have the book reſtored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my Lady, when he was deſired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inſerted, and with great compoſure of countenance read the title, "A Meditation on a Broom-ſtick." Lady Berkeley, a little ſurpriſed at the oddity of the title, ſtopped him, repeating the words, "A Meditation on a Broomſtick!" bleſs me, what a ſtrange ſubject! But there is no knowing what uſeful leſſons of inſtruction this wonderful man may draw, from things apparently the moſt trivial. Pray let us hear what he ſays upon it. Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the ſame ſolemn tone which he had uſed in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all ſuſpecting a trick, in the fulneſs of her prepoſſeſſion, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expreſſing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw ſuch fine moral reflections from ſo contemptible a ſubject; with which, though Swift muſt have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preſerved a moſt perfect compoſure of features, ſo that ſhe had not the leaſt room to ſuſpect any deceit. Soon after, ſome company coming in, Swift pretended buſineſs, and withdrew, foreſeeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the ſubject, ſoon entered upon the praiſes of thoſe heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. But, ſaid ſhe, the Doctor has been juſt reading one to me, which has ſurpriſed me more than all the reſt. One of the company aſked which of the Meditations ſhe meant. She anſwered directly, in the ſimplicity of her heart, I mean that excellent

cellent Meditation on a Broom-ſtick. The company looked at each other with ſome ſurpriſe, and could ſcarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of ſuch a Meditation before. Upon my word, ſaid my Lady, there it is, look into that book, and convince yourſelves. One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's hand-writing; upon which a general burſt of laughter enſued; and my Lady, when the firſt ſurpriſe was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; ſaying, what a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never baulks his humour in any thing. The affair ended in a great deal of harmleſs mirth, and Swift, you may be ſure, was not aſked to proceed any farther in the Meditations. Thus we ſee that his original intention in writing this piece, was not to ridicule the great Robert Boyle, but only to furniſh occaſion for a great deal of innocent mirth on Lady Berkeley's enthuſiaſm, and ſimplicity of heart; and at the ſame time to get rid of the diſagreeable taſk of reading to her writings which were not at all to his taſte. And that it afterwards got out into the world, was owing to the eagerneſs of thoſe who were acquainted with the Berkeley family, to procure copies of a piece of ſuch exquiſite humour. This was the caſe indeed in almoſt all the ſmall things afterwards written by Swift, ſcarce any of which were publiſhed by himſelf, but ſtole into the world in that way.

Though the greatneſs of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and converſation much ſought after and admired, yet was his name hitherto little known in the Republic of Letters. The only pieces which he had then publiſhed, were the Battle of the Books, and the Conteſts and Diſſentions in Athens in Rome, and both without a name. Nor

was he perſonally known to any of the Wits of the age, excepting Mr. Congreve, and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at Sir William Temple's. The knot of Wits uſed at this time to aſſemble at Button's Coffee-houſe; and I had a ſingular account of Swift's firſt appearance there from Ambroſe Philips, who was one of Mr. Addiſon's little ſenate. He ſaid that they had for ſeveral ſucceſſive days obſerved a ſtrange Clergyman come into the coffee-houſe, who ſeemed utterly unacquainted with any of thoſe who frequented it; and whoſe cuſtom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backwards and forwards at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without ſpeaking to any mortal, or ſeeming in the leaſt to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then uſed to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having obſerved this ſingular behaviour for ſome time, they concluded him to be out of his ſenſes; and the name that he went by among them, was that of the mad Parſon. This made them more than uſually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addiſon and the reſt were obſerving him, they ſaw him caſt his eyes ſeveral times on a gentleman in boots, who ſeemed to be juſt come out of the country, and at laſt advance towards him as intending to addreſs him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb, mad parſon, had to ſay, and immediately quitted their ſeats to get near him. Swift went up to the country-gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous ſalute, aſked him, "Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country-gentleman, after ſtaring a little at the ſingularity of his manner, and the oddity of the queſtion, anſwered, "Yes, Sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather

weather in my time." "That is more," ſaid Swift, "than I can ſay; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet, or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon ſaying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a ſyllable more, or taking the leaſt notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-houſe; leaving all thoſe who had been ſpectators of this odd ſcene ſtaring after him, and ſtill more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad. There is another anecdote recorded of him, of what paſſed between him and Dr. Arbuthnot in the ſame coffee-houſe. The Doctor had been ſcribbling a letter in great haſte, which was much blotted; and ſeeing this odd parſon near him, with a deſign to play upon him, ſaid, "Pray, Sir, have you any ſand about you?" "No," replied Swift, "but I have the gravel, and if you will give me your letter I'll p-ſs upon it." Thus ſingularly commenced an acquaintance between thoſe two great wits, which afterwards ripened into the cloſeſt friendſhip. After theſe adventures they ſaw him no more at Button's, till The Tale of a Tub had made its appearance in the world, when, in the perſon of the author of that inimitable performance, they recognized their mad parſon. This piece was firſt publiſhed in the following year 1704; and though without a name, yet the curioſity excited by the appearance of ſuch a wonderful piece of original compoſition, could not fail of finding out the author, eſpecially as not only the bookſeller knew him, but as the manuſcript had at different times been ſhewn to ſeveral of Sir William Temple's relations, and moſt intimate friends. When it is conſidered that Swift had kept this piece by him eight years, after it had been, by his own confeſſion, completely finiſhed, before he gave it to the world; we muſt ſtand aſtoniſh-

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ed at ſuch a piece of ſelf-denial, as this muſt ſeem, in a young man, ambitious of diſtinction, and eager after fame; and wonder what could be his motive for not publiſhing it ſooner. But the truth is, Swift ſet but little value on his talents as a writer, either at that time, or during the whole courſe of his life, farther than as they might contribute to advance ſome nobler ends, which he had always in view. Unſollicitous therefore about fame merely literary, or the reputation of an author, he could with the moſt perfect *ſangfroid* lock up this admirable piece in his deſk, and wait, with the moſt philoſophic patience, for a favourable ſeaſon to produce it, when it might anſwer ſome more important purpoſe. After the time he had given the laſt finiſhing to it, the violence of parties ran ſo high for ſome years, and their diſputes were carried on with ſuch animoſity, that he did not think the public in a temper fit to receive the work, ſo as to produce the effects which he propoſed from it. But as the rage of party began to cool at that time, and the oppoſition from the Tories grew daily more feeble, as the power of the Whigs increaſed; and as a firm eſtabliſhment of the Whig intereſt ſeemed to threaten, upon their principles, an entire diſregard to, and neglect of all religion; Swift thought this a proper juncture to revive the topic of religion, and to ſhew the excellency of the eſtabliſhed Church, over its two rivals, in a new way, adapted to common capacities, with regard to the underſtanding; and calculated to make way to the heart, through the pleaſure which it afforded to the fancy. And without ſome artifice of that ſort, it would have been impoſſible to have gained any attention at all to the topic of religion. People were quite wearied out with the continual repetition of the ſame dull arguments; or ſore, on account of the ill temper with which

which the diſputes were carried on, and the ill blood which they occaſioned. The bulk of mankind were therefore in a fit diſpoſition to fall in with the principle of moderation held out by the Whigs; but as it was eaſy to ſee from ſome of their political meaſures, that moderation was not the point at which they intended to ſtop; but that an indifference with regard to any form of religion was likely to enſue, in conſequence of ſome of their tenets; Swift thought it high time that the attention of the people towards the ſecurity of the eſtabliſhed Church ſhould be rouſed, that they might be guarded againſt the undermining artifices of its enemies, ſecretly carried on under covert of her pretended friends; who in their hearts were little ſollicitous about her intereſts, being wholly abſorbed in worldly purſuits. And ſurely nothing could be contrived better to anſwer this end, than to make religion once more a general topic of converſation; but of ſuch converſation as no longer excited the diſagreeable and malevolent paſſions, but gave riſe to cheerfulneſs and mirth. Stripped of the frightful maſk with which her face had been covered by bigotry and enthuſiaſm, and adorned with all the graces of the comic muſe, ſhe became a welcome gueſt in all companies. The beauty of the Church of England, by a plain and well conducted allegory, adapted to all capacities, was ſhewn, in the moſt obvious light, by the characters of ſimplicity and moderation, which are the true marks of Chriſtianity, in oppoſition to the pageantry, ſuperſtition, and tyranny of the Church of Rome, on the one hand; and the ſpleen, hypocriſy, and enthuſiaſm of Calviniſm, on the other. This had been often done before in a ſerious way, but it was the new manner of treating the ſubject that produced the great effect. While the Engliſh divines had for more than a century been engaged

in a conſtant ſtate of warfare with their antagoniſts, and attacked them with ſerious reaſoning, and vehemence of argumentation, their antagoniſts were always conſidered as powerful and formidable; and though often foiled, were never looked upon as ſubdued. While theſe different religions were rendered odious or terrible to the imaginations of people, the very feelings of that hatred and fear were accompanied with the ideas of danger and power in the objects which excited them, and of courſe gave them a conſequence. But the inſtant they were rendered ridiculous, they became contemptible, and their whole power vaniſhed; nor was there ever a ſtronger inſtance of the truth of Horace's rule,

Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque ſecat res;

than in the effects produced by The Tale of a Tub, with regard to the weakening of the powers of popery and fanaticiſm in this country. Effects not merely temporary, but which, with their cauſe, are likely to laſt, as long as the Engliſh language ſhall be read.

After the publication of this work, Swift wrote nothing of conſequence for three or four years; during which time his acquaintance was much ſought after by all perſons of taſte and genius. There was, particularly, a very cloſe connection formed between Mr. Addiſon * and him, which ended in a ſincere and laſting

* In 1705, Mr. Addiſon made a preſent of his book of Travels to Dr. Swift, in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words;

To Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.
The moſt agreeable companion,
The trueſt friend,
And the greateſt genius of his age,
This book is preſented by his
Moſt humble Servant,
The AUTHOR.

friendſhip,

friendſhip, at leaſt on Swift's part. Addiſon's companionable qualities were known but to a few, as an invincible baſhfulneſs kept him for the moſt part ſilent in mixed companies; but Swift uſed to ſay of him, that his converſation in a *tête a tête*, was the moſt agreeable he had ever known in any one; and that in the many hours which he paſſed with him in that way, neither of them ever wiſhed for the coming in of a third perſon.

In the beginning of the year 1708, Swift ſtarted forth from his ſtate of inactivity, and publiſhed ſeveral pieces upon religious and political ſubjects, as alſo in the humourous way. That which regarded religion chiefly, was, An Argument againſt aboliſhing Chriſtianity; in which he purſues the ſame humourous method, which was ſo ſucceſsfully followed in the Tale of a Tub. Perhaps there never was a richer vein of irony than runs through that whole piece; nor could any thing be better calculated to ſecond the general impreſſion made by the Tale of a Tub. It is certain, that Swift thought the ſtate of the Church in great danger, notwithſtanding any vote of Parliament to the contrary; and this chiefly from a ſort of lethargic diſorder, which had in general ſeized thoſe who ought to have been its watchful guardians. To rouſe them from this ſtate, he found tickling to be more effectual than laſhing: and that the beſt way to keep them wakeful, was to make them laugh.

It was at this juncture too he choſe to publiſh his political principles. Swift had been hitherto always claſſed among the Whigs, as the only political tract of his which had been publiſhed was in their favour, and as his chief connections were among that body. And he himſelf had adopted the name in a * Copy of Verſes to

* And laſt, my vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A *Whig*, and one who wears a gown.

the

the Honourable Mrs. Finch. And indeed with reſpect to government, there could not be a ſtauncher Whig than he was upon the old principles of Whiggiſm, as ſet forth by him; but he was an utter enemy to ſome new ones adopted by that party, in order to enlarge their bottom, and which evidently tended to Republicaniſm. And as to their maxims with regard to religion, he widely differed from them. As theſe were made an eſſential part of the character of a Whig at that time, he could not be ſaid to be of their body. The truth is, that Swift was a man of too much integrity to belong to either party, while they were both ſo much in the wrong. This he himſelf declared in the opening of the political Tract printed at this time, entitled, "*The Sentiments of a Church-of-England-Man with reſpect to Religion and Government*;" which begins with theſe words: "Whoever has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for ſome years paſt, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it poſſible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering ſome violence to his integrity, or underſtanding." His motive for publiſhing this Tract at that juncture, he has given in the following words: "When the two parties, that divide the whole Commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles to balance the others; it ſeems every man's duty to chooſe one of the two ſides, although he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality, are juſtly exploded by both, being too ſtale and obvious; only intending the ſafety and eaſe of a few individuals, while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I eſteem to have been the wiſeſt and the beſt of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the trueſt ſervice a private

private man may hope to do his country, is, by unbiaſſing his mind as much as poſſible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which muſt needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; becauſe it is, of all others, the leaſt conſiſtent with the common deſign of making a fortune, by the merit of an opinion."

Swift, from ſeveral circumſtances at that time, apprehended that the parties would ſpeedily come to an open rupture; he therefore thought it the duty of a good citizen to endeavour to form a third party out of the more moderate of each, that ſhould ſerve as a check upon the violence of both. With this view, he repreſents the extremes of both parties, and the evil conſequences likely to enſue from each, in the ſtrongeſt light; at the ſame time he clearly ſhews that the moderate of both hardly differed in any material point, and were kept aſunder only by the odious diſtinction of a name. He ſet down in this piece, ſuch a juſt, political, and religious creed, ſo far as related to any connection between Church and State, as every honeſt ſubject of the Church of England muſt at once aſſent to. And indeed, if it were in the nature of things, that a party could have been formed upon principles of moderation, good ſenſe, and public ſpirit, his ſcheme would have taken place, from the maſterly manner in which it was propoſed. His deſign was, to engage all thoſe of both parties, who wiſhed well to the eſtabliſhed Church, to unite together under the denomination of Church-of-England-men, inſtead of the odious terms of *High* and *Low Church*, calculated to keep up animoſity; and by ſo doing, to leave the more violent of both parties, whoſe numbers would in that caſe be much reduced, expoſed to the world in their true colours, merely by being ſingled out in the different herds of

their

their aſſociates. In that caſe, there were few Whigs, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of ſhame, as would chooſe to be one of a handful of Engliſh Proteſtants, at the head of a numerous body of Sectaries of all kinds, Infidels, and Atheiſts; as there would be few Tories, who would wiſh to appear leaders of Papiſts and Jacobites only. Under the name of Church-of-England-man, none of thoſe enemies to our conſtitution could have liſted; whereas, under the vague names of Whig and Tory, perſons of all denominations and principles were enrolled without ſcruple, by both, merely to encreaſe their numbers, and ſwell the cry. This project, for the uniting of parties, ſeems to have taken ſtrong poſſeſſion of Swift, and not to have quitted him for ſome time, as we find he mentions it in a * letter to Colonel Hunter, in the beginning of the following year. However, if this deſign failed, he was determined, whenever matters ſhould come to an open rupture between the parties, not to remain neutral; but to chooſe that ſide, which, upon the whole, ſhould appear to him the beſt, according to the maxim before laid down. In order therefore to render himſelf of the greater conſequence, he ſeems to have exerted himſelf this year in the diſplay of his various talents. Beſide the two admirable tracts before-mentioned, he publiſhed, "A Letter from a Member of the Houſe of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the Houſe of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Teſt." As he always kept a watchful eye upon the motions of the Preſbyterians, the intention of this piece was, not only to fruſtrate their attempt to get the Teſt Act repealed

* I amuſe myſelf ſometimes with writing verſes to Mrs. Finch, and ſometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning.

SWIFT's *firſt Letter to Col.* Hunter.

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in Ireland, but alſo to alarm the people in England, by ſhewing that their deſign was deeper laid, and that the carrying of it firſt in that country, was only intended as a precedent for doing the ſame here. In the humourous way, he wrote alſo in this year thoſe admirable papers on Partridge the Almanack Maker, which appeared under the name of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; and in poetry, An Elegy on the ſuppoſed death of Partridge; the Story of Baucis and Philemon; and two copies of Verſes on Vanbrugh's houſe *. So wide a diſplay of ſuch different talents; ſuch knowledge in political affairs; ſo much good ſenſe and ſtrength of reaſoning, joined to ſo pure and maſterly a ſtyle; and above all, ſo much wit, and ſuch uncommon powers of ridicule, could not fail of raiſing prognoſticks, that he would prove the moſt able and formidable champion living, of that party whoſe cauſe he ſhould eſpouſe. The Whigs therefore, who had hitherto neglected him, as conſidering him in the light of a half brother, began now to dread, and conſequently to pay him great court. Their apprehenſions were quickened by the

* It appears from a memorandum in Swift's hand-writing, that he had an intention this year to publiſh a Volume of his Works, conſiſting of the following articles: October, 170 .

SUBJECTS for a VOLUME.

Diſcourſe on Athens and Rome.
Bickerſtaff's Predictions.
Elegy on Partridge.
Letter to Biſhop of K.
Harris's Petition.
Baucis and Philemon.
Vanbrugh's Houſe.
The Salamander.
Epigram on Mrs. Floyd.
Meditation on a Broomſtick..
Sentiments of a Church-of-England-Man.
Reaſons againſt aboliſhing Chriſtianity.
Eſſay on Converſation.
Conjectures on the Thoughts of Poſterity about me.
On the preſent Taſte of Reading.
Apology for the Tale, &c.
Part of an Anſwer to Gindal.
Hiſtory of Van's Houſe.
Apollo outwitted. To Ardelia.
Project for Reformation of Manners.
A Lady's Table-Book.
Tritical Eſſay.

narrow eſcape which they juſt then had of being turned out of power, by the intrigues of Mr. Harley; which had very nearly taken place then, in the manner they did two years afterwards. No ſolicitations nor promiſes were wanting, on their parts, to engage Swift on their ſide; but they found him a man of ſtubborn integrity; nor could any temptation prevail on him to go the lengths which they wanted. Failing in this, their next wiſh was to ſend him out of the way, in ſome honourable poſt. That of Secretary to an intended embaſſy to the Court of Vienna, was firſt deſigned for him; but that project going off, there was a ſcheme on foot to make him Biſhop of Virginia, with a power to ordain Prieſts and Deacons, and a general authority over all the Clergy in the American Colonies. There could not have been a ſtronger bait thrown out to Swift than this; as it would gratify his ambition, by a moſt extenſive power, in the very ſphere where he moſt wiſhed to have it, in the Church; as religion was always neareſt his heart. Accordingly we find that he was very earneſt in the purſuit of that point; but, unfortunately for the intereſts of religion in America, and as unfortunately for the Whiggiſh Miniſtry, notwithſtanding their promiſes, that it ſhould be done, the deſign fell to the ground, and Swift remained in the ſame ſtate: remained on the ſpot, filled with reſentment at their treatment of him, and determined to wreak his vengeance on them, when opportunity ſhould ſerve, which was not now far diſtant.

Early in the following year, Swift publiſhed that admirable piece, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion.* In which, after enumerating all the corruptions and depravities of the age, he ſhews that the chief ſource of them was the neglect, or contempt of religion, which ſo generally prevailed. Though at

firſt view this pamphlet ſeemed to have no other drift, but to lay down a very rational ſcheme for a general reformation of manners; yet upon a cloſer examination it will appear to have been a very ſtrong, though covert attack, upon the power of the Whigs. It could not have eſcaped a man of Swift's penetration, that the Queen had been a long time wavering in her ſentiments, and that ſhe was then meditating that change in the Miniſtry, which ſometime afterwards took place. To confirm her in this intention, and to haſten the execution of it, appears, from the whole tenour of the pamphlet, to have been the main object he had in view, in publiſhing it at that time. For though it ſeems deſigned for the uſe of the world in general, and is particularly addreſſed to the Counteſs of Berkeley, yet that it was chiefly calculated for the Queen's peruſal, appears from this; that the whole execution of his Project depended upon the impreſſion which it might make upon her mind; and the only means of reformation propoſed, were ſuch as were altogether in her own power. At ſetting out, he ſays; "Now, as univerſal and deep-rooted as theſe corruptions appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to moſt of them; neither am I now upon a wild ſpeculative project, but ſuch a one as may be eaſily put in execution. For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the Crown, either immediately, or by ſubordination, it is in the power of the Prince to make piety and virtue become the faſhion of the age, if, at the ſame time, he would make them neceſſary qualifications for favour and preferment." He then proceeds to ſhew the neceſſity of her Majeſty's exerting her authority in this way, by a very free obſervation, couched under one of the fineſt compliments that ever was penned: "It is clear from preſent expe-

rience, that the bare example of the beſt Prince, will not have any mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. For, when was there ever a better Prince on the throne than the preſent Queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do beſt adorn a private life; wherein, without queſtion, or flattery, ſhe has no ſuperior: yet, neither will it be ſatyr or peeviſh invective to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminiſhed ſince her coming to the Crown; nor will, in probability, until more effectual remedies be provided."

The chief remedy he propoſes, is, "To bring religion into countenance, and encourage thoſe, who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future puniſhment, will be moved to act with juſtice and integrity. This is not to be accompliſhed in any other way, than by introducing religion as much as poſſible, to be the turn and faſhion of the age, which only lies in the power of the Adminiſtration; the Prince, with utmoſt ſtrictneſs, regulating the Court, the Miniſtry, and other perſons in great employment; and theſe, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them."

Having expatiated on this topic, and ſhewn how eaſily ſuch a deſign might be carried into execution, if the Queen would only form ſuch a determination, he proceeds to enforce his arguments by conſcientious motives; which were likely to have the ſtrongeſt effects upon one of ſuch a truly religious turn as the Queen was. After having juſt mentioned ſome points of reformation, in which the aid of the Legiſlature might be found neceſſary, he ſays, "But this is beſide my preſent deſign, which was only to ſhew what degree

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of reformation is in the power of the Queen, without interpoſition of the Legiſlature; and which her Majeſty is, without queſtion, obliged in conſcience to endeavour by her authority, as much as ſhe does by her practice."

And in another place he ſtill more forcibly urges arguments of the ſame nature: "The preſent Queen is a Prince of as many and great virtues, as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character to the preſent, and after ages, if ſhe would exert her utmoſt authority to inſtil ſome ſhare of thoſe virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn, only from her example. And, be it ſpoke with all the veneration poſſible for ſo excellent a Sovereign; her beſt endeavours in this weighty affair, are a moſt important part of her duty, as well as of her intereſt, and her honour."

Nothing could have been better contrived to work upon the Queen's diſpoſition, than the whole of this Tract. In which the author firſt ſhews that all the corruptions and wickedneſs of the times, aroſe from irreligion: he ſhews that it is in her Majeſty's power alone, without other aid, to reſtore religion to its true luſtre and force, and to make it have a general influence on the manners and conduct of her people: and then he urges the ſtrongeſt motives, of honour, of intereſt, and of duty, to induce her to enter upon the immediate exerciſe of that power. And to render what he offered upon that head more forcible, it was apparently written by ſome diſintereſted hand, from no other principle but a due regard to religion and morality. For the author artfully ſuppreſſed all mention of party: and yet, upon a cloſer examination, it would appear, that nothing could be more directly, though covertly, aimed at the deſtruction of the power of the Whigs. For the firſt

ſtep propoſed to render the deſign effectual, was, that the Queen ſhould employ none in her Miniſtry, or in any offices about her perſon, but ſuch as had the cauſe of religion at heart: now this was in effect to ſay, that ſhe muſt begin with turning out the Whigs, or Low-Church-Party, who in general profeſſed either an indifference to, or contempt of religion; and chooſe her Officers from among the Tories, or High-Church-party, with whom the ſupport of the intereſts of religion, was the firſt and moſt generally avowed principle.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the revolution in the Miniſtry took place, which happened in the following year; when Mr. Harley, and Mr. St. John, the heads of the Tory-party in the Houſe of Commons, were appointed to fill the chief offices; the former, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, the latter, that of principal Secretary of State. During this interval, Swift paſſed much of his time with Mr. Addiſon, who had gone over to Ireland as Firſt Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. By this means he had an opportunity of being an eye-witneſs of the corrupt adminiſtration of affairs in that kingdom, under that Lord's government, which he afterwards expoſed to the world in ſuch ſtrong and odious colours. Had Swift been intent only on his own promotion, it is probable that he might eaſily have obtained preferment in Ireland at that juncture, on account of his great intimacy with the Secretary; but he would have ſcorned to pay court to a Viceroy of ſuch a character, or even to have accepted any favour at his hands. Upon the change of affairs at Court, when a new Miniſtry was appointed, Swift was requeſted by the Biſhops of Ireland to take upon him the charge of ſolliciting a remiſſion of the firſt-fruits, and twentieth

parts

parts to the clergy, of that kingdom. It was not without great reluctance, that he accepted of this office, for reaſons hereafter to be aſſigned: but his regard to the intereſts of the Church, outweighed all other conſiderations, and he accordingly ſet out for England, as ſoon as his credentials were ready.

SECTION III.

From the INTRODUCTION *to* Mr. HARLEY, *to the* DEATH *of the* QUEEN.

ON his arrival in London in the month of September, 1710, he found that open war was declared between the two parties, and raged with the utmoſt violence. There was no room for moderating ſchemes, and according to his own maxim, that a good citizen could not remain neutral in ſuch a ſituation of affairs, Swift was to chooſe his party, and to declare himſelf accordingly. His arrival at that criſis, filled the Whigs with joy, as in general they looked upon him to be of their party; but the leaders among them were not without their apprehenſions, being conſcious of the ill treatment he had met with at their hands. Of this, take the following account from Swift himſelf *. "All

* At this time, and during his connection with the Miniſtry afterwards, Swift kept a regular journal of all the moſt remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes, which he tranſmitted every fortnight to Stella, for her private peruſal, and that of Mrs. Dingley, but upon condition that it ſhould be communicated to no other perſon whatſoever. This journal was luckily preſerved, and ſometime ſince given to the world. As nothing could better ſhew Swift's own ſentiments with regard to affairs at that time, and the motives which induced him to take the part he did in them, than ſuch a journal, written as it were to the hour, and tranſmitted to that perſon in the world to whom his heart was moſt open; the account of his conduct, during that buſy time, will, wherever there is an opportunity, be corroborated by extracts from it.

the Whigs were raviſhed to ſee me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig, to ſave them from ſinking; and the great men were all making me their clumſy apologies. It is good to ſee what a lamentable confeſſion the Whigs all make of my ill-uſage." On the other hand, the Tories were exceedingly alarmed at his arrival, as they had always conſidered him in the light of a Whig, and as the leaders of their party had not even the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him; how ſtrong their apprehenſions muſt have been, we may judge from a paſſage in Swift's Journal of the following year, dated June 30, 1711, where he ſays, that, "Mr. Harley and Mr. Secretary St. John, frequently proteſted, after he had become their intimate, that he was the only man in England they were afraid of." In ſuch a diſpoſition, therefore, it is to be ſuppoſed, that a viſit from Dr. Swift to Mr. Harley, was by no means an unacceptable thing. The occaſion of this viſit is ſet forth at large, in the letters which paſſed between Dr. King, Archbiſhop of Dublin, and Dr. Swift, publiſhed in his Works. Upon his leaving Ireland, Swift had undertaken to ſollicit the affair of the firſt-fruits, and twentieth parts, for the benefit of the Clergy in Ireland, which had been long depending, and in vain attempted by two Biſhops ſent over for that purpoſe by the whole body. In his firſt letter to the Archbiſhop on that ſubject, he ſays, "As ſoon as I received the pacquets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before, by another hand, where he was very intimate; and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt Miniſtry, after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have me." He afterwards gives ſuch an account of the whole tranſaction as might be proper to be ſhewn. But in his Journal

to

to Stella, he is more particular.—October 4, 1710.—"Mr. Harley received me with the greateſt reſpect and kindneſs imaginable, and appointed me an hour, two or three days after, to open my buſineſs to him."

October 7.

"I HAD no ſooner told him my buſineſs, but he entered into it with all kindneſs; aſked me for my powers, and read them; and read likewiſe the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to ſhew the Queen: told me the meaſures he would take; and, in ſhort, ſaid every thing I could wiſh. Told me he muſt bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and ſpoke ſo many things of perſonal kindneſs and eſteem, that I am inclined to believe what ſome friends had told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He deſired me to dine with him on Tueſday; and, after four hours being with him, ſet me down at St. James's Coffee-houſe in a hackney coach.

"I muſt tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and ſee him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him, in ſo much buſineſs as he had, and deſired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refuſed, and ſaid, "That was no place for friends."

October 10, 1710.

"HARLEY tells me he has ſhewn my memorial to the Queen, and ſeconded it very heartily; becauſe, ſaid he, the Queen deſigns to ſignify it to the Biſhops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you; which he ſaid he did to make it look more reſpectful to me: I believe never any thing was compaſſed ſo ſoon, and purely done by my perſonal credit with Mr. Harley; who is ſo exceſſively obliging, that

that I know not what to make of it, unleſs to ſhew the raſcals of the other party, that they uſed a man unworthily, who had deſerved better. He ſpeaks all the kind things to me in the world."

October 14.

"I STAND with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more careſſed."

When we conſider the rapidity of Mr. Harley's motions on this occaſion, who was remarkable for procraſtination, and the open freedom of his behaviour toward Swift, ſo contrary to that cloſeneſs and reſerve, which were his characteriſtics, we may judge of his eager deſire to fix him in their party. Nor was this hard to be accompliſhed: Swift had long in his own mind been of their ſide; and he only waited for ſuch a favourable juncture as now offered to declare himſelf. Mr. Harley's uncommon condeſcenſion, flattered his pride; and the obligingneſs of his behaviour, engaged his friendſhip. Accordingly, after he had enquired into their plan, and the meaſures which they intended to purſue, as he found them entirely conſonant to his own ſentiments, he embarked without heſitation in their cauſe, and entered into their intereſts with his whole heart. His approbation of their meaſures he expreſſes in the following manner in his Journal.

November 29, 1710.

"THE preſent Miniſtry have a difficult taſk, and want me. According to the beſt judgment I have, they are purſuing the true intereſt of the publick, and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power."

The

The writers on both ſides had before this taken the field, and attacked each other with great acrimony. On the Whig-ſide, were Mr. Addiſon, Biſhop Burnet, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and many others of leſs note. On the part of the Tories, the chief writers were, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, and Mr. Prior. They had begun a Weekly Paper, called, The Examiner, which was the joint work of thoſe three celebrated Writers, and had publiſhed twelve numbers. But as ſoon as Swift declared himſelf, they thought all aid to him unneceſſary, and the whole conduct of that Paper was from that time put into his hands. He entered the field alone, and, with a Samſon-like ſtrength, ſcorned aſſiſtance, and deſpiſed numbers. His power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, againſt which there was no fence. Though he induſtriouſly concealed his name, yet his friend Addiſon ſoon diſcovered him, and retired prudently from the field of battle, leaving the reſt expoſed to the attacks of this irreſiſtible champion; by whom it muſt be allowed they were unmercifully handled, till, one after another, they were all laid low. His firſt Paper was publiſhed on the 2d of November, 1710, No. 13, of the Examiner, which was about a month after his introduction to Mr. Harley; and he continued them without interruption till June 7, 1711, where he dropped it, cloſing it with No. 44, and then leaving it to be carried on by other hands. During this time he lived in the utmoſt degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley, but the whole Miniſtry. Mr. Secretary St. John was not behind Mr. Harley, either in deſire of cultivating Swift's acquaintance, or in addreſs, which the following extract from his Journal will ſufficiently ſhew.

Novem-

November 11, 1710.

"I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuſes for not dining with us, becauſe he was to receive people who came to propoſe the advancing of money to the government. The Secretary uſed me with all the kindneſs in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occaſion, the Secretary ſaid to him, "The beſt thing I ever read is not your's, but Dr. Swift on Vanbrugh;" which I do not reckon ſo very good neither; but Prior was dampt, till I ſtuffed him with two or three compliments. He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way ſo much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement, and ſo I told him; and it was ſo. Indeed it is hard to ſee theſe great men uſe me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me. But there are ſome reaſons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

In another place, he ſays, March 3, 1710-11.

"I DINED with Mr. Harley to-day. Every Saturday, Lord Keeper, Secretary St. John, and I, dine with him, and ſometimes Lord Rivers, and they let in none elſe. I ſtaid with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much diſcourſe together, after the reſt were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion, when he deſired it."

February 18, 1710-11.

"SECRETARY St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three perſons I never ſaw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for; ſo I left them early, and came home,

it

it being no day to walk, but ſcurvy rain and wind. The Secretary tells me he has put a cheat upon me; for Lord Peterborough ſent him twelve dozen flaſks of Burgundy, on condition I ſhould have my ſhare; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; ſo I reckon he owes me thirty-ſix pounds."

February 25.

"I DINED to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might chooſe my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir T. Manſel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Maſham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having ſuch bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed," &c.

In the beginning of February, there was a piece of behaviour in Mr. Harley towards Swift, which nettled him to the quick, and had nearly occaſioned a breach between them. Of this Swift gives the following account in his Journal.

February 6, 1710.

"Mr. HARLEY deſired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refuſed him; for I fell out with him yeſterday, and will not ſee him again till he makes me amends."

February 7.

"I WAS this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's Office, and ſaw a letter Mr. Harley had ſent him, deſiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have deſired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expected farther ſatisfaction. If we let theſe great Miniſters pretend too much, there will be

no

no governing them. He promiſes to make me eaſy, if I will but come and ſee him; but I won't, and he ſhall do it by meſſage, or I will caſt him off. I will tell you the cauſe of our quarrel when I ſee you, and refer it to yourſelves. In that he did ſomething, which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwiſe, diſliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have ſaid is truth, though it looks like jeſt: and I abſolutely refuſed to ſubmit to his intended favour, and expect farther ſatisfaction."

In a ſubſequent part of the Journal he acquaints Stella with the cauſe of quarrel.

March 7, 1710.

"YES, I underſtand a cypher, and * Ppt gueſſes right, as ſhe always does. He gave me *al bſadnnk lboinlpt dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpeonufnad* †; which I ſent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I wrote a very complaining letter, that was ſhewed him, and ſo the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I ſaid I had another with him, and we returned to our friendſhip, and I ſhould think he loves me as well as a great Miniſter can love a man in ſo ſhort a time."

Nothing could have been conſidered by Swift as a greater indignity, than this offer of Mr. Harley's, which put him on the footing of a hireling Writer.

* Stella.

† This is a ſort of cypher, in which, to diſguiſe the words, ſuperfluous letters are introduced; and the way to read it is to paſs over thoſe letters, and retain only ſuch as will make out words and ſenſe, in the following manner, where the letters to be retained are capitals. Al Bs Ad Nn K lBoInLpt dF OnR uFaInFbToY dPeOnUfNaD. That is, *A Bunk Bill for fifty pound,*

Accordingly,

Accordingly, he was determined to let him ſee how much he had miſtaken his man, by refuſing to ſee him again till he had aſked his pardon by a third hand. He laid hold of this opportunity, to let the Miniſtry know how he expected to be treated by them for the future: as a man, who not only ſcorned a ſtate of dependance, but who could not bear any thing that might carry the leaſt appearance of it: as one who entered a volunteer in their cauſe, and who ſcorned to lie under any obligation, or accept of any thing to which he was not juſtly entitled by his merits: and laſtly, as one, who, conſcious of his abilities to ſerve the publick, expected to be conſidered by them as their coadjutor in the cauſe, and to be treated on a footing of entire equality. Accordingly, immediately after Mr. Harley had made his peace with him, he ſhewed, by an extraordinary piece of behaviour, that he was determined to exact this from them, without bating the ſmalleſt article. The circumſtance is mentioned in the following paſſage of the Journal.

February 12, 1710.

"I DINED to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requeſts at noon, and ſent Mr. Harley into the Houſe to call the Secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late."

When this ſtory is told, without any other circumſtance, and we are informed that a private Clergyman, Vicar of a ſmall country living, in an obſcure part of the world, ſent the Prime Miniſter of Great Britain, to bring out to him the Firſt Secretary of State from the Senate-houſe, where he was engaged in the important buſineſs of the nation, upon ſo frivolous an occaſion, we ſhould be apt to conſider it was a wanton exertion

of the moſt inſolent pride. But, when we reflect that this was done the very day after he was reconciled to Mr. Harley, and that he took the firſt opportunity of retaliating the ſlight put upon him a few days before, it can only give us a high opinion of his magnanimity. Beſides, upon this reconciliation, he thought it neceſſary to give both Miniſters a ſpecimen of the terms upon which alone their union could continue, the principal of which was a moſt perfect equality. How little Swift was willing to allow them any ſuperiority, may be judged by an expreſſion in his journal the next day after this incident.

February 13, 1710-11.

"I HAVE taken Mr. Harley into favour again."

And it ſoon afterwards appeared how readily theſe Miniſters came into his terms, as may be ſeen from the following paſſage.

February 17, 1710-11.

"THE Miniſtry are good honeſt hearty fellows: I uſe them like dogs, becauſe I expect they will uſe me ſo. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I ſaid I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a Miniſter do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures: and I believe you will find it ſo, but I care not."

How tenacious he was of his rights in this reſpect, and how ready to take the alarm upon the leaſt appearance of their being infringed, we may judge from the following account of what paſſed between the Secretary and him, ſome time after, on an occaſion of that ſort.

April,

April 1, 1711.

"I DINED with the Secretary, who ſeemed terribly down and melancholy; which Mr. Prior and Lewis obſerved as well as I: perhaps ſomething is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it.

April 3.

"I CALLED at Mr. Secretary's, to ſee what the D—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper ſpeech, told him I obſerved he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cauſe, but would be glad to ſee he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a ſchool-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already: that I expected every great Miniſter, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or ſaw any thing to my diſadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to gueſs by the change or coldneſs of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was worth it *; and that I deſigned to let my Lord Keeper, and Mr. Harley, know the ſame thing, that they might uſe me accordingly. He took all right; ſaid I had reaſon; vowed nothing ailed him, but ſitting up whole nights at buſineſs, and one night at drinking: would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Maſham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not: I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinſon; you never heard of him before."

* In a ſubſequent part of the Journal to Stella, he ſays, "Don't you remember how I uſed to be in pain, when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I uſed to ſuſpect a hundred reaſons? I have plucked up my ſpirit ſince then, faith; he ſpoiled a fine gentleman."

From this time we find that Swift was treated by the Miniſtry with the moſt unreſerved confidence in regard to public affairs, and the moſt familiar intimacy in private; being always preſent at their moſt ſecret conſultations in political matters, and a conſtant companion of their choſen parties, to enliven their ſocial hour.

Swift has given us the following view of the light in which he conſidered the ſituation of affairs about that time.

March 4, 1710.

"This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt Merchant. We muſt have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though no-body dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worſe I like them. I believe the confederacy will ſoon break to pieces, and our factions at home increaſe. The Miniſtry is upon a very narrow bottom, and ſtand like an Iſthmus, between the Whigs on one ſide, and violent Tories on the other. They are able ſeamen, but the tempeſt is too great, the ſhip too rotten, and the crew all againſt them. Lord Sommers has been twice in the Queen's cloſet, once very lately; and the Ducheſs of Somerſet, who now has the key, is a moſt inſinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the ſame game that has been played againſt them. I have told them all this, which they know already; but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the Queen ſo much againſt being governed, that ſhe obſerves it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon theſe things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but obſerve lately, after much converſation with Mr. Harley; though he is the moſt fearleſs man alive, and the leaſt apt to deſpond, he confeſſed to me, that, uttering his mind to me, gave him eaſe."

Swift

Swift was employed chiefly in writing the Examiners till the beginning of the following June; when, having with eaſe foiled all his opponents in this ſkirmiſhing way of fighting, he retired to prepare for the general engagement, expected at the opening of the next campaign, and which was likely to prove deciſive with regard to the fate of the two parties. It is certain, that his apprehenſions for the ſide which he had embraced, were daily increaſing; and as he ſaid himſelf, "the nearer he looked upon things, the worſe he liked them." But his apprehenſions were either confined within his own breaſt, or communicated only to the Miniſtry, excepting in the Journal to Stella, where he is wholly without reſerve. He had ſaid to her, ſo early as January 7, 1710.—"In my opinion we have nothing to ſave us but a peace, and I am ſure we cannot have ſuch a one as we hoped; and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done, had they continued in power. I tell the Miniſtry this as much as I dare, and ſhall venture to ſay a little more to them."

Afterwards, he gave her an account of the danger they were in, from the more violent Members of their own party.

February 18, 1710.

"We are plagued with an October Club, that is, a ſet of above a hundred Parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament, to conſult on affairs, and drive things to extremes againſt the Whigs; to call the old Miniſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads. The Miniſtry ſeem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there muſt be ſomething thought on to ſettle things

better. I'll tell you one great ſecret: the Queen, ſenſible how much ſhe was governed by the late Miniſtry, runs a little into the other extreme; and is jealous in that point, even of thoſe who got her out of the other's hands. The Miniſtry is for gentler meaſures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, curſed the Paper called the Examiner, for ſpeaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the Secretary, who blamed the warmth of that Lord, and ſome others; and ſwore, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reaſon to think, they will endeavour to prevail on the Queen, to put her affairs more in the hands of a Miniſtry, than ſhe does at preſent; and there are two men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters."

But though there were many external circumſtances which rendered the ſituation of the Miniſtry very precarious, yet the chief danger aroſe from themſelves, through a want of concert and mutual confidence, ſo neceſſary to men embarked in ſo difficult an undertaking. This was chiefly owing to the reſerve and myſterious conduct of Mr. Harley, which gave great umbrage to Mr. St. John, and had very nearly occaſioned a breach between them about that time, of which Swift makes the following mention in his Journal.

Auguſt 27, 1711.

"The Whigs whiſper that our Miniſtry differ among themſelves, and they begin to talk out the Secretary. They have ſome reaſons for their whiſpers; though I thought it was a greater ſecret. I do not much like the preſent poſture of things; I always apprehended that

that any falling out would ruin them, and ſo I have told them ſeveral times."

Beſide this reſerve in the Treaſurer, there was a procraſtination in his temper, which ill ſuited ſuch a juncture of affairs, as required the utmoſt vigour and diſpatch. And though the Secretary was a man of great parts and fire, yet had he ſuch a turn to diſſipation, as made him loſe opportunities, and produced as ill effects, as the procraſtinating turn of the Treaſurer. Of this Swift complains in the following paſſage of his Journal.

October 31, 1711.

"The Duce is in the Secretary; when I went to him this morning he had people with him; but ſays, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our buſineſs in the afternoon: at two, Prior ſends word he is otherwiſe engaged: then the Secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, ſit till eight, grow merry, no buſineſs done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the preſent Miniſters; teaſing me to death for my aſſiſtance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and ſlipping opportunities."

On theſe, and many other accounts, things wore but a very unpromiſing aſpect on the ſide of the Tories; eſpecially as the leaders of the Whig-party were active, vigilant, let ſlip no opportunity; and at the ſame time, being exaſperated to the laſt degree at the loſs of their power, were determined to ſtop at nothing, to compaſs the ruin of thoſe who had ſupplanted them. Yet, however gloomy the proſpect might be, Swift was not of a temper to give way to deſpondency. It is certain,

that from the time he took a nearer view of the ſtate of things, he had little hopes that the cauſe in which he had engaged would be brought to a happy iſſue; yet he determined, that, whenever it ſhould fail, no part of the miſcarriage ſhould be laid at his door; and accordingly he exerted himſelf with the ſame ſort of ardour, as is uſually raiſed only by a near proſpect of ſucceſs, upon vigorous meaſures. Not content with performing every thing that was allotted to him in his own department, he let no opportunity ſlip of urging the Miniſters to do what was proper on their parts. He, with great freedom, told them of their faults, or omiſſions, ſometimes in a ſerious, ſometimes in a jocoſe way, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote of that ſort, which ſhews how freely he indulged himſelf in this vein. Swift had received a preſent of a curious ſnuff-box from Colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he ſhewed to Lord Oxford; who, after having examined the painting on the lid, and admired the workmanſhip, turned up the bottom of the box, where he ſpied a figure reſembling a gooſe, ſtudded on the outſide of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he ſaid, "Jonathan, I think the Colonel has made a gooſe of you." "'Tis true, my Lord," replied Swift, "but if you will look a little farther, you will ſee I am driving a ſnail before me:" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's ſevere enough, Jonathan," ſaid my Lord, "but I deſerved it."

On another occaſion, he obſerved to Lord Bolingbroke, that men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public buſineſs, becauſe they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickneſs of their imagination: and he deſired his Lordſhip to take notice, that the Clerks in his Office uſed a ſort of ivory knife,

knife, with a blunt edge, to divide a ſheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a ſteady hand; whereas, if they ſhould make uſe of a ſharp penknife, the ſharpneſs would make it go often out of the creaſe, and disfigure the paper.

Theſe friendly admonitions of Swift, though they might ſometimes produce good effects in particular caſes, when properly timed, yet could they do but little towards eradicating faults, which ſeem to have been in a great meaſure conſtitutional, and which were grown too ſtrong by habit to be eaſily overcome. Happy therefore was it for the Miniſtry, that they had, in Swift, ſuch a faithful monitor, to remind them of their errors, and ſuch an able coadjutor, to ſupply their deficiencies. As no man perhaps ever poſſeſſed a greater degree of natural ſagacity than Swift, or was maſter of a deeper penetration from cloſe obſervations made on human nature, he often warned the Miniſters of dangers in their own ſphere, which they did not ſee, though they had the advantage of being much nearer the ſprings of action; but the acuteneſs of his ſight more than made up for the different degrees of diſtance. This was ſufficiently ſhewn by the event, as all his conjectures proved to be well-founded; nor was there a ſingle prognoſtic of his that failed. Theſe he was never ſparing to communicate to the Miniſters, though the phlegm of one, and diſſipation of the other, generally rendered ſuch notices of little effect. They were indeed ſo very dilatory or remiſs in their preparations for the approaching conteſt, and their enemies ſo vigilant and active, that their ruin muſt inevitably have been accompliſhed ſoon after the meeting of the Parliament, had it not been for the meaſures taken by Swift to prevent it. Finding that he could not rouſe the Miniſtry to that activity, which ſo critical a juncture required,

he determined to leave nothing undone, that lay in his own power, towards the ſupport of the common cauſe. There were two points, which he thought of the utmoſt importance, and which therefore demanded the higheſt attention: the one was, to put an end to the cabals of the October Club, which threatened the moſt dangerous conſequences to the Miniſtry: the other was, the making of a Peace; without which, it was a maxim with him that the Miniſtry could not ſtand. The firſt of theſe points he ſoon accompliſhed. He procured a meeting of ſome of the principal Members of the Club at a tavern; where he gave them ſuch cogent reaſons for the conduct of the Miniſtry, as removed their fears and jealouſies. This Meeting occaſioned a ſuſpicion in many of the abſent Members, which was followed by a diviſion of the Club; after which, their meetings being neither ſo numerous nor ſo frequent, they gradually dwindled away; and, upon the ſeaſonable publication of a little Pamphlet, by Swift, called, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club," they were in general ſo well ſatisfied, that their meetings were no more heard of; and theſe very Members were afterwards the ſtaunchеſt friends that the Miniſtry had in the Houſe of Commons. The affair of the Peace was at a greater diſtance, and a point of infinitely more difficulty. Neceſſary as it was that it ſhould be accompliſhed, in the diſpoſition that the nation then was, the Miniſtry did not even dare to hint it, and there was but one way in which they could attempt it, with the leaſt degree of ſafety to themſelves; and that was, by raiſing ſuch a clamour for Peace, as ſhould make the ſteps taken towards it by the Miniſtry, appear to be in conſequence of the attention due to the general voice of the nation. This Swift undertook to accompliſh; and with that view he took uncommon

pains

pains in drawing up that famous political Tract, called, *The Conduct of the Allies*; the effects of which will preſently be ſhewn.

But Swift had ſtill a more difficult point to manage; and one, which was attended with more immediate danger than all the reſt; I mean, that of keeping the Miniſtry from quarrelling among themſelves, which he foreſaw muſt end in their total deſtruction *. The Treaſurer and Secretary were of ſuch different diſpoſitions, and ſo little agreed about the means to be purſued towards the attainment of the common end they had in view, that it required the utmoſt addreſs to prevent their coming to an open rupture; which would probably have happened, even at that critical time, had it not been for Swift's interpoſition. Perhaps there was no man living ſo well qualified for the office of a mediator between them, as Swift. The caſe required the conſtant interpoſition of ſome common friend to both, who ſhould not be ſuſpected of any partiality to either, or of any intereſted views in the advice he ſhould give; at the ſame time of one, who would ſpeak his mind with unlimited freedom to each ſeparately, or both together, without fear of diſobliging. He muſt therefore be a man, whoſe aſſiſtance was of ſo much moment to each, in the proſecution of their ſeveral deſigns, that neither would dare to break with the other unreaſonably, leſt his whole weight ſhould be thrown into the oppoſite ſcale. And perhaps there was no man living, at that juncture, who could perfectly anſwer this deſcription, but Swift. Accordingly we find, that for the ſpace of more than two years afterwards, though

* Swift, in a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, ſays, "I take the ſafety of the preſent Miniſtry to conſiſt in the agreement of three great men, Lord Keeper, Lord Treaſurer, and Mr. Secretary; and ſo I have told them together, between jeſt and earneſt, and two of them ſeparately, with more earneſtneſs."

there

there was much ill blood, and many bickerings between them, he kept them from coming to an open rupture; and the incurable breach, which afterwards enſued, was made during his abſence in Ireland, when he went to take poſſeſſion of his Deanry.

In this critical ſituation of affairs, and in the midſt of that load of buſineſs which was thrown upon Swift's ſhoulders, let us ſtop a while, to admire the vigour and activity of his mind, which, at ſuch a juncture, could find leiſure to throw out, as if it were a holiday taſk, his favourite deſign, of eſtabliſhing the Engliſh language on ſome ſolid foundation.

In a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, dated July 12, 1711, there is this paſſage. "I have been engaging my Lord Treaſurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, eſpecially his Lordſhip. He is to erect ſome kind of ſociety, or academy, under the patronage of the Miniſters, and protection of the Queen, for correcting, enlarging, poliſhing, and fixing our language. The methods muſt be left to the ſociety; only I am writing a letter to my Lord Treaſurer, by way of propoſals, and ſome general hints, which I deſign to publiſh, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and ſo I hope will your Grace, if the deſign can be well executed. I would deſire at leiſure ſome of your Grace's thoughts on this matter."

As the time of the Parliament's meeting approached, which was to decide the fate of the parties, Swift applied himſelf cloſely to the finiſhing of a work, from which great matters were expected, toward inclining people to the main object of the Miniſtry, a Peace.

His

His first mention of it to Stella, is in his Journal, October 26, 1711. "We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a Peace; but I will cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have written a paper, which the Ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a Peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain, we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction."

Upon the meeting of Parliament, on the 7th of December, 1711, Swift's apprehensions and prognosticks proved to be but too well founded. He saw clearly, that if the Queen did not stand firm in support of the Ministry, they were undone; and from a knowledge of her temper, he dreaded some change in her, from the influence which the * Duchess of Somerset had over her; who had succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough in her favour, and whose husband was avowedly bent on the destruction of the Ministry. His fears proved indeed to have been too well founded. What passed on this occasion, is thus related in his Journal, December 7, 1711. "The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a Peace, and desired, that in their Address they might put in a clause, to advise the Queen not to make a Peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs, by about six voices, in a Committee of the whole House." The question's being then carried against the Ministry, was no small surprise to them, as they did not expect it, though

* In a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, Swift says, "You know the Duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the Duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the Secretary."

Swift had often warned them of it, and pointed out the means by which it would be effected. But the behaviour of the Queen, upon that occaſion, was ſuch a thunderclap, as perfectly aſtounded them, and made them give over all as loſt. This circumſtance is thus related by Swift in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "When the Queen was going from the Houſe of Lords, where ſhe ſate to hear the debate, on the 7th of December, 1711, the Duke of Shrewſbury, Lord Chamberlain, aſked her Majeſty, whether he, or the Great Chamberlain Lindſay, ought to lead her out; ſhe anſwered ſhort, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerſet, who was louder than any in the Houſe againſt a Peace." This behaviour of the Queen could be conſtrued in no other light than a deſertion of the Miniſtry, and accordingly it produced ſuch an effect, that Swift tells us, "the clauſe was carried the next day, in the Houſe of Lords, almoſt two to one." The conſequences of this, are thus deſcribed by Swift, in his Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht. "When this Addreſs, againſt any Peace without Spain, *&c.* was carried in the Houſe of Lords, it is not eaſy to deſcribe the effect it had upon moſt men's paſſions. The partiſans of the old Miniſtry triumphed loudly, and without any reſerve, as if the game were their own. The Earl of Wharton was obſerved in the Houſe to ſmile, and to put his hands to his neck, when any of the Miniſtry was ſpeaking; by which he would have it underſtood, that ſome heads were in danger. Parker, the Chief-Juſtice, began already, with great zeal and officiouſneſs, to proſecute authors and printers of Weekly and other Papers, and written in defence of the Adminiſtration: in ſhort, joy and vengeance ſat viſible in every countenance of that party.

"On

"On the other ſide, all well-wiſhers to the Church, the Queen, or the Peace, were equally dejected; and the Treaſurer ſtood the foremoſt mark, both of his enemies fury, and the cenſure of his friends. Among the latter, ſome imputed this fatal miſcarriage to his procraſtinating nature; others, to his immeaſurable publick thrift! Both parties agreed, that a Firſt Miniſter, with very moderate ſkill in affairs, might eaſily have governed the events; and ſome began to doubt, whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other ſtations, were what he juſtly deſerved." Swift gives the following account of his firſt interview with the Lord Treaſurer on this occaſion, in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "Mr. Maſham begged us to ſtay, becauſe Lord Treaſurer would call, and we were reſolved to fall on him about his negligence in ſecuring a Majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as uſual, but I thought his countenance was much caſt down. I raillied him, and deſired him to give me his ſtaff, which he did; I told him, if he would ſecure it me a week, I would ſet all right: he aſked, how? I ſaid I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Ducheſs of Somerſet, and Lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot aſked, How he came not to ſecure a Majority? He could anſwer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forſwear. A poor anſwer for a great Miniſter. There fell from him a Scripture expreſſion, *that the hearts of Kings are unſearchable.* I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worſt news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to truſt to: he ſtuck a little, but at laſt bid me not fear, for all would be well yet."

Swift's

Swift's private ſentiments on the occaſion, are thus expreſſed in his Journal, December 8, 1711. "This is a long Journal, and of a day, that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph. They foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boaſting. Nay, they ſay the Parliament ſhould be diſſolved before Chriſtmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your d——d D— of S——t's doing: I warned the Miniſters of it nine months ago, and a hundred times ſince. The Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treaſurer I ſhould have the advantage of him, for he would loſe his head, and I ſhould only be hanged, and ſo carry my body entire to the grave."

December 15, 1711. "Here are the firſt ſteps towards the ruin of an excellent Miniſtry, for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole Miniſtry will give up their places next week; others imagine, when the ſeſſion is over. I do reſolve, if they give up, or are turned out ſoon, to retire for ſome months, and I have pitched upon the place already: I would be out of the way, upon the firſt of the ferment; for they lay all things upon me, even ſome I have never read."

Lord Oxford now perceived the ill effects of his too great ſecurity; but as he was a man of great firmneſs of mind, inſtead of being daunted at the dangerous ſituation of affairs, he applied himſelf vigorouſly to retrieve what had been loſt. Swift ſpeaks of him as a man fruitful in expedients, and ſays, "He never wanted a reſerve upon any emergency, which would appear deſperate to others:" and never did any occaſion call more for the exertion of ſuch talents. The firſt neceſſary ſtep was to get the Queen back out of the hands into which ſhe had fallen, and then to fix her ſteadily in

the purſuit of his meaſures. He had the addreſs very ſoon to regain the Queen's favour and confidence; and the firſt uſe he made of it was to reſtore the Majority he had loſt in the Houſe of Lords, by engaging her to create twelve new Peers at once. This, it muſt be allowed, was a deſperate ſtep, but the deſperate ſtate of their affairs required it. Swift, in ſpeaking of this point, ſays, "Yet, after all, it is a ſtrange, unhappy neceſſity, of making ſo many Peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herſelf by her trimming and moderation." This could not fail, however, of raiſing great clamours and jealouſies in the people. "The adverſe party," (ſays Swift in his Hiſtory) "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did: that it was a pernicious example ſet for ill Princes to follow, who, by the ſame rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by theſe means become maſters of the Houſe of Lords, whenever they pleaſed, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

This unpopular meaſure was quickly followed by another, which raiſed a univerſal clamour both at home and abroad; and that was, the diſmiſſing of the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments. This act, whatever danger might attend it, was, to the Miniſtry, an act of neceſſity; for matters were then carried to ſuch a height, that there was no alternative, but either the Duke, or the Miniſtry, muſt fall. However, though it kept them in for the time, it rendered their ſituation exceedingly precarious. The people, alarmed at the diſmiſſal of ſo great and fortunate a General, in the midſt of a war, expected nothing to follow but a ſhameful Peace. The clamour for the continuance of the war, became louder than ever, which was helped on by the preſence of Prince Eugene, who had lately arrived

arrived in England, with the largeſt propoſals from the Emperor for that purpoſe. All the Envoys from the Allies beſtirred themſelves every where to raiſe a ſpirit for War; and the Whigs, enraged to the laſt degree, at the total loſs of their power, by the fall of their Chief, left no ſtone unturned to rouſe the people. In a ſhort time, the nation ſeemed to have but one voice, which was, for the continuance of the war; and it was certain, that if the Miniſtry could not carry a Peace, it was impoſſible they ſhould ſtand. In this critical ſituation of affairs it was, that Swift's talents ſhone forth in their higheſt luſtre. It was at this juncture, that his celebrated political Tract, called, *The Conduct of the Allies*, produced ſuch marvellous effects. Never did any thing of that nature cauſe ſo ſudden a change in the minds of the people. It immediately paſſed through ſeven editions, and eleven thouſand of them were ſold in leſs than a month. The Members, during the receſs, had full time to read and conſider it well; and Swift, in his Journal, gives the following account of the effects which it produced, February 4, 1711. "The Houſe of Commons have this day made many ſevere votes about our being abuſed by our Allies. Thoſe who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I wrote. The Court had a majority of 150. All agree, that it was my book that ſpirited them to theſe reſolutions." And ſhortly afterwards, ſpeaking on the ſame ſubject, he ſays, February 8. "The reſolutions, printed the other day in the votes, are almoſt quotations from it, and would never have paſſed, if that book had not been written." That Swift had taken uncommon pains about this Tract, appears from another paſſage, where he ſays, "It is fit it ſhould anſwer the pains I have been at about it." Thus did the Doctor amply fulfil his prediction

prediction with regard to this book, in a paſſage before cited, where he ſays, "We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are ſo violent againſt a Peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance, very ſoon." The voice of the Commons was immediately backed by a great majority without doors, who were made converts by the ſame arguments. Thus was the Miniſtry indebted to Swift, not only for their immediate preſervation, from a deſtruction which ſeemed inevitable, but for ſuch a ſolid eſtabliſhment in future, as could neither be undermined or ſhaken by the arts or violence of their enemies; and they had nothing to fear, but from their own diſſentions among themſelves. After ſo ſignal a ſervice, it is no wonder that he grew into the deepeſt confidence with them, and that they ever after cheriſhed him in their boſoms.

As the Miniſtry were now at full liberty to purſue their political plan with ſecurity, and to take all proper meaſures towards bringing about a Peace; Swift, whoſe active ſpirit ſeems to have known no reſt at that juncture, and who was eager to make uſe of the influence he had obtained, towards doing ſome great public good, laid hold of this opportunity to preſs his plan of an academy. In a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, March 29, 1712, he ſays, "I lately wrote a letter of about thirty pages to Lord Treaſurer, by way of propoſal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and aſcertain the Engliſh language: and he and I have named above twenty perſons of both parties to be members. I will ſhortly print the letter, and I hope ſomething of it. Your Grace ſees I am a projector too." In a ſubſequent one, he ſays, upon the ſame ſubject, "My Lord Treaſurer has often promiſed he will advance my deſign of an academy, ſo have my Lord Keeper, and all the Miniſters; but they are now too buſy to think

of any thing beſide what they have upon the anvil. My Lord Treaſurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing."

And afterwards, in another letter, he ſays, "As for an academy to correct and ſettle our language, Lord Treaſurer talked of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too buſy until the Peace be over."

Swift indeed ſoon found, that his eagerneſs to accompliſh a point, which he had ſo much at heart, had made him puſh it at an improper ſeaſon; not only as the hands of the Miniſtry were full, but as he himſelf had work enough cut out for him of another kind. A numerous body of the Whig writers were continually aſſaulting the Miniſtry, with the utmoſt violence; and they relied, for their defence, on the ſingle arm of their doughty champion, Swift.

On the other ſide, the two champions, on whom the Whigs moſt depended, were Biſhop Burnet and Mr. Steel (afterwards Sir Richard) well known to the world as writer of the greateſt number of thoſe ingenious Eſſays, which appeared under the titles of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians. They placed great hopes in two pamphlets, publiſhed about this time; one by Biſhop Burnet, under the title of *An Introduction to the third Volume of his Hiſtory of the Reformation:* the other by Mr. Steele, called, *The Criſis.* Theſe two were immediately anſwered by Swift, with ſuch infinite humour, wit, ridicule, and ſtrength of argument, as not only blunted the edge of thoſe pieces, but lowered the conſequence of the Authors themſelves ſo much, by raiſing the laugh ſtrongly againſt them, as to deprive them of the power of doing future miſchief. We may judge of the effect which thoſe two pamphlets muſt have produced at that critical time, when we conſider

with

with what delight they are read at this day, on account of their intrinſic merit, though we are little intereſted with regard to the events which gave them birth. This indeed diſtinguiſhes Swift's political tracts from all others; that theſe were written for a day; his, for perpetuity: they borrowed their chief merit from circumſtances and times; his, from the immenſity of his genius; their chief value aroſe from faſhion, his, from weight. And he ſeems to have had the ſame advantage over his antagoniſts, as Homer has given to Achilles, by cloathing him in celeſtial armour, and furniſhing him with weapons of ethereal temper.

It may perhaps ſeem ſurpriſing, that after ſo many and ſuch important ſervices, Swift ſhould have remained ſo long without preferment, or reward of any kind; and the Miniſtry have on that account been charged with ingratitude towards him. But they were far from being unmindful of his merits, and had recommended him to the Queen to fill a vacant Biſhoprick. But the Ducheſs of Somerſet, who entertained an implacable hatred againſt him, determined to move Heaven and Earth to prevent his promotion taking place. She firſt prevailed on the Archbiſhop of York to oppoſe it, whoſe remarkable expreſſion to the Queen was, *That her Majeſty ſhould be ſure that the man whom ſhe was going to make a Biſhop, was a Chriſtian.* But as he could give no better colour for this ſurmiſe, than that Swift was ſuppoſed to be the Author of the Tale of a Tub, the Biſhop was conſidered as acting officiouſly, out of too indiſcreet a zeal, and his interpoſition was of no avail. The Ducheſs then went in perſon to the Queen, and, throwing herſelf on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that ſhe would not give the Biſhoprick to Swift; at the ſame time preſenting to her that exceſſively bitter copy of verſes, which Swift had written

againſt her, called, *The Windſor Prophecy*. The Queen, upon reading them, was ſtung with reſentment at the very ſevere treatment which he had given to a Lady, who was known to ſtand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her diſpleaſure, paſſed Swift by, and beſtowed the Biſhoprick on another.

As ſoon as it was known that Swift was in diſgrace with the Queen, his enemies began to attack him from all quarters; and, as is uſual in ſuch caſes, his Court friends in general either deſerted him, or looked coldly on him. There were ſeveral ſpeeches made againſt him, both in the Houſe of Lords and Commons; particularly by the Earl of Nottingham in the former, and Mr. Walpole (afterwards Sir Robert) and Mr. Aiſlabie, who had before profeſſed much friendſhip for him, in the latter. The Scotch Lords went in a body to the Queen, to complain of the Author of a Pamphlet, called *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*, in which were many paſſages highly injurious to the honour of their nation, and deſiring that the Author might be brought to condign puniſhment. Accordingly, a reward was offered by proclamation, of three hundred pounds, for the diſcovery of the Author of that piece. But Swift was a man of too much courage, and knew his own ſtrength too well, to be much alarmed at all theſe threatening appearances. Inſtead of retiring, he ſtood boldly on his defence. His friend Lord Oxford too, and the reſt of the Miniſtry, eſpouſed his cauſe ſo warmly, and exerted their influence ſo ſtrongly in his behalf, that he ſoon appeared again at Court in higher favour than ever.

In April 1713, ſoon after the concluſion of the peace, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin; and in the beginning of June following he ſet out for Ireland, in order to be inſtalled. His intention was, to take

take up his reſidence there for ſome time; but the Miniſtry, to whom his preſence was become neceſſary, would not ſuffer it; and were ſo importunate for his return, that, after he had paſſed thro' the neceſſary forms, and recovered from an indiſpoſition, which had confined him ſome time at his living in the country, he returned to London, tho' very unwillingly *. Upon his arrival, he found his preſence neceſſary on two very material accounts. One was, to prevent if poſſible a rupture between the Miniſters, which was daily threatened, as they had no longer the tie of common danger to cement them, ſince the concluſion of the Peace: the other was, to defend the Articles of that Peace; which were now violently attacked. In the former of theſe points, he ſucceeded for ſome time ſo far as to make them keep fair appearances towards each other, whatever ill will might be rankling in their hearts. And with regard to the latter, he applied himſelf to the finiſhing of the Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht, in which he had made a conſiderable progreſs, before he had gone to take poſſeſſion of his Deanery. He was likewiſe particularly employed at this juncture with relation to the affairs of Ireland, where party-rage had at that time broken out into ſeveral violent and dangerous acts. When he had finiſhed the Hiſtory, he put it into the hands of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, in order that it might be publiſhed; and ſoon after returned to his Deanry. But he had ſcarcely arrived there, when there were a † hundred letters ſent

* In a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, dated from Ireland, he ſays, "If your Grace goeth to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you, altho' I ſhall do all in my power to ſave the trouble of ſuch a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear."

† See Swift's letter to the late Earl of Oxford.

after him to recall him with all ſpeed, in order to uſe his endeavours to reconcile the Miniſters; who, ſoon after he had turned his back, had come to an open rupture. Upon this intelligence, Swift returned immediately, tho' he had ſcarce been a fortnight in Dublin. Upon his arrival, he contrived to bring Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke together at Lord Maſham's; where he was left alone with them, and expoſtulated freely with both, but to little effect. However, they agreed to go to Windſor together the next day. Swift, hoping they might come to a more free explanation in a *tête a tête*, than in the preſence of a third perſon, pretended buſineſs the next morning, and ſent them together to Windſor. He followed ſoon after, but found his ſcheme had not produced the deſired effect. He had one meeting more with them, and finding the breach irreconcileable, he told them he reſolved to retire, ſaying, that, as he was a common friend to both, he would not, upon a breach, take part with either. And as he foreſaw nothing from their diſunion, but what would be fatal to the general intereſt, he was determined to have no farther concern with public affairs. Swift on this occaſion acted the part of a zealous and diſintereſted friend, but he found no one to ſecond him; which he laments in ſeveral places, as he imagined if others had done their duty a reconcilement might have been effected. In a letter to Mr. Pope, he ſays, "I only wiſh my endeavours had ſucceeded better, in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Miniſters to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern, and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had ſucceeded, the public intereſt, both of Church and State, would not have been the worſe, nor the Proteſtant Succeſſion endangered." But Swift was probably

probably the only man among them, who had either the intereſt of the public, or of the Miniſters at heart; the reſt ſeem rather to have been wholly intent upon conſidering how their own private advantage might be promoted by this breach, and liſted themſelves under the ſeveral leaders with this view. Had Swift been a ſelfiſh man, he might certainly have made what terms he pleaſed; as his weight, thrown into either ſcale, would have been of great moment. But he was actuated upon this occaſion by that high principle of honour, from which he never ſwerved in the whole courſe of his life.

* By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a-while,
His great contending friends to reconcile.
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

After his laſt fruitleſs conference with the Miniſters, Swift immediately retired, as he ſaid he would, to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire. But this retirement was not owing to a timid diſpoſition, which might prompt him to be out of harm's way at this dangerous juncture; nor to a principle of trimming, which might induce him to lie upon the lurch 'till he ſaw which party in the Miniſtry ſhould gain the aſcendant; no, it was from a motive conſonant to the nobleneſs of his mind. He had already acquitted himſelf to the utmoſt in point of friendſhip to the Miniſters; and by endeavouring to unite them, had taken the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way to ſerve the common cauſe. When this was found impracticable, he thought his duty to the public, at ſo critical a conjuncture, paramount to all other conſiderations whatſoever; he therefore retired, in order to

* Swift's verſes on himſelf.

have leiſure to lay open to the World the true cauſes of the violent diſorders of the State, let it offend whom it would; and to point out the only remedies that could effect a cure, however unpalatable they might prove to ſome of his beſt friends. It was on this occaſion that he wrote that ſpirited Pamphlet, called, *Some free Thoughts upon the preſent State of Affairs*; in which, with great boldneſs, he charges the Miniſters as the chief cauſes of the reigning diſorders, from their miſconduct; and lays the greateſt load of blame on the man whom he loved beſt in the world, Lord Oxford. Acting in this, like a friendly and ſkilful ſurgeon, who lays open the ſore to the bottom, however painful the operation may prove to the patient, when he ſees no other way of preventing a gangrene. The general blame which he throws out upon the Miniſtry, is prefaced in this manner: "It may be matter of no little admiration, to conſider, in ſome lights, the ſtate of affairs among us for four years paſt. The Queen, finding herſelf and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and the inſolence, the miſtaken politics and deſtructive principles of her former Miniſters; calls to the ſervice of the public another ſet of men, who, by confeſſion of their enemies, had equal abilities, at leaſt, with their predeceſſors; whoſe intereſt made it neceſſary for them (altho' their inclinations had been otherwiſe) to act upon thoſe maxims which were moſt agreeable to the Conſtitution in Church and State; whoſe birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation, and who (I ſpeak of thoſe who were to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip. With all theſe advantages, ſupported by a vaſt majority of the landed intereſt, and the inferior Clergy to a man, we have ſeveral times ſeen the preſent Adminiſtration in the greateſt diſtreſs, and

very

very near the brink of ruin, together with the cauſe of the Church and Monarchy committed to their charge: neither does it appear to me, at the minute I am now writing, that their power or duration is upon any tolerable foot of ſecurity; which I do not ſo much impute to the addreſs and induſtry of their enemies, as to ſome failures among themſelves, which I think have been full as viſible in their cauſes, as their effects."

He then proceeds to enumerate ſeveral of thoſe failings, among which, that which is mentioned in the following paragraph is particularly levelled at Lord Oxford. "I muſt therefore take the boldneſs to aſſert, that all theſe diſcontents, how ruinous ſoever they may prove in their conſequences, have moſt unneceſſarily ariſen from the want of a due *communication* and *concert*. Every man muſt have a light ſufficient for the length of the way he is appointed to go: there is a degree of confidence due to all ſtations; and a petty conſtable will neither act chearfully, nor wiſely, without that ſhare of it, which properly belongs to him: altho' the main ſpring of a watch be out of ſight, there is an intermediate communication between it and the ſmalleſt wheel, or elſe no uſeful motion could be performed. This reſerved, myſterious way of acting, upon points where there appeared not the leaſt occaſion for it, and towards perſons, who, at leaſt in right of their poſts, expected a more open treatment, was imputed to ſome hidden deſign, which every man conjectured to be the very thing he was moſt afraid of.

"But the effects of this myſtical manner of proceeding did not end here: for the late diſſentions between the great men at Court (which have been for ſome time paſt the public entertainment of every coffee-houſe) are ſaid to have ariſen from the ſame fountain; while, on one ſide, very great reſerve, and certainly very great reſentment

reſentment on the other, have inflamed animoſities to ſuch a height, as to make all reconcilement impracticable. Suppoſing this to be true, it may ſerve for a great leſſon of humiliation to mankind, to behold the habits and paſſions of men, otherwiſe highly accompliſhed, triumphing over intereſt, friendſhip, honour, and their own perſonal ſafety, as well as that of their country; and probably of a moſt gracious Princeſs, who had entruſted it to them. A ſhip's crew quarrelling in a ſtorm, or while their enemies are within gunſhot, is but a faint idea of this fatal infatuation; of which, altho' it be hard to ſay enough, ſome people may think perhaps I have already ſaid too much."

From the above paſſages, it is clear that Swift was determined not to ſpare the inciſion knife on this occaſion. And from the whole drift of the pamphlet, it is highly probable, he had diſcovered that both Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, had long ſince loſt ſight of the public intereſt, which had at firſt cemented them, and had each no other object in view, but that of gratifying his ambition. It could not eſcape a man of his penetration, that they were in the condition of Pompey and Cæſar; whereof the one could not bear an equal, nor the other a ſuperior. He reſolved therefore to ſeparate himſelf from them both, and try what he could do apart for the public intereſt. As he found private admonition ineffectual to perſuade, he determined to try whether public ſhame, and the fear of the total deſertion of their party, might not compel them to a diſcharge of their duty. He pointed out the only means which could effectually put things once more on a proper footing; and as he well knew Lord Oxford's unwillingneſs to purſue thoſe means, he was reſolved to drive him to it, thro' the fear of his being deſerted otherwiſe both by his party, and the Queen; which is evidently

evidently the tendency of the laſt paragraph in this piece. "To conclude: the only way of ſecuring the Conſtitution in Church and State, and conſequently this very Proteſtant Succeſſion itſelf, will be the leſſening the power of our domeſtic adverſaries as much as can poſſibly conſiſt with the lenity of our Government; and if this be not ſpeedily done, *it will be eaſy to point where the nation is to fix the blame:* for, we are very well aſſured, that ſince the account her Majeſty received of the cabals, the triumphs, the inſolent behaviour of the whole faction during her late illneſs at Windſor, *ſhe has been as willing to ſee them deprived of all power to do miſchief* as any of her moſt zealous and loyal ſubjects can deſire."

There was no opportunity however of trying what effect this Piece would have had, as the death of the Queen, ſoon after it went to preſs, put a ſtop to the publication. This event alſo put an end to all Swift's noble deſigns for the public benefit, and cut off at once all his own future proſpects. This was a terrible blow to the whole party; but, tho' it was felt by no one more ſeverely than by Swift, he had too much fortitude to ſink under it. There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occaſion, by a few ſtrokes of the maſterly hand of an Arbuthnot *. "I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries."

In a few weeks after this event, Swift returned to his Deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years without viſiting England.

Before we accompany him into exile, for as ſuch he always conſidered it, let us take a review of his conduct

* Letter to Pope,

during

during the moſt diſtinguiſhed æra of his life, when he had an opportunity of diſplaying all the great talents of his mind, and the excellent qualities of his heart, in a moſt conſpicuous light. His engaging with the new Miniſtry was not either the effect of a ſudden reſolution, or of accident. He had long foreſeen the change, and determined what part he ſhould take, whenever it ſhould be brought about; altho' he prudently concealed his thoughts, till the event happened. It was before mentioned, that Mr. Harley had very nearly ſucceeded in ſupplanting the Whig Miniſtry in the year 1708, two years before he actually effected it. While this was in agitation, we find that Swift inſinuates his own intentions to his friend the Archbiſhop of Dublin, in a letter dated November 9, 1708. "Altho' I care not to mingle public affairs with the intereſt of ſo private a perſon as myſelf, yet, upon ſuch a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the ſervice of a new Government, I would beg your Grace to have favourable thoughts of me on ſuch an occaſion; and to aſſure you, that no proſpect of making my fortune, ſhall ever prevail upon me to go againſt what becometh a man of conſcience and truth, and an entire friend to the eſtabliſhed Church."

However, as the deſign failed at that time, Swift made no advances to the Tories, but kept himſelf at large, waiting for the event; which he foreſaw would certainly be brought about in time. He had leiſure mean while to lay down to himſelf the maxims by which his conduct ſhould be regulated, whenever ſuch a revolution ſhould take place.

As there was much obloquy thrown on the character of Swift, on account of his ſuppoſed deſertion of the Whigs, and going over to the Tories, as ſoon as they got into power, it will be proper to examine what

foundation the Whigs had for ſuch a charge againſt him.

Swift, in his Memoirs relative to the change in the Queen's Miniſtry, gives the following account of his firſt introduction to the Leaders of the Whig party. Speaking of his Pamphlet, entitled *The Conteſts and Diſſentions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, &c.* he ſays: "This diſcourſe I ſent very privately to the preſs, with the ſtricteſt injunctions to conceal the author, and return'd immediately to my reſidence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged, ſometimes upon Lord Sommers, and ſometimes upon the Biſhop of Saliſbury; the latter of whom told me afterwards, that he was forced to diſown it in a very public manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened.

"Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received, which was the firſt I ever printed, I muſt confeſs the vanity of a young man prevailed with me, to let myſelf be known for the author: upon which my Lords Sommers and Halliſax, as well as the Biſhop abovementioned, deſired my acquaintance, with great marks of eſteem, and profeſſions of kindneſs: not to mention the Earl of Sunderland, who had been of my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to ſerve me ſince the death of the King, and were very liberal in promiſing me the greateſt preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I ſoon grew domeſtic with Lord Halifax, and was as often with Lord Sommers, as the formality of his nature (the only unconverſable fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

"It was then I began to trouble myſelf with the difference between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myſelf in other, and I think, much

much better ſpeculations: I talked often with Lord Sommers upon this ſubject; told him, that having been long converſant with the Greek and Roman Authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myſelf much inclined to be what they called a Whig in politicks; and that beſides, I thought it impoſſible, upon any other principles, to defend the Revolution: but as to religion, I confeſs myſelf to be a High-Churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a Clergyman, could be otherwiſe. That I had obſerved very well with what inſolence and haughtineſs ſome Lords of the High-church party treated, not only their own Chaplains, but all other Clergymen whatſoever; and thought this ſufficiently recompenſed, by their profeſſions of zeal to the church. That I had obſerved the Whig Lords took a direct contrary meaſure; treated the perſons of particular Clergymen with great courteſy, but ſhewed much ill-will and contempt for the order in general. That I knew it was neceſſary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Proteſtants to be members of their body. That I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either ſide; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs, to thoſe writers of pamphlets who reflected on the whole body of the Clergy, without any exception, would unite the Church, as one man, to oppoſe them; and that I doubted his Lordſhip's friends did not conſider the conſequence of this. My Lord Sommers, in appearance, entered very warmly into the ſame opinion, and ſaid very much of the endeavours he had often uſed, to redreſs the evil I complained of. This his Lordſhip, as well as my Lord Halifax, to whom I have talked in the ſame manner, can very well remember, and I have indeed been told, by an ho-

nourable gentleman of the ſame party, that both their Lordſhips, about the time of Lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occaſion, call to mind what I had ſaid to them five years before."

Hence it appears evidently, that though Swift agreed with the Whigs in his political principles, he differed totally from them in thoſe which regarded the Church, and therefore was conſidered by them only as a half-brother; on which account they were not very ſolicitous to give him any preferment, though they wiſhed to keep upon good terms with him, by making many fair promiſes, which it ſeems they had no intention to perform. Of this we have already ſeen inſtances in the affair of his Secretaryſhip to Vienna, and the Biſhoprick of Virginia. Stung with this treatment, he broke off all connection with them long before he had acceſs to any of the Leaders of the Tory party, and while the Whigs were yet in the plenitude of power. Nay, he went farther, and publiſhed ſeveral pieces in oppoſition to their meaſures. Of which take the following account, given by himſelf in his Memoirs, *&c.* "I mentioned theſe inſignificant particulars, as it will be eaſily judged, for ſome reaſons that are purely perſonal to myſelf; it having been objected by ſeveral of thoſe poor pamphleteers, who have blotted ſo much paper to ſhew their malice againſt me, that I was a favourer of the Low-party. Whereas it has been manifeſt to all men, that during the higheſt dominion of that faction, I had publiſhed ſeveral Tracts in oppoſition to the meaſures then taken. For inſtance, A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Counteſs of Berkeley; The Sentiments of a Church-of-England-Man; An Argument againſt aboliſhing Chriſtianity; and, laſtly, A Letter to a Member of Parliament, againſt taking off the Teſt in Ireland, which I have already

ready mentioned to have been publiſhed at the time the Earl of Wharton was ſetting out to his government of that kingdom."

The ſame cry about quitting the Whigs was raiſed againſt him in Ireland, of which he takes the following notice, in his Journal to Stella. "Why ſhould the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? ſure my journey was no ſecret. I proteſt ſincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the Dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the leaſt to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs, I'll make them repent their uſage before I leave this place. They ſay here the ſame thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, conſidering the treatment I have had."

On his arrival in London, he ſays, "The Whigs are raviſhed to ſee me, and would lay hold on me as a twig, while they are drowning, and the great men are making me their clumſy apologies, *&c.* But my Lord Treaſurer (Godolphin) received me with a great deal of coldneſs, which has enraged me ſo, I am almoſt vowing revenge." Soon after he ſays, "At ten I went to the Coffee-houſe, hoping to find Lord Radnor, whom I had not ſeen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treaſon heartily againſt the Whigs, their baſeneſs and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling reſentments in my mind, and framing ſchemes of revenge; full of which, having written down ſome hints, I go to bed." In another place, "'Tis good to ſee what a lamentable confeſſion the Whigs all make me of my ill uſage, but I mind them not. I am already repreſented to Harley as a diſcontented perſon, that was uſed ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good uſage from him." In a letter to Archbiſhop

biſhop King, September 9, 1710, he ſpeaks more fully to the ſame effect. "Upon my arrival here, I found myſelf equally careſſed by both parties; by one, as a ſort of bough, for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other, as one diſcontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their deſigns, and therefore ready to approve preſent things. I was to viſit my Lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether ſhort, dry, and moroſe; not worth repeating to your Grace, until I have the honour to ſee you."

In his Journal, October 2, 1710, he ſays, "Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day; it was the *Reſurrection of the Whigs*, which I refuſed, unleſs he would add their *Reformation* too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of *."

* What obligation Swift had to that Lord, and his party, may be ſeen by his indorſement on the following letter, received from Lord Halifax.

SIR, October 6, 1709.

MY friend, Mr. Addiſon, telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away, without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite aſhamed for myſelf and my friends, to ſee you left in a place ſo incapable of taſting you; and to ſee ſo much merit, and ſo great qualities, unrewarded by thoſe who are ſenſible of them. Mr. Addiſon and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the purſuit, nor to ceaſe reminding thoſe who can ſerve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to ſhine: Dr. South holds out ſtill, but he cannot be immortal. The ſituation of his Prebend would make me doubly concerned in ſerving you. And upon all occaſions that ſhall offer, I will be your conſtant ſolicitor, your ſincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your moſt humble and obedient ſervant, HALIFAX.

One may form a juſt idea of the greatneſs of Swift's reſentment, at the treatment he had met with from the Whigs, from a paſſage in his Journal of the following year, after the wonderful ſucceſs which his writings againſt them had met with; where he ſays, "I have been gaining enemies by ſcores, and friends by couples, which is againſt the rules of wiſdom; becauſe they ſay, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at leaſt, if I get nothing elſe. And ſo let fate govern."

I have been the longer upon this article, becauſe, however Swift might have been acquitted of this charge in England, where the real ſtate of the caſe was known, I always found the imputation keep its ground in Ireland, and his character ſtigmatized, as that of a turncoat for preferment, under the Tory-adminiſtration.

We have already ſeen with what eagerneſs Lord Oxford embraced the firſt overtures made to him by Swift, and what pains he took to engage him in his party. As Swift well knew his own conſequence, and the great neceſſity the new Miniſtry had for his ſervice, it is certain he might have indulged himſelf at ſuch a juncture, in the moſt flattering expectations, of riſing ſoon to the higheſt dignities in his profeſſion; and could have made what terms he pleaſed with regard to his own intereſt, if that had been the chief point he had in view. But he had long formed in his head ſome great plans for promoting the publick welfare, in regard to which all conſiderations of ſelf, weighed with him but as the duſt upon the balance. He therefore determined, up-

Thus indorſed by Swift. *I kept this letter as a true original of Courtiers, and Court-promiſes.* And in the firſt leaf of a ſmall printed book, entitled, "Poeſies Chretiennes de Monſ. Jollivet," he wrote theſe words, "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and deſired him to remember, *it was the only favour I ever received from him, or his party.*"

on

on his engaging with the new Miniſtry, to make uſe of all the weight and credit to which his ſervices might entitle him, in carrying on thoſe publick plans, and to leave the care of his own fortune wholly to chance. How little ſolicitous he was about that article, may be fully ſeen in a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, dated October 1, 1711, where he has been very explicit, both as to his ſentiments upon that head, and the conduct he was determined to obſerve. "I humbly thank your Grace for the good opinion you are pleaſed to have of me, and for your advice, which ſeems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the firſt, which relates to my fortune, I ſhall never be able to make myſelf believed how indifferent I am about it. I ſometimes have the pleaſure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleaſure to be a virtue, at leaſt in me. Perhaps, in Ireland, I may not be able to prevent contempt, any other way than by making my fortune; but then it is my comfort, that contempt in Ireland will be no ſort of mortification to me. When I was laſt in Ireland, I was above half the time retired to one ſcurvy acre of ground, and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at Court, as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and perhaps will leave it now, (when they pleaſe to let me) without any concern, but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great Miniſters to do as they pleaſe; and if I cannot enough diſtinguiſh myſelf by being uſeful in ſuch a way, as becomes a man of conſcience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will ſolicit for myſelf, although I often do for others." And in another letter to the ſame, dated in the following year, he ſays, "I know nothing of promiſes of any thing intended for myſelf; but I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know

Courts too well to be ſurpriſed at diſappointments; which, however, I ſhall have no great reaſon to fear, if I gave my thoughts any great trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not, although I cannot expect to be believed when I ſay ſo."

In his Journal to Stella, where the inmoſt receſſes of his heart are opened, he makes frequent mention of his little ſolicitude, and ſmall expectation on that ſcore. In one, dated January 1711, he ſays, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promiſes enough, but I do not count upon them. However, we will ſee what may be done, and, if nothing at all, I ſhall not be diſappointed." And in that of the June following, "Remember, if I am ill uſed, and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, it's what I am prepared for, and ſhall not wonder at. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of conſiderable men teaſing me to ſolicit for them. And the Miniſtry all uſe me perfectly well, and all that know them, ſay, they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, *&c.* They think me uſeful, they pretend they were afraid of none but me, and that they reſolved to have me; they have often confeſſed this, yet all makes little impreſſion on me." In that of March 1712, he ſays, "I had been with the Secretary before to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be Phyſician-general, and the Secretary promiſed to mention it to the Queen. I can ſerve every body but myſelf." There are many paſſages to the ſame effect throughout this Journal, ſo that we may conclude with certainty, that the deſire of ſerving himſelf was one of the laſt motives which engaged him to enter ſo deeply into the political ſyſtem at that time. No, he was actuated by a nobler principle, a true ſpirit of patriotiſm. He ſaw now a fair opening for the exertion of his extraordinary talents,

in ſupport of our excellent Conſtitution, both in Church and State; an occaſion which he had long waited for with impatience, and which he embraced with ardour. He had, as he mentions in his Journal to Stella, great things in view, to the accompliſhment of which he poſtponed all conſiderations of ſelf. Beſide his political plan, he had formed the deſign of bringing about a general reformation in manners, and taſte, which had been much corrupted under the Whig Adminiſtration. He was firmly perſuaded, that the only way to accompliſh theſe points, was to keep them from ever returning again into power. He had a good opinion of the intentions of the new Miniſtry; or, whether they were ſincere or not, the profeſſed principles, upon which they acted, were conſonant to his. He ſays, in a letter to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, "Wanting wiſdom to judge better, I follow thoſe, who, I think, are moſt for preſerving the Conſtitution in Church and State, without examining whether they do ſo from a principle of virtue, or of intereſt." And indeed they were the only perſons that could poſſibly have overturned the Whig Adminiſtration, or, when overturned, have kept them out; conſequently, he could have no hope, but in their continuance in power. He early ſaw, and told the Miniſtry, compoſed of Lord Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Lord Keeper, that all things depended on their union, and this he often repeated to them, when they were together, and ſeparately to each. But he ſoon had occaſion to obſerve, that two of them were formed of ſuch diſcordant tempers, and had views ſo oppoſite, as to threaten a ſpeedy breach. To prevent ſo great an evil, which would at once ruin their cauſe, and put an end to all his noble deſigns, he determined to keep himſelf in a ſituation, that would at all times qualify him for the office of a

mediator between them, and at the ſame time give due weight to his interpoſition, by his remaining in a ſtate of utter independence, and receiving no obligation in return, while he was daily conferring the greateſt upon them. It was on this account that he refuſed to be Chaplain to Lord Oxford, who made an offer of it to him, the very day after his being created Lord Oxford, and appointed Lord Treaſurer. In his Journal to Stella, of the 24th of May, 1711, there is this paſſage. "My Lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my Lord; and when I called him my Lord, he called me * Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaſe me. By a ſecond hand, he propoſed my being his Chaplain, which I by a ſecond hand excuſed; but we had no talk of it to-day; but I will be no man's Chaplain alive." And in his Preface to the Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne, he ſays, "I abſolutely refuſed to be Chaplain to the Lord Treaſurer, becauſe I thought it would but ill become me to be in a ſtate of dependence." For the ſame reaſon, very early after his connection with the Miniſtry, he refuſed to accept of a living from the Lord Keeper, which he thus mentions in his Journal. "Lord Keeper told me, ſome months ago, he would give me a living when I pleaſed; but I told him I would not take any from him." There have been ſeveral inſtances before given of his early conduct towards the Miniſtry, ſhewing, that he expected to be treated by them on a footing of perfect equality; of which he never ſlipped any opportunity of reminding them. In a letter to the Lord Treaſurer, he ſays, "When I was with you, I have ſaid more than once, that I would never allow that quality, or ſtation, made any real difference between

* A couſin german of Swift, whom he held in the utmoſt contempt.

men.

men. From theſe ſentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, or allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity." In a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, he ſays, "I would have you know, Sir, that if the Queen gave you a Dukedom, and the Garter to-morrow, with the Treaſury juſt at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat." To preſerve this equality, which he then thought eſſential to the great points he had in view, it was neceſſary he ſhould keep himſelf free from any particular obligation; by which means he was conſidered as a common diſintereſted friend by all the Miniſters. And it was in this capacity that he was able to heal many breaches between them, which would have been otherwiſe incurable. Of this he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of Auguſt, 1711, he ſays, "Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with theſe great Miniſters, to clear ſome miſunderſtanding between them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy tickliſh piece of work, and a man hazards loſing both ſides." In that of October following, is this paſſage. "The Secretary told me laſt night he had found the reaſon why the Queen was ſo cold to him for ſome months paſt; that a friend had told it to him yeſterday, and it was, that they ſuſpected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he ſaid, he had reflected upon all I had ſpoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my ſuſpicion, and my zeal and kindneſs for him. I ſaid I had reaſon to take that very ill, to imagine I knew ſo little of the world, as to talk at a venture to a great Miniſter; that I had gone between him and Lord Treaſurer often, and told each of them what I had ſaid to the other; and that I had informed him ſo before. He ſaid all, you may

imagine, to excuſe himſelf, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the ſureſt way to ſend me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom ſervice in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told Lord Treaſurer, Lord Keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was, to ſee them love one another, and I told them all ſingly, that I had not ſaid this by chance," *&c.* In September, 1712, he ſays, "I am again endeavouring, as I was laſt year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred miſunderſtandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to deſtroy both." And in the October following, he ſays, "I have helped to patch up theſe people together once more. God knows how long it may laſt." In many other places, he mentions the diſagreeable neceſſity he was under of continuing his endeavours in this way, and laments that he could get no one to ſecond him. In his enquiry into the behaviour of the Queen's laſt Miniſtry, *&c.* he ſays, "Neither perhaps would a reconcilement have been an affair of much difficulty, if their friends on both ſides had not too much obſerved the common prudential forms of *not caring to intermeddle*; which, together with the addition of a ſhrug, was the conſtant anſwer I received from moſt of them, whenever I preſſed them upon the ſubject. And, to ſay the truth, moſt perſons had ſo avowedly declared themſelves on one ſide, or the other, that theſe two great men had hardly a common friend left, except myſelf. I had ever been treated with great kindneſs by them both; and I conceived what I wanted in weight and credit, might be made up with ſincerity and freedom. The former they never doubted, and

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the latter they had conſtant experience of. I had managed between them for almoſt two years, and their candour was ſo great, that they had not the leaſt jealouſy or ſuſpicion of me." The truth of this account is confirmed in a letter written to Lord Bolingbroke, ſoon after the Queen's death, where, ſpeaking of the Lord Treaſurer, he ſays, "I am only ſorry it was not a reſignation, rather than a removal; becauſe the perſonal kindneſs and diſtinction I always received from his Lordſhip and you, gave me ſuch a love for you both, (if you great men will allow that expreſſion in a little one) that I reſolved to preſerve it entire, however you differed between yourſelves; and in this I did for ſome time follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that having been for two years almoſt the only man who went between you, I never obſerved the leaſt alteration in either of your countenances towards me." Nothing can ſhew the character of Swift in a higher point of light, than his conduct on this occaſion; and nothing could poſſibly have preſerved to him the unabated love of theſe two great rivals for power, who hated each other mortally, in the diſcharge of ſo delicate an office, but the high opinion which each entertained of his integrity, and perfect diſintereſtedneſs. However, it is certain, that had it not been for his generous and unwearied endeavours, their whole plan muſt have been deſtroyed long before, and the Miniſtry, and the party, involved in the ſame ruin. So that as they were indebted to him at firſt, for ſaving them from the attacks of their enemies, and eſtabliſhing them in power, they were daily afterwards obliged to him for preſerving them in it, by guarding them againſt their worſt enemies, their own paſſions. Having thus ſuſpended all regard to his own intereſt, after ſuch important ſervices,

ſervices, he had an undoubted claim upon the Miniſters to promote every plan for the good of the public, and could with a better grace puſh the fortune of others. Accordingly, we find him bold and frequent in his recommendations, wherever merit or compaſſion called for his aſſiſtance. His firſt object was to procure marks of diſtinction and reward, to all men of parts and genius. The claim which he put in on that ſcore to the Miniſtry, was not ſelfiſhly confined to his own perſon, but exacted equally for all others, according to their ſeveral pretenſions. He inſiſted, that no diſtinction of party ſhould be made with regard to them; and that all of that claſs, who had liſted under the banner of the Whigs, ſhould ſtill be kept in their employments. In his Journal, he ſays, "Do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig Wits to the favour and mercy of the Miniſters, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be uſed kindly and ſecured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promiſe of a place. Philips I ſhould certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I ſet Addiſon ſo right at firſt, that he might have been employed, and have partly ſecured him the place he has; yet I am worſe uſed by that faction than any man." In another place he is particular in his relation of what he had done with regard to Congreve. "I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I ſaw Will Congreve attending at the Treaſury, by order, with his brethren, the Commiſſioners of the Wine Licences. I had often mentioned him with kindneſs to Lord Treaſurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had anſwered to what they were ſent for, my Lord called him privately, and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, promiſing his protection, &c. The

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poor man ſaid, he had been uſed ſo ill of late years, that he was quite aſtoniſhed at my Lord's goodneſs, &c. and deſired me to tell my Lord ſo; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My Lord aſſured me he eſteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he ſaid was to make Congreve eaſy, becauſe he knew people talked as if his Lordſhip deſigned to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my Lord Treaſurer, I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told him what had paſſed between my Lord and me: ſo I have made a worthy man eaſy, and that's a good day's work."

But of all the men of parts in the oppoſition, Swift ſeems to be moſt concerned about his friend Addiſon, and on his account about Steele; of which he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of October 19, 1710, ſoon after his firſt introduction to Lord Oxford, then Mr. Harley, there is the following paſſage. "I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the Under Secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of Stamp-paper. He has loſt his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler ſome months ago, againſt Mr. Harley, who gave it to him at firſt, and raiſed the ſalary from ſixty to three hundred pounds. This was deviliſh ungrateful, and Lewis was telling me the particulars; but I had a hint given me that I might ſave him in his other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to ſit with Mr. Addiſon, and offer the matter at diſtance to him, as the diſcreeter perſon; but found party had ſo poſſeſſed him, that he talked as

if he ſuſpected me, and would not fall in with any thing I ſaid. So I ſtopped ſhort in my overture, and we parted very drily; and I ſhall ſay nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things ſtand as they are, he will certainly loſe it, unleſs I ſave him; and therefore I will not ſpeak to him, that I may not report to his diſadvantage. Is not this vexatious, and is there ſo much in the proverb of proffered ſervice? When ſhall I grow wiſe? I endeavour to act in the moſt exact points of honour and conſcience, and my neareſt friends will not underſtand it ſo. What muſt a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it ſhall not."

In that of December following, he ſays, "Mr. Addiſon and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendſhip will go off by this damned buſineſs of party. He cannot bear ſeeing me fall in ſo with this Miniſtry; but I love him ſtill as much as ever, though we ſeldom meet."

In the ſame Journal he gives the following account: "Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley, to ſave Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been ſaying the ſame thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I ſhould take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, *&c.* Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it; and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great ſubmiſſion, but never comes, nor ſends any excuſe. Whether it was blundering, ſullenneſs, inſolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I ſhall trouble myſelf no more about him. I believe Addiſon hindered him out of mere ſpite, being grated to the ſoul to think he ſhould ever want my help to ſave his friend; yet now he is ſoliciting me to make another

of

of his friends Queen's Secretary at Geneva, and I'll do it if I can; it is poor Paſtoral Philips."

In another place he ſays, "I called at the coffee-houſe, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. Addiſon; all our friendſhip and dearneſs are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of courſe, of when we ſhall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? but I think he has uſed me ill, and I have uſed him too well, at leaſt his friend Steele."

In a few weeks after, he writes thus: "I went to Mr. Addiſon, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not ſeen him theſe three weeks. We are grown common acquaintance, yet what have I not done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the laſt time I ſaw him, that to pleaſe me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promiſed and appointed to ſee him; and that Steele never came. Harriſon, whom Mr. Addiſon recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has promiſed me to take care of him. And I have repreſented Addiſon himſelf ſo to the Miniſtry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. Well, he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I had never the leaſt obligation to him, and there's another end.

In the following year, May 1711, He ſays, "Steele has had the aſſurance to write to me, that I would engage my Lord Treaſurer to keep a friend of his in employment." And in his Journal of July following, he ſays, "Mr. Addiſon and I have at laſt met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonſon's. Mr. Addiſon and I talked as uſual, and as if we had ſeen one another yeſterday; and Steele and I were very eaſy, although I wrote him a biting letter, in anſwer to one of his, where he deſired me to recommend a friend of his to Lord Treaſurer." In the year

1712,

1712, we find he had brought Addiſon ſo far about as to dine with Lord Bolingbroke. In his Journal of that year, he ſays, "Addiſon and I, and ſome others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and ſate with him 'till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addiſon raiſed his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke anſwered them with great complaiſance."

From all theſe accounts, we may ſee what an amazing difference there was between the minds of Swift and Addiſon. What a grandeur in the one, what a littleneſs in the other! Swift, though deeply engaged with the ſucceſsful party, uſing all his endeavours to prevent a difference in politics, from creating a diſunion among men of genius, Addiſon, from a narrowneſs of mind, growing cool to a man for whoſe talents he had profeſſed the higheſt admiration, and for whoſe perſon the warmeſt regard, merely becauſe they were of different parties. Swift, in the plenitude of power, when another would have been glad of ſo fair a pretence for breaking off all commerce with him, perſeveres in his good offices towards him, as if their friendſhip were ſtill mutual and inviolate; ſets him on a good footing with the Miniſtry, and preſerves him and his friends, notwithſtanding the ill behaviour of the latter, in their employments. Addiſon, notwithſtanding he had forfeited all pretenſions to Swift's friendſhip by his unmanly behaviour, and during the continuance of his coldneſs, is mean enough to ſolicit Swift's intereſt in favour of ſome of his friends. Swift, though never under the leaſt obligation to Addiſon when he was in power, exerts his intereſt as if he had been under the higheſt, and among others, procures for Harriſon, one of Mr. Addiſon's recommending, an employment of no leſs than twelve hundred pounds a year. When indeed Steele

had

had the aſſurance, as Swift juſtly expreſſes it, of deſiring the ſame favour, he ſhews what a difference he made between the men, by ſending him, as he calls it, a biting anſwer. Whether it was this which exaſperated Steele, or from whatever other cauſe it were, he ſome time after wrote a virulent paper in the Guardian againſt Swift, which produced ſome ſevere expoſtulations on his part, to be ſeen in the letters that paſſed between them on that occaſion. Where, on Steele's part, we find the higheſt inſolence, added to the baſeſt ingratitude; as will immediately appear on a view of thoſe letters. Swift, in one to Addiſon upon this ſubject, had ſaid, "Have I deſerved this uſage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well, that my Lord Treaſurer has kept him in his employment, upon my intreaty and interceſſion?" This charge Steele anſwers in the moſt inſulting manner, thus, 'They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interpoſition has kept me thus long in office.' To this Swift in his reply, ſays, "The caſe was thus: I did with the utmoſt application, and deſiring to lay all my credit upon it, deſire Mr. Harley (as he was then called) to ſhew you mercy. He ſaid he would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to ſee him; that he would not expect you ſhould quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could anſwer; and adviſed me to be more cautious another time. I told him, and deſired my Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke to be witneſſes, that I never would ſpeak for or againſt you, as long as I lived; only I would deſire, and that it was ſtill my opinion, you ſhould have mercy, 'till you gave farther provocations. This is the hiſtory of what you think fit to call, in the ſpirit of inſulting,

their

their laughing at me. And you may do it ſecurely; for, by the moſt inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office."

After having read the ſeveral paſſages relative to Steele, before quoted in the Journal, no one can doubt but that Swift has here fairly ſtated the caſe, and that he might even have put it in a ſtronger light. It is hard to ſay whether Steele's weakneſs of head, or badneſs of heart, were moſt conſpicuous in this tranſaction. Cauſeleſsly to attack and inſult a man, to whom he lay under ſuch obligations, argued great baſeneſs; and his defence of himſelf, by denying an obligation ſo notoriouſly conferred, ſtill more ſo. And to provoke a man to prove the reality of his charge, that it was he alone who had hitherto kept him in his employment, by getting him immediately diſcharged from it, which Swift could have done by ſpeaking a word, was ſurely weak. But in that point he was ſecure, he knew his man too well: He knew Swift was incapable of a mean revenge. He might, as Swift nobly ſays to him, 'do it ſecurely;' "for, (as he adds) by the moſt inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office." Yet, though Swift was above a revenge of this ſort, he thought himſelf called upon to anſwer his challenge, as a Writer, and chaſtiſe his inſolence in his own way. Which he afterwards did ſo effectually, in his famous Pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and in ſeveral ſubſequent pieces, that, from being an Author of ſome eminence, Steele became for ſome time an object of ridicule and contempt. How weak, or how vain muſt the man have been, to have defied ſuch a champion to ſo unequal a combat! I have been the longer in the detail of this tranſaction, becauſe it is, perhaps, the only inſtance to

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be found of Swift's ever having broke entirely with any man with whom he had lived on terms of friendſhip; and to juſtify the extreme ſeverity which appeared in his writings againſt Steele, after ſo great a provocation.

Having ſeen the care which Swift took of men of genius, ſo that even their oppoſition in party ſhould be of no prejudice to them, we may ſuppoſe he was not leſs ſolicitous in promoting the intereſts of others, who were under no demerit of that ſort. Accordingly we find, there were not any at that time, of the leaſt pretenſions in that way, who were not obliged to him for eſſential ſervices. The famous Dr. Berkeley, afterwards Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, owed his fortune wholly to him, as he placed him in the road which led to his promotion. In his Journal of April 7, 1713, he ſays, "I went to Court to-day, on purpoſe to preſent Mr. Berkeley, one of your Fellows of Dublin College, to Lord Berkeley, of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and a great Philoſopher; and I have mentioned him to all the Miniſters, and have given them ſome of his writings, and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to in honour and conſcience, to uſe all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world." He afterwards got him appointed Chaplain to Lord Peterborow's Embaſſy, who procured for him the rich Deanery of Derry. Pope, in his Preface to the Tranſlation of Homer, expreſſes the higheſt obligations to him for his zeal in promoting the ſubſcription to that work. Gay, by his intereſt, was appointed Secretary to the Embaſſy to Hanover. Harriſon, a young man of promiſing genius, recommended to him by Mr. Addiſon, was made by him Queen's Secretary at the Hague, a place of one thouſand two hundred pounds

a year, though he lived but a ſhort time to enjoy it. We have already ſeen in what manner he introduced, and recommended Parnell to the Miniſtry. Nor was he unmindful of ſuch as had but a moderate ſhare of merit in that way. He made Dr. King Gazetteer; he made Trap Chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke. He diſcovered ſome marks of original genius in ſome Sea Eclogues, written by an obſcure man, one Diaper, and immediately ſought the Author out, and brought him into light: of this he gives the following account in his Journal, December 1712. "This morning I preſented one Diaper, a Poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new Poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give a ſum of money from my Lord. I have contrived to make a Parſon of him, for he is half one already, being in Deacon's orders, and a ſmall cure in the country; but has a ſword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, ſhort wretch, but will do beſt in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living."

Nor were his good offices confined to men of genius only, but merit of every kind was ſure to find in him a warm advocate, and oppreſſed innocence, a protector. He ſays, in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, "when I had credit for ſome years at Court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation." And we find, in his Journal and Letters, that he did numberleſs good offices for others. He ſays, in more places than one, that Lord Oxford never once refuſed him any requeſt of that ſort. His character was ſo well known in this reſpect, that we ſee, in the Collection of Letters, ſeveral addreſſes to him from perſons, either little known to him, or utterly unacquainted with him, requeſting his aſſiſtance, in caſes of compaſſion; or protection, in thoſe of oppreſſion. Nor did he ever fail to interfere, in either caſes, when any ſuch

came to his knowledge by accident, though it were with regard to perfect ſtrangers. There was one remarkable occaſion, on which he interpoſed in favour of a man, though he held him in no degree of eſtimation, merely from a principle of juſtice; which was, in the caſe of the famous Dr. Sacheverell: who, though he had been of infinite uſe to the Tory Miniſtry, nay, was in reality the occaſion of their getting into power, yet, when the work was done, was laid by, as the tools of Stateſmen too often are, when they can be of no farther uſe, and utterly neglected. That Swift was of this opinion, is clear from the following paſſage in his Journal. "So Sacheverell will be the next Biſhop! He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has, and that is more than they will give him, for aught I ſee. He hates the new Miniſtry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to deſpiſe him too. They will not allow him to have been the occaſion of the late change, at leaſt ſome of them will not: but my Lord Keeper owned it to me the other day." Swift therefore thought it but common juſtice in the Miniſtry to do ſomething for him; and, without any application from the Doctor, or even any perſonal acquaintance with him, in the year 1711, he procured a place for his brother; who, by a failure in trade, had, for ſome years, together with his whole family, been entirely ſupported by the Doctor. This affair is thus related by Swift in his Journal. "Did I tell you that Sacheverell has deſired mightily to come and ſee me? but I have put it off. He has heard that I have ſpoken to the Secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who deſires an employment. T'other day, at the Court of Requeſts, Dr. Yalden ſaluted me by name; Sacheverell, who was juſt by, came up to me, and made many acknowledgments and compliments. Laſt night I de-

fired Lord Treaſurer to do ſomething for that brother of Sacheverell's. He ſaid he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his meaſures accordingly; but he ſhall be none of my acquaintance." A letter from the Doctor to Swift, dated January 31, 1711-12, begins thus. "Since you have been pleaſed to undertake the generous office of ſoliciting my good Lord Treaſurer's favour in my behalf, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my moſt hearty thanks for it, and my humbleſt acknowledgments to his Lordſhip for the ſucceſs it has met with." And in the concluſion, he ſays, "But for yourſelf, good Doctor, who were the firſt ſpring to move it, I can never ſufficiently acknowledge the obligation." Afterwards, in the year 1713, ſoon after the three years ſilence impoſed upon the Doctor by the Houſe of Lords, in conſequence of his impeachment, had expired; Swift procured for him the Rectory of St. Andrew's Holborn, in the following whimſical manner. Upon that living's becoming vacant, he applied for it in behalf of Sacheverell, to Lord Bolingbroke; who ſeemed not at all diſpoſed in his favour, calling him a buſy, meddling, factious fellow, one who had ſet the kingdom in a flame. To which Swift replied, it is all true, my Lord; but let me tell you a ſtory. "In a ſea-fight, in the reign of Charles II. there was a very bloody engagement between the Engliſh and Dutch fleets; in the heat of which, a Scotch ſeaman was very ſeverely bit by a louſe on his neck, which he caught, and ſtooping down to crack it, juſt as he had put himſelf in that poſture, a chain-ſhot came and took off the heads of ſeveral ſailors that were about him; on which he had compaſſion on the poor louſe, returned him to his place, and bid him

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live there at diſcretion; for, ſaid he, as thou haſt been the means of ſaving my life, it is but juſt I ſhould ſave yours." Lord Bolingbroke laughed heartily, and ſaid, well then, the louſe ſhall have the living for your ſtory. And accordingly he was ſoon after preſented to it. In all ſolicitations of this nature, conſcious of the goodneſs of his motives, which were either thoſe of merit, compaſſion, or juſtice, he was bold in his recommendations, and made them rather as demands, than requeſts. Of this we have an inſtance in the following paſſage of his Journal, January 1711-12. "This morning I preſented my printer and bookſeller to Lord Rivers, to be ſtationer to the Ordnance. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year to them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the Doctor commanded him, and he durſt not refuſe." And in the next page, he ſays, "I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookſeller; 'tis worth a great deal." His bookſeller was Tooke, and his printer, Barber, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. As they were both very honeſt men, and ran great riſques in publiſhing ſome of his bolder pieces, for which Barber was alſo taken into cuſtody, he thought he could not reward their ſervices and fidelity too highly; and we find, upon the whole, he procured employments for them, to the amount of nearly two thouſand pounds a year. This was the foundation of Barber's fortune, which he always acknowledged, with the higheſt gratitude, and to the laſt made every return in his power to his great Patron. The expreſſion of Lord Rivers, "that the Doctor commanded him, and he durſt not refuſe," was literally true; not only with regard to him, but to all the Miniſtry, who ſeemed to look up to him as to one of a ſu-

perior claſs of mortals; both on account of his amazing talents, and that noble quality of perfect diſintereſtedneſs, perhaps not to be paralleled in his time, and rarely to be found in the annals of hiſtory. This gave ſuch a dignity to his character, and ſuch a weight to his recommendations, that it does not appear he ever failed in any. And indeed it would have been ſtrange, that the men in power ſhould have refuſed any requeſts of that ſort, which tended highly to their own honour, by promoting men of talents and worth, to a man who was daily employed in doing them the moſt important ſervices, without once hinting at any return for them to himſelf. In this ſtate did this extraordinary man continue for near three years, without the ſmalleſt reward, or the leaſt addition to his fortune, which conſiſted only of a living of about two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and not quite five hundred pounds in caſh; at the ſame time that he was in ſuch a degree of power, that he was making the fortune of multitudes. Thus did he verify his early declaration to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, before quoted. Nothing aſtoniſhed the people of thoſe times more, than that ſo diſtinguiſhed a man, and apparently in ſuch high favour, ſhould have remained, for ſuch a length of time, without any promotion: and that he ſhould at laſt be rewarded only with a paltry Deanery, in another kingdom, to which he went with the utmoſt reluctance, and which was looked upon by himſelf, as well as by the world, only as a ſpecies of baniſhment, has ever ſince been conſidered in ſo extraordinary a light, that various have been the conjectures of the world to account for it. Some, who knew Swift's real merits towards the Miniſtry, have not been backward in charging them with the baſeſt ingratitude on the occaſion. Others, not ſo well acquainted with the hiſtory of thoſe times, thought it

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was impoſſible Swift could have been a man of ſuch importance as he was repreſented, otherwiſe he muſt certainly have made his way to the higheſt ſtation in the Church; and conſidering him only as a Writer of ſome political Papers and Pamphlets, were not ſurpriſed that his reward ſhould be no greater. But, ſince the publication of the private memoirs of thoſe times, in Swift's laſt Volumes, there is no farther room for conjecture, as this whole affair may be ſet in its true light, upon undoubted proofs. I have already given many ſtriking inſtances of the little ſolicitude Swift had about puſhing his own fortune. I ſhall now remind the reader of the principle upon which he acted, mentioned in a paſſage before quoted, from a letter of his to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, dated October 1, 1711. "It is my maxim to leave great Miniſters to do as they pleaſe; and if I cannot diſtinguiſh myſelf enough, by being uſeful in ſuch a way, as becomes a man of conſcience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will ſolicit for myſelf, although I often do for others." This reſolution we find, by many other paſſages, he ſtrictly adhered to; and when we conſider the procraſtinating diſpoſition of Lord Oxford, we ſhall not be ſurpriſed at his not being in any haſte to provide for a man who never ſolicited him. Nothing is more common than the deferring of any thing, however ſtrongly in our intention it be to do it ſome time or other, which we conſider as always in our power to do, unleſs we are particularly called upon to carry it into execution at ſome certain time: and this was more likely to be the caſe in one of his turn. Beſides, as he was daily gratifying Swift in his requeſts for others, he thought he might with reaſon expect that he ſhould wait the moſt convenient ſeaſon for his own promotion. And with regard to Swift himſelf, I have already aſſigned ſome very

powerful motives which made him in no haſte with reſpect to preferment. But, above all, there were many things, while he remained in that ſituation, which gratified his peculiar diſpoſition and turn of mind to the height. His proud ſpirit was much fonder of conferring, than receiving obligations. In his Journal to Stella of March 1711-12, where he ſays, he can do nothing for himſelf, he adds, "I don't care, I ſhall have Miniſters, and other people obliged to me." And he did not wiſh to receive any return for his ſervices, till they were ſwelled to ſuch a height, as to make any reward, how great ſo ever, fall ſhort of their value, and ſo free him from any debt on the ſcore of obligation. He had all this time an opportunity of diſplaying the pride of independence, and of ſhewing, that by his own talents and intrinſic worth, without any of the uſual aids in life, he could raiſe himſelf to a higher degree of conſequence and power, than others could do by noble birth, high ſtation, or enormous wealth. It muſt have been no ſmall gratification to him, to think that it was to this little Vicar of Laracor, that the Miniſtry were indebted for remaining in their poſts; that he was their protector and preſerver in thoſe poſts, in ſpite of their enemies, and of themſelves. That by degrees he grew into ſuch confidence with them, that there was nothing done in public affairs without conſulting him; and that the world in general conſidered him as the *primum mobile* of all their conduct, inſomuch, that there were many ſpeeches made againſt him by name, on that account, both in the Houſe of Lords and Commons. That he ſhould have the greateſt men, foreign Ambaſſadors, *&c.* ſoliciting the Miniſtry, through him, for favours. That his acquaintance ſhould be courted by perſons of the higheſt rank, and obtained only by a few, not on the ſcore of their quality,

lity, or fortune, but merit. Was there not a ſecret pride in receiving theſe, in a lodging of eight ſhillings a week, and walking to the doors of all the greateſt men of the age, which flew open at his approach? Never ſure was a greater triumph of parts and virtue, over the uſual idols of the world. To the immortal honour of Swift be it recorded, that he was the firſt man of letters and genius that we read of, who aſſerted the ſuperiority of talents over titles, of virtue over wealth, in the face of the great and the rich; and not content with vain ſpeculations, and idly declaiming on the ſubject, as all others had done, boldly demanded and received the homage due to ſuch ſuperiority, both for himſelf and others. This he could never have done, had he not convinced the Great, that however they might ſtand in need of his aſſiſtance, he wanted not theirs. That he could be perfectly content with his preſent fortune, ſmall as it was, and return to his willows at a day's notice, on any ill treatment, without the leaſt reluctance. That they could have no hold on him either on the ſcore of avarice, or ambition. As to the former, the noble reſentment which he ſhewed to the firſt attempt of Lord Oxford, to lay him under a pecuniary obligation; the indignation which he expreſſed on two or three occaſions, on bribes being offered to him for his intereſt; and, above all, his ſcorning to make any advantage of his * Works, ſo contrary to the eſtabliſhed practice of all other Authors, ſhewed that he was unaſſailable in that way. And as to ambition, his whole conduct proved that he was determined to owe his riſe wholly to his own merits, and not

* As an inſtance of this, he ſays, in his Journal of November 1711, "I am ſorry I ſent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a ſmall volume. It ſeems the author is too proud, to have them printed by ſubſcription, though his friends offered, they ſay, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him."

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to any ſolicitation or intereſt on his behalf. In ſhort, from his many declarations to others, in his letters before quoted, as well as thoſe made to his boſom friend in his Journal, and from the whole tenour of his actions, conſonant to thoſe declarations, we may ſee that Swift, upon joining with the new Miniſtry, had laid down this rule for his conduct; that he would ſerve the publick intereſts, and the common cauſe, to the utmoſt of his power; that he would exert all his influence in promoting men of talents and worth; and with regard to his own fortune, leave it wholly to chance, and Court-gratitude; of which, however, he had ſo mean an opinion from former experience, that he relied little on it, and was perfectly prepared againſt any diſappointment. In his Journal of January 1710-11, he ſays, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promiſes enough, but I do not count upon them; and beſides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we ſhall ſee what may be done, and if nothing at all, I ſhall not be diſappointed, although perhaps poor * M. D. may, and then I ſhall be ſorrier for their ſakes than my own." And in that of June following, he ſays, "Remember, if I am uſed ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and ſhall not wonder at it." And in that of October following, he ſays to Stella, "I have no ſhuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumſtances, if you can be eaſy."

But while Swift was thus letting occaſions ſlip, and the Miniſters deferring the reward of his ſervices, there was a cabal forming at Court, which put a ſtop to his promotion for a while, and had nearly prevented a poſſibility of it during that reign. It is to be obſerved,

* By M. D. is generally meant Stella, though ſometimes it ſtands for Stella and Mrs. Dingley.

that

that however high he was in favour with the Miniſtry, it does not appear that he ever ſtood well with the Queen, or that ſhe once gave him the leaſt mark of her countenance or favour. Swift had mentioned to Stella, early in his Journal, that Mr. Harley had ſaid, he would preſent him to the Queen; but in his ſubſequent one of January 1710-11, he ſays, Mr. Harley, of late, has ſaid nothing of preſenting me to the Queen.—I was overſeen when I mentioned it to you. He has ſuch a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you." Nor does it appear afterwards, through the courſe of the Journal, that this was ever done, or that the Queen took the leaſt notice of him. On the contrary, it is to be ſeen in many places of Swift's Works, that ſhe had imbibed ſtrong prejudices againſt him; firſt, from Dr. Sharpe, Archbiſhop of Yorke, who repreſented him as a Free-thinker, or Infidel; a character which that religious Queen muſt, above all others, deteſt in a Clergyman: and next, from the Ducheſs of Somerſet, her favourite, who hated Swift mortally, and took every opportunity of repreſenting him in the worſt colours to her Royal Miſtreſs. But, above all, the Queen had a reaſon of her own for diſliking Swift, as he was conſtantly employed in endeavouring to counteract her favourite plan. What that was, will ſufficiently appear from the following extracts. In his Journal to Stella, ſo early as February 1710-11, he ſays, "I'll tell you one great ſtate ſecret: the Queen, ſenſible how much ſhe was governed by the late Miniſtry, runs a little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of thoſe who got her out of the other's hands." He hints the ſame in other paſſages of his Journal. But in ſome of his Tracts, publiſhed ſince his death, he is quite explicit on this article, and has

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laid open a ſecret ſpring of government, which was conſtantly operating during the four laſt years of that Queen; and which being concealed, except from a very few, rendered the proceedings of the Firſt Miniſter wholly unaccountable to his friends at that time, and to all ſince who have entered into an examination of his conduct; but which being now diſcloſed, at once ſolves a riddle, hitherto thought inexplicable. In his Tract, intitled, Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry in 1710, there is the following paſſage. "She (the Queen) grew ſo jealous upon the change of her ſervants, that often, out of fear of being impoſed on, by an over caution, ſhe would impoſe upon herſelf. She took a delight in refuſing thoſe who were thought to have greateſt power with her, even in the moſt reaſonable things, and ſuch as were neceſſary for her ſervice, nor would let them be done, until ſhe fell into the humour of it herſelf." In another Tract, intitled, *An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's laſt Miniſtry*, there is a paſſage to the ſame effect. "But in diſpenſing her favours, ſhe was extremely cautious and ſlow; and after the uſual miſtake of thoſe who think they have been often impoſed on, became ſo very ſuſpicious, that ſhe over-ſhot the mark, and erred on the other extreme. When a perſon happened to be recommended as uſeful for her ſervice, or proper to be obliged, perhaps, after a long delay, ſhe would conſent; but if the Treaſurer offered at the ſame time a warrant, or other inſtrument to her, already prepared, in order to be ſigned, becauſe he preſumed to reckon on her conſent before-hand, ſhe would not; and thus the affair would ſometimes lie for ſeveral months together, although the thing were ever ſo reaſonable, or that even the publick ſuffered by the delay. So that this Miniſter had no other remedy, but to let her Majeſty

jeſty take her own time, which never failed to be the very longeſt, that the nature of the thing could ſuffer her to defer it." Hence it is evident, that the Queen, who had long been weary of the bondage in which ſhe was held by the Whig Miniſtry, was determined, upon a change, that ſhe would not bring herſelf into the ſame predicament again, but was reſolved to ſhew that ſhe had a will of her own, and that ſhe would exert it; and, in order to be able to do this effectually, her plan was, not to ſuffer the Tory intereſt to grow too ſtrong, but to keep ſuch a number of Whigs ſtill in office, as ſhould be a conſtant check upon her Miniſters, againſt any encroachments of that ſort. In the above-mentioned Tract, there are ſeveral paſſages that prove this point. In one it is ſaid, "It is moſt certain, when the Queen firſt began to change her ſervants, it was not from a diſlike of things, but of perſons; and thoſe perſons were a very ſmall number. And afterwards, when, upon ſome events, things were puſhed farther than ſhe at firſt intended, it was with great regret ſhe ſaw ſome of the principal great Officers among the Whigs reſign their employments. For, ſays the Author, "She had entertained the notion of forming a moderate or comprehenſive ſcheme, which ſhe maintained with great firmneſs, nor would ever depart from, until about half a year before her death." This conduct, no doubt, was good policy in the Queen, in order to preſerve a due ſhare of authority to herſelf; but at the ſame time her Miniſter ſuffered extremely by it, who bore the brunt of all this trimming and moderation, which were imputed to ſome ſecret deſigns of his own, and cauſed incurable jealouſies and ſuſpicions in his friends, as well as the whole Tory party. Of this Swift gives the following account in the ſame Tract. "I remember it was then commonly

monly underſtood and expected, that when the ſeſſion ended, a general removal would be made: but it happened otherwiſe; for not only few or none were turned out, but much deliberation was uſed in ſupplying common vacancies by death. This manner of proceeding, in a Prime Miniſter, I confeſs, appeared to me wholly unaccountable, and without example; and I was little ſatisfied with the ſolution I had heard, and partly knew, that he acted thus to keep men at his devotion, by letting expectation lie in common; for I found the effect did not anſwer; and that in the mean time he led ſo uneaſy a life, by ſolicitations and purſuits, as no man would endure, who had a remedy at hand. About the beginning of his Miniſtry, I did, at the requeſt of ſeveral conſiderable perſons, take the liberty of repreſenting this matter to him. His anſwer was ſhort and cold; that he hoped his friends would truſt him; that he heartily wiſhed that none, but thoſe who loved the Church and Queen, were employed, but that all could not be done on a ſudden. I have reaſon to believe, that his neareſt acquaintance were then wholly at a loſs what to think of his conduct. He was forced to preſerve the opinion of power, without which he could not act; while, in reality, he had little or none; and beſides, he thought it became him to take the burden of reproach upon himſelf, rather than lay it upon the Queen, his Miſtreſs, who was grown very poſitive, ſlow, and ſuſpicious; and from the opinion of having been formerly too much directed, fell into the other extreme, and became difficult to be adviſed. So that few Miniſters had ever perhaps a harder game to play, between the jealouſy and diſcontents of his friends on one ſide, and the management of the Queen's temper on the other." In another part of the ſame Tract, there is a paſſage to the ſame effect. "Upon Mr. Harley's recovery,

covery, which was ſoon followed by his promotion to an Earldom, and the Treaſurer's Staff, he was earneſtly preſſed to go on with the change of employments, for which his friends and the kingdom were very impatient; wherein I am confident he was not unwilling to comply, if a new incident had not put farther difficulties in his way. The Queen, having thought fit to take the key from the Ducheſs of Marlborough, it was, after ſome time, given to another great Lady (the Ducheſs of Somerſet) wholly in the intereſts of the oppoſite party; who, by a moſt obſequious behaviour, of which ſhe is a perfect miſtreſs, and the privilege of her place, which gave her continual acceſs, quickly won ſo far upon the affections of her Majeſty, that ſhe had more perſonal credit than all the Queen's ſervants put together. Of this Lady's character and ſtory, having ſpoken ſo much in other papers, which may one day ſee the light, I ſhall only obſerve, that as ſoon as ſhe was fixed in her ſtation, the Queen, following the courſe of her own nature, grew daily more difficult, and uncomplying. Some weak endeavours were indeed uſed to divert her Majeſty from this choice; but ſhe continued ſteady, and pleaded, that if ſhe might not have the liberty of chooſing her own ſervants, ſhe could not ſee what advantage ſhe had gotten by the change of her Miniſtry: and ſo little was her heart ſet upon what they call a High-Church, or Tory Adminiſtration, that ſeveral employments in Court and Country, and a great majority in all Commiſſions, remained in the hands of thoſe who moſt oppoſed the preſent proceedings." And, as a farther confirmation of the Queen's diſpoſition in this reſpect, he ſays, in the ſecond part of the above Tract, "Her only objection againſt ſeveral Clergymen, recommended to her for promotions in the Church, was their being too violent in party. And a * Lady,

* Lady Maſham.

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in high favour with her, has frequently aſſured me, that whenever ſhe moved the Queen to diſcard ſome perſons, who, upon all occaſions, with great virulence, oppoſed the Court, her Majeſty would conſtantly refuſe, and at the ſame time condemn her for too much party-zeal." Such being the Queen's ſyſtem of conduct, it is evident that Swift muſt have been more obnoxious to her, than any man living, as he was the moſt unwearied in his endeavours to counteract her views, by rooting out the Whigs entirely, and therefore ſhe muſt conſtantly have looked upon him with an evil eye. But when at laſt he made a direct attempt to get her to diſcharge her favourite, the Ducheſs of Somerſet, in a Copy of Verſes addreſſed to the Queen, the moſt bitter, with regard to the Ducheſs, perhaps, that ever was penned, called "The Windſor Prophecy;" the Queen gave evident marks of her diſpleaſure, and took afterwards an opportunity of ſhewing her reſentment to the Author, by proclaiming a reward of three hundred pounds for diſcovering the Author of a Pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, which ſhe knew to have been written by Swift, in ſupport of the Miniſtry. This fact he has commemorated, in a Copy of Verſes on himſelf, where, ſpeaking of the Ducheſs of Somerſet, he ſays,

From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the Royal ear inſtils.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot:
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head:
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.

And

And in the Preface to his *History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne*, he says, "I was so far from having any obligation to the Crown, that, on the contrary, her Majesty issued a Proclamation, offering three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the Author of a certain short Treatise, which the Queen well knew to have been written by me."

From all that has been offered upon this head, we may clearly deduce the reason why Swift remained such a length of time without any promotion, and may fairly exonerate Lord Oxford from the charges made against him on that score. It is now evident, though before it was a secret to the world, that he had by no means that degree of power, which he was supposed to enjoy, in any matter whatever; but in any point that did not fall in with her Majesty's pleasure, he had none at all, much less therefore in such as she was set against. Among which number, that of the promotion of Dr. Swift, for the reasons above-mentioned, seems to have been one. If, as he has related, "Her only objection against several Clergymen, recommended to her for promotions in the Church, was their being too violent in party;" how much more strongly must this have operated with regard to him, whose zeal in the cause he had espoused, transported him so beyond all bounds of moderation, as to keep no measures even with her, though he well knew her disposition. Of this he gave a strong proof in the Windsor Prophecy; the tendency of which was, to prevail on her Majesty to remove the Duchess of Somerset, the patroness of the Whig cause, by the most bitter invectives on her character, from her post; and to receive Mrs. Masham, who was equally attached to the Tory interest, in her place. He was so indiscreet as to give orders for the publication of that piece, which would have been done, had not Mrs.

Maſham prevented it. Of this he gives the following account, in his Journal of December 1711. "I called at noon at Mrs. Maſham's, who deſired me not to let the Prophecy be publiſhed, for fear of angering the Queen about the Ducheſs of Somerſet; ſo I wrote to the printer to ſtop them. They have been printed, and given about, but not ſold" And a little lower, he ſays, "I entertained our Society at the Thatch'd-houſe tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurſt ſent for wine, the houſe affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and ſo he brought us a dozen a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it." As this Society conſiſted of ſixteen, we here ſee there was a ſufficient number got abroad, to have it generally ſpread; ſo that it was no difficult matter for the Ducheſs to procure a copy, which ſhe kept by her in *petto*, 'till ſhe ſhould find a convenient ſeaſon for wreaking her revenge. This ſoon offered itſelf, when he was recommended to the Queen for a vacant Biſhoprick, from which he was precluded by the Ducheſs, in the manner before related. Whoever reads that Prophecy, is acquainted with the Queen's diſpoſition, and knows the aſcendency which the Ducheſs maintained over her to the laſt, will not wonder that Swift remained ſo long without any promotion. That Lord Oxford was ſolicitous for his friend's preferment, appears from his recommending him ſo early to a Biſhoprick, which was a fact of general notoriety at that time, and ſince confirmed to me by good authority. And the reaſons are now equally obvious, why it was not in the Lord Treaſurer's power to promote him afterwards; though it is probable that he ſtudiouſly concealed this from Swift, as he might think the diſcovery of his inability to ſerve him, might have

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ſent him back to his willows, at a time when he moſt needed his aſſiſtance. But to make him amends, he ſhewed him every perſonal kindneſs in his power, provided for all whom he recommended, and never, as Swift himſelf declares, refuſed him any thing that he aſked.

In this ſituation Swift remained during the ſpace of two years and a half, from his firſt acquaintance with the Miniſtry; often declaring to Stella, that he was weary of the ſcene in which he was engaged, and of the part which he took in it; frequently expreſſing an earneſt deſire of returning to his former ſituation, and declaring as often, that nothing reſtrained him from doing it, but that he thought himſelf obliged, both in honour and duty, not to deſert the cauſe in which he was engaged, and of which he was the great champion, 'till he had done every thing in his power towards the eſtabliſhment and ſupport of it. When therefore he had nearly finiſhed his Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht, which was the laſt work he propoſed on the ſubject, he determined to ſtay no longer, unleſs ſomething honourable were done for him. At this juncture, there happened to be vacant three Deaneries in Ireland, and a Canonry of Windſor, with ſome other Church preferments in England. Swift therefore ſilently reſolved, if there were no notice taken of him on this occaſion, to return to Laracor, and have done with Courts for ever. The account we have of this in his Journal, written to the hour, will beſt repreſent to us his ſtate of mind at that time. Journal, April 13, 1713. "This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and ſhewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant Deaneries, but none of them to me. This was what I always foreſaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my Lord Treaſurer,

ſurer, *that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me.* At noon, Lord Treaſurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's Office, came to me, and ſaid many things too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately, for I could not, with any reputation, ſtay longer here, unleſs I had ſomething honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had ſtopped the warrants for the Deans, that what was done for me might be at the ſame time, and he hoped to compaſs it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne ſhould be a Biſhop, and I have St. Patrick's, but I believe nothing will come of it, for ſtay I will not; and ſo I believe you will ſee me in Dublin before April ends. I am leſs out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people would condole with me, as they uſed to give me joy, I would value it leſs. But I ſtill avoid company, and muſter up my baggage, and ſend them next Monday by the carrier to Cheſter, and go ſee my willows, againſt the expectation of all the world.

" 14th. I dined in the City to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me, againſt I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as ſoon as ever the warrants for the Deaneries are out, which are yet ſtopped. Lord Treaſurer told Lewis that it ſhould be determined to-night; and ſo he will ſay a hundred nights; ſo he ſaid yeſterday, but I value it not. My daily Journals ſhall be but ſhort, 'till I get into the city, and then I will ſend away this, and follow it myſelf; I deſign to walk it all the way to Cheſter, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I ſhall do it in fourteen days.

" 15th.

" 15th. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day (I was as good company as ever) and told me the Queen would determine ſomething for me to-night. *The diſpute is* WINDSOR, or ST. PATRICK's. I told him I would not ſtay for their diſputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Maſham told me, that Lady Maſham is angry I have not been to ſee her ſince this buſineſs, and deſires I will come to-morrow.

" 16th. I was this noon at Lady Maſham's, who was juſt come from Kenſington, where her eldeſt ſon is ſick. She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the Queen and Lord Treaſurer. *The poor Lady fell a ſhedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's*, &c. I was never more moved than to ſee ſo much friendſhip. I would not ſtay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your Fellows, whom I have recommended to the Doctor, *&c.* Mr. Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with the Queen, and ſhe was content that Dr. Sterne ſhould be Biſhop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; *but then out came Lord Treaſurer, and ſaid, that he would not be ſatiſfied, but that I muſt be a Prebendary of Windſor.* Thus he perplexes things. *I expect neither*; but I confeſs, as much as I love England, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Maſham ſays, ſhe will ſpeak to the purpoſe to the Queen to-morrow.

" 17th. I went to dine at Lady Maſham's to-day, and ſhe was taken ill of a ſore throat, and is aguiſh. She ſpoke to the Queen laſt night, but had not much time. The Queen ſays, ſhe will determine to-morrow with Lord Treaſurer. The warrants for the Deaneries are ſtill ſtopped, for fear I ſhould be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether there

is or no. In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and ſee no great people, nor will ſee Lord Treaſurer any more, if I go. Lord Treaſurer told Mr. Lewis it ſhould be done to-night, ſo he ſaid five nights ago.

18th. "This morning Mr. Lewis ſent me word, that Lord Treaſurer told him the Queen would determine at noon. At three, Lord Treaſurer ſent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me, the Queen was at laſt reſolved that Dr. Sterne ſhould be Biſhop of Dromore, and I, Dean of St. Patrick's, and that Sterne's warrant ſhould be drawn immediately. *You know the Deanery is in the Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the Queen, Lord Treaſurer, and Duke of Ormond, to make room for me.* I do not know whether it will yet be done; ſome unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in Ireland; *and I confeſs I thought the Miniſtry would not let me go; but perhaps they cannot help it.*

"19th. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Treaſurer forced me to dine with him yeſterday, as uſual, with his Saturday company, which I did, after frequent refuſals. To day I dined with a private friend, and was not at Court. After dinner, Mr. Lewis ſent me word, that the Queen ſtayed 'till ſhe knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a Biſhop. I went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and deſired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne. *He made objections,* and deſired I would name any other Deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to ſee him; that he was influenced by the Archbiſhop of Dublin, *&c.* ſo all is now broken again. I ſent out for Lord Treaſurer, and told him this. *He ſays, all will do well; but I value not what he ſays.* This ſuſpenſe vexes me worſe than any thing elſe.

"20th.

" 20th. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cock-pit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the ſame propoſals of any other Deanery, *&c.* I deſired he would put me out of the caſe, and do as he pleaſed. Then, with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent; but would do it for no man elſe but me, *&c.* And ſo perhaps ſomething will come of it. I can't tell.

" 21ſt. The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen, he is ſatisfied Sterne ſhould be Biſhop, and ſhe conſents I ſhall be Deane; and I ſuppoſe warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an ale-houſe with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in a humour to go among the Miniſters, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord Treaſurer was to be there. I ſaid I would, if I were out of ſuſpenſe.

" 22d. The Queen ſays, the warrants ſhall be drawn, but ſhe will diſpoſe of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teaſed no more. This will delay it ſome time, and while it is delayed, *I am not ſure of the Queen, my enemies being buſy.* I hate this ſuſpenſe.

" 23d. I dined yeſterday with General Hamilton: I forgot to tell you. I write ſhort Journals now. I have eggs on the ſpit. This night the Queen has ſigned all the warrants, among which, Sterne is Biſhop of Dromore; and the Duke of Ormond is to ſend over an order for making me Dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now paſt. But you ſee what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but ſix hundred pounds for the houſe, but the Biſhop of Clogher ſays eight hundred pounds; firſt-fruits, about one hundred and fifty pounds Iriſh; and ſo with a patent, *&c.* a thouſand pounds in all; ſo that I ſhall not be the better for the Deanery theſe three years. I

hope, in ſome time, they will be perſuaded here to give me ſome money to pay off theſe debts. I muſt finiſh the book I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I ſhall paſs next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a ſum of money. However, I hope to paſs four or five months with you. I received your's to-night; juſt ten weeks ſince I had your laſt. I ſhall write next poſt to Biſhop Sterne. Never man had ſo many enemies of Ireland as he. I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind. *The Archbiſhop of York, my mortal enemy, has ſent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to ſee me. Shall I ſee him or not?* I hope to be over in a month. I ſhall anſwer your rattle ſoon; but no more Journals. I ſhall be very buſy. Short letters from henceforward. I ſhall not part with Laracor; that is all I have to live on, except the Deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year *. Is it? Pray write me a good humour'd letter immediately, let it be ever ſo ſhort. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, *that I have made a Biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, and to get the beſt Deanery in Ireland* †.

"26th. I was at Court to-day, and a thouſand people gave me joy; ſo I ran out. I dined with Lord Orkney. Yeſterday I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday people, as uſual; and was ſo be-dean'd, *&c. The Archbiſhop of York ſays he will never more ſpeak againſt me.*"

From an examination of this extract, we ſhall clearly ſee, that the great obſtacle to Swift's preferment, was

* This Deanery was worth more than ſeven hundred.

† The moſt conſiderable in point of rank, but not income.

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the prejudice conceived againſt him by the Queen, and not any neglect or want of friendſhip in the Miniſtry. He ſeems to have been himſelf of this opinion, where he ſays, upon finding that none of the Deaneries were given to him, "I bid Mr. Lewis tell my Lord Treaſurer, *that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me.*"

And afterwards, in the progreſs of this affair, he expreſſes his ſuſpicion more ſtrongly in that point, where he ſays, "This will delay it ſome time, and while it is delayed, *I am not ſure of the Queen, my enemies being buſy. I hate this ſuſpenſe.* It is evident alſo, that the Lord Treaſurer, upon hearing Swift's declaration to Mr. Lewis, was greatly alarmed, and began to beſtir himſelf with all his might. The warrants for the Deans were immediately ſtopped, to prevent Swift's departing, as he threatened he would. And though the affair was not carried on with that diſpatch, which Swift's impatience required, yet it is evident, the Treaſurer was exerting his utmoſt endeavours to accompliſh the point for him in his own way. He was by no means ſatisfied that his friend ſhould be ſent to Ireland, and was therefore uſing all his influence to get him a Canonry of Windſor, which he knew alſo would be much more agreeable to him. The affair of the Deanery was eaſily ſettled, as we ſee from the following paſſage in the Journal. "Mr. Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with the Queen, and ſhe was content that Dr. Sterne ſhould be Biſhop of Dromore, and I, Dean of St. Patrick's, but then out came Lord Treaſurer, and ſaid, he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt be a Prebendary of Windſor. Thus he perplexes things," *&c.* In the whole progreſs of this affair, Swift ſpeaks peeviſhly of the Lord

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Treaſurer, and, with all the captiouſneſs of a jealous lover, who who will not come to an explanation. The Treaſurer was really exerting all his endeavours to ſerve his friend, in the way which he knew would be moſt agreeable to him; though, according to his uſual reſerve, he did not care to inform him of the difficulties in his way. And Swift, who was too proud to enquire into this, ſuſpected him either of want of zeal, or indulging his uſual procraſtination, which is obvious, from all the expreſſions relative to him in the above quotations. But the truth of the whole matter appears to be this. The Queen was willing enough that Swift ſhould have a moderate proviſion made for him in Ireland, in order to ſend him into baniſhment, in a decent, though not very honourable manner. And the Miniſter, on the other hand, wanted to keep him with him at all events. We find, with regard to the Windſor promotion, the Queen continued inflexible, not only againſt the ſolicitations of the Treaſurer, but of Lady Maſham, who was her neareſt favourite, after the Ducheſs of Somerſet. How zealous that Lady was in his cauſe, may be ſeen in a paſſage of the above quotation, where, ſpeaking of her, he ſays, "She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the Queen, and Lord Treaſurer. *The poor Lady fell a ſhedding of tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's,*" &c.

We find afterwards, when the Lord Treaſurer ſaw that the Queen was obſtinate with regard to this point, there was another bar thrown in the way of Swift's promotion in Ireland, probably contrived between him and the Duke of Ormond; which was, that the Duke ſhould demur againſt Sterne's being made a Biſhop; nor can this change in the Duke of Ormond, when he had before conſented to Sterne's promotion, be rationally accounted for in any other way. This probably

was

was the Treaſurer's laſt effort, to oblige the Queen to do ſomething for Swift in England; but when Swift himſelf continued reſolute in the other point, probably on a ſuſpicion, that the Queen could not be wrought upon to prefer him in England, and urged the Duke of Ormond to the accompliſhment of it, and upon his demurring, expreſſed himſelf reſentfully; the Duke, who loved Swift ſincerely, could ſtand it no longer, but as Swift mentions in the Journal, "with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent, but would do it for no man elſe but me," *&c.*

But there is one circumſtance in this tranſaction, that ſeems very unaccountable; which is, that Swift was not immediately made Biſhop of Clogher, inſtead of Dean of St. Patrick's. We do not find, that Dr. Sterne had one friend in the world to recommend him, but Swift himſelf. On the contrary, we ſee he was obnoxious to the Miniſtry, but particularly ſo to the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was chiefly to be conſulted in the diſpoſal of preferments there. When it comes to the puſh, the only objection the Duke offers to Swift's getting St. Patrick's, is his diſlike of Sterne, and the reluctance he ſhews at his being promoted to a Biſhoprick. Now, was not this difficulty eaſily ſmoothed away, by making Swift at once Biſhop of Clogher? And would not the Miniſtry have been all much better pleaſed to place him in that See, than a man who was at beſt indifferent to them, but certainly obnoxious to ſome, and thoſe the principal among them? It may therefore be ſurmiſed, that this was a point not attempted, becauſe they were ſure the Queen would never conſent to make him a Biſhop, while her diſpleaſure continued ſo high againſt him, though ſhe was willing to ſend him into exile, in ſo moderate a ſtation, as that of Dean, even at the expence

of promoting a man of no weight or conſideration, to a higher ſtation, to make room for him. And the Miniſtry certainly ſhewed the greateſt readineſs to gratify him in any thing which he ſhould deſire, when they conſented to the promotion of a man, whom they diſliked, to make room for his preferment, in a way alſo which they did not approve of, merely becauſe he made a point of it. So that, however ſmall a recompenſe the Deanery itſelf might have been conſidered for Swift's ſervices, yet as there was a Biſhoprick beſtowed at the ſame time, purely to make way for this, and to be charged wholly to his account, the Miniſtry certainly cannot be taxed with a want of a due ſenſe of his merits, and a ſuitable deſire of rewarding them. And however out of humour he might be, where he ſays, "This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me." Yet he very juſtly adds, "But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a Biſhop in ſpite of all the world, and to get the beſt Deanery in Ireland." He afterwards ſhews how entirely this was his work, againſt all oppoſition, where he ſays, "I ſhall write next poſt to Biſhop Sterne. Never man had ſo many enemies of Ireland as he; I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind."

In his whole account of this tranſaction, which exhibits a lively picture of his ſtate of mind to the moment, he ſeems to have been much under the influence of humour. Though he was conſcious that the Queen herſelf was the chief bar to his promotion, yet he ſpeaks as peeviſhly of the Treaſurer, as if the ſole blame lay with him. At one time he ſeems earneſt about obtaining St. Patrick's, and is angry with the Treaſurer for putting any rub in the way, though in favour of another

ther meaſure, which would certainly have pleaſed him more. When he mentions the Queen's having conſented to Swift's arrangement of the Biſhoprick and Deanery, he adds, much out of humour, "but then out came Lord Treaſurer, and ſaid he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt be a Prebendary of Windſor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confeſs as much as I love England, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's." And yet in his Journal of the 18th, the day but one after this, when he learns from the Treaſurer, that the Queen was at laſt reſolved upon the arrangement propoſed, he ſays, "Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in Ireland, and I confeſs I thought the Miniſtry would not let me go; *but perhaps they cannot help it.*" How contrary is this to his former declaration! But in the whole of this affair, Swift ſeems to have been deſerted by his uſual firmneſs of mind, and to have acted with the frowardneſs of a humourſome child, who either does not know his own mind, or will not tell it; and yet expects that others ſhould find it out, and do what he wants.

Another reaſon for his not deſiring to procure the Biſhoprick for himſelf, might perhaps ariſe from his ſuppoſing that this might be conſidered as a full equivalent for his ſervices, and the *ne plus ultra* of his preferment, to the excluſion of all future proſpects in England, where all his wiſhes centered. But I am perſuaded, that the chief motive to his extraordinary conduct on this occaſion, and his ſo pertinaciouſly adhering to that particular mode, and no other, of providing for him, in oppoſition to the deſire of his beſt friends, and particularly of the Duke of Ormond, was, that he had promiſed to make Sterne a Biſhop the firſt opportunity. As he was remarkably tenacious of his word, he was determined

determined to keep it on this occaſion, though he ſeems, by ſome expreſſions, not to have looked upon Sterne as his friend, but rather to have reſentment againſt him, on account of ſome ill treatment received at his hands *. In his Journal to Stella, October 28, 1712, he ſays, "I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, deſiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the Deanery for myſelf. I ſhall indeed, *I have ſuch obligations to Sterne.* But, however, if I am aſked who will make a good Biſhop, I ſhall name him before any body."

In the February following, he ſays, in the ſame Journal, "I did not write to Dr. Coghill, that I would have nothing in Ireland, but that I was ſoliciting nothing any where, and this is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to Lord Treaſurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond, for a Biſhoprick, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you, as a great ſecret, that I have made the Duke of Ormond promiſe me to recommend no body till he tells me, and this for ſome reaſons, too long to mention."

* The cauſe of his reſentment is thus ſet forth, in a letter to Sterne, then Biſhop of Clogher, dated July 1733. "When I firſt came acquainted with you, we were both private Clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterwards Chancellor of St. Patrick's, then was choſen Dean; in which election, I was the moſt buſy of all your ſolicitors. When the compromiſe was made between the government and you, to make you eaſy, and Dr. Syuge Chancellor, you abſolutely and frequently promiſed to give me the † Curacy of St. Nicholas Without: you thought fit, by concert with the Archbiſhop, to hold it yourſelf, and apply the revenue to build another Church. Upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with Courts, I returned to reſide at my poſt, yet with ſome kind of hopes of getting ſome credit with you, very unwiſely; becauſe, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, "That I would always reſpect you, but never hope for the leaſt friendſhip from you."

† Though this be called a Curacy, yet it is in reality a living of conſiderable value,

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While the matter was in agitation, he thus writes to Stella, on the 7th of the March following. "I write by this poſt to the Dean, but it is not above two lines, and one incloſed to you is not above three lines; and in that, one incloſed to the Dean, which he muſt not have, but on condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are ſome things in it I would not have liable to accidents. You ſhall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to ſerve him, in his pretenſions on theſe vacancies, &c. but he muſt not know, that you know ſo much."

It is evident, from ſome of the above quotations, that Swift was far from having any cordial regard for Sterne, and that he had thought himſelf, on ſome occaſions, to have been ill treated by him. Nothing therefore can, in my opinion, account for his obſtinate perſeverance in making him a Biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, as he himſelf expreſſes it, but the ſacredneſs of an engagement.

Whatever ill opinion Swift had formed of Sterne before, was thoroughly confirmed by his very ungrateful behaviour to him, immediately after he had made him a Biſhop. In his Journal of May 16, he writes thus, "Your new Biſhop acts very ungratefully. I cannot ſay ſo bad of him as he deſerves. I begged, by the ſame poſt his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave thoſe livings to my diſpoſal. I ſhall write this poſt to him, to let him know how ill I take it *.

* Swift had afterwards cauſe to complain farther of his ingratitude, where he ſays to him in a letter, dated 1733. "But trying to forget all former treatments, I came, like others, to your houſe, and ſince you were a Biſhop, have once or twice recommended perſons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character; which availed ſo little, that thoſe very perſons had the greateſt ſhare of your neglect."

SECTION

SECTION IV.

AS the brighteſt and moſt important part of Swift's life paſſed during the four laſt years of Queen Anne, when his faculties were all in full vigour, and occaſions for diſplaying them aroſe adequate to their greatneſs; I ſhall omit no circumſtance which may ſerve to delineate the features and limbs of his mind, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) before diſeaſe and age had impaired the bloom of the one, and the ſtrength and agility of the other. To have a perfect portrait and juſt likeneſs of a friend, had we our choice of time, we ſhould certainly prefer that period of his life, when he was in his prime, to that of his decay. There have been already given many inſtances of ſuch a nobleneſs of mind, ſuch a diſintereſted ſpirit in Swift, as are rarely to be found in the annals of hiſtory. Yet the part which he acted by his friend Oxford, about the time of the Queen's death, exhibits thoſe qualities in a higher point of view than ever they had appeared in before. It has been already mentioned, that, finding all his endeavours to reconcile his great friends uſeleſs, he had retired to Letcomb, in order to make one effort more to compel them to unite for their common intereſt, by the publication of his "Free Thoughts," *&c.* Lord Bolingbroke, to whom this Piece was ſhewn by Barber, contrived to have the printing of it deferred, as he was then juſt upon the point of accompliſhing his long concerted plan, of turning out Lord Oxford, and ſtepping into his place. This was effected juſt four days before the Queen's death, on the 27th of July, 1714. One of Lord Bolingbroke's firſt objects, upon getting into power, was to ſecure Swift to his

his intereſt. He got Lady Maſham to write to him, in the moſt preſſing terms, on the 29th, to return immediately to town. And on the 30th, he meant to diſpatch Barber to him, with letters from himſelf and Lady Maſham for the ſame purpoſe. Which is thus related by Barber, in his letter of July 31, paſt ſix at night. "I am heartily ſorry I ſhould be the meſſenger of ſo ill news, as to tell you the Queen is dead or dying: if alive, 'tis ſaid ſhe can't live till morning. You may eaſily imagine the confuſion we are all in on this ſad occaſion. I had ſet out yeſterday to wait on you, but for this ſad accident; and ſhould have brought letters from Lord Bolingbroke, and Lady Maſham, to have prevented your going.—He ſaid twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the conſequence." It was chiefly through the influence of Lady Maſham, who was then at the height of favour with the Queen, and had openly quarrelled with the Treaſurer, that he was turned out of his employment, and Bolingbroke appointed Miniſter in his room. Nothing can ſhew, in a ſtronger light, the great conſequence of Swift in all ſtate-affairs at that time, than Lady Maſham's letter to him on this occaſion. Which, on that account, I ſhall here preſent entire to the reader.

Lady MASHAM to Dr. SWIFT.

My good friend, July 29, 1714.

"I OWN it looks unkind in me, not to thank you all this time, for your ſincere kind letter; but I was reſolved to ſtay 'till I could tell you, the Queen had ſo far got the better of the * Dragon, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the moſt un-

* A nick-name for Lord Oxford.

grateful man to her, and to all his beſt friends, that ever was born. I cannot have ſo much time now to write all my mind, becauſe my dear Miſtreſs is not well; and I think I may lay her illneſs to the charge of the Treaſurer, who, for three weeks together, was teaſing and vexing her without intermiſſion, and ſhe could not get rid of him till Tueſday laſt. I muſt put you in mind of one paſſage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God to ſend you wiſe and faithful friends to adviſe you at this time, when there are ſo great difficulties to ſtruggle with.* That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through ſo much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wiſe advice (if that wretched man had had ſenſe enough, and honeſty to have taken it) I ſay, will you leave us, and go into Ireland? No, it is impoſſible; your goodneſs is ſtill the ſame, your charity and compaſſion for this poor * Lady, who has been barbarouſly uſed, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the diſtreſſed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good Lady, who deſerves pity. Pray, dear friend, ſtay here, and don't believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and deſpiſe every body's underſtanding but their own. I could ſay a great deal upon the ſubject, but I muſt go to her, for ſhe is not well. This comes to you by a ſafe hand, ſo that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

" My Lord and brother are in the country. My ſiſter and girls are at your ſervice."

So warm and preſſing a letter, from one who made, and unmade Miniſters, (for it was to her Lord Oxford owed his advancement, as well as his diſgrace) intreating, nay, in a manner imploring him to come and be their chief Counſellor and Director, in their new plan of Admini-

* The Queen.

ſtration;

ſtration; might have opened the moſt inviting proſpects to Swift, of gratifying his utmoſt ambition with regard to his own intereſts; and at the ſame time, of accompliſhing the plan which he had invariably purſued, with reſpect to thoſe of the public. But to a man of his delicate ſenſe of honour, there was an inſuperable bar in the way to prevent his embracing ſo flattering an offer. He had two days before received the following letter from Lord Oxford, upon his loſing the Staff.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

"IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeſerved friendſhip, it will look like ſuſpecting you or myſelf. Though I have had no power ſince the twenty-fifth of July 1713, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of abſence, conditionally you will be preſent with me; for to-morrow morning I ſhall be a private perſon. When I have ſettled my domeſtic affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence, *alone*, to Herefordſhire. If I have not tired you *tête a tête*, fling away ſo much time upon one, who loves you. And I believe, in the maſs of ſouls, ours were placed near each other. I ſend you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kenſington.

To ſerve with love,
And ſhed your blood,
Approv'd is above:
But here below,
Th' examples ſhew,
'Tis fatal to be good.

In theſe two letters, there were two roads opened to Swift. One, leading to preferment, power, and all that

his moſt ambitious hopes could aſpire after. The other, to the melancholy cell of a diſgraced Miniſter, abandoned by an ungrateful world. Where he might have the ſatisfaction of affording him in his diſtreſs, that ſovereign balm of conſolation, which can only be adminiſtered by a ſincere friend. Swift heſitated not a moment in his choice of the alternative, as may be ſeen by his letter to Miſs Vanhomrigh, written ſoon after his receipt of the other two.

Dr. Swift to Miſs Vanhomrigh.

"Who told you I was going to Bath? No ſuch thing. But poor Lord Oxford deſires I will go with him to Herefordſhire; and I only expect his anſwer, whether I ſhall go there before, or meet him hereabouts, or go to Wimple, (his ſon's houſe) and ſo with him down: and I expect to leave this place in two or three days, one way or other. I will ſtay with him 'till the Parliament meets again, if he deſires it. I am written to earneſtly by ſomebody, to come to town, and join with thoſe people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but gueſs the perſon. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out; and now he begs it of me, I cannot refuſe him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was Miniſter of State; but you know his perſonal kindneſs to me was exceſſive. He diſtinguiſhed and choſe me, above all other men, while he was great, and his letter to me, the other day, was the moſt moving imaginable," *&c.* *

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* This reſolution of Swift's is fully confirmed in a letter to Archdeacon Wall, dated Auguſt 8, 1714. "Upon the Earl of Oxford's removal, he deſired I would go with him into Herefordſhire, which I conſented to, *and wrote you word of it*, deſiring you would renew my licence of abſence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires.

There is one expreſſion in Lord Oxford's letter, which is indeed very affecting, where he ſays, "I go to Wimple, thence *alone* to Herefordſhire." What! this great Miniſter, who had conferred ſo many obligations, and made the fortunes of ſuch numbers, not to find one companion to attend him in his reverſe of fortune! Methinks I ſee Swift reading this paſſage, and exclaiming, "What, alone! No, while I exiſt, my friend ſhall not go *alone* into Herefordſhire."

This conduct was the more noble in Swift, as during the whole courſe of their intimacy, he never received one perſonal favour from the *Miniſter*, though treated with the moſt unreſerved kindneſs by the *man*. Nay, whether it were owing to his procraſtinating temper, or, as Swift calls it in another place, his unmeaſurable public thrift, he had neglected to procure for him an order for a thouſand pound on the Treaſury, to pay the debt contracted by him upon his introduction to the Deanery, which was all the reward Swift ever aſked for his ſervices †. And there is reaſon to believe, from a paſſage in a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to him, dated July 14, that Swift was diſtreſſed for money at that time, on

pires. I had earneſt invitations from thoſe in power to go to town, and aſſiſt them in their new Miniſtry, which I reſolved to excuſe; but before I could write, news came of the Queen's death, and all our ſchemes broke to ſhatters."

† Nothing can ſhew more the ſtrong deſire which Lord Bolingbroke had to attach Swift to his intereſt upon his getting into power, than his taking care, during his ſhort Miniſtry of three days only, to have an order ſigned by the Queen on the Treaſury, to pay that ſum to Swift, though by her ſudden death he reaped no advantage from it. It appears, that Swift had this order in his poſſeſſion when he viſited London in the year 1726; for he ſays, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, "Tell the Archdeacon that I never aſked for my thouſand pounds, which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the Princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her; but I bid her tell Walpole, I ſcorned to aſk him for it."

account of that neglect. The paſſage is this, "Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to ſay, for I can aſſure you I am in earneſt. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all, or any part of it you pleaſe, as long as you have occaſion for it." And in the ſame letter it appears, that the Doctor had been deſired by Swift to apply to Lord Bolingbroke for fifty pounds due to him from that Lord, where he ſays, "As to the fifty pounds, he (Lord Bolingbroke) was ready to pay it, and if he had had it about him, would have given it to me." But it is highly probable, from the great delicacy of Swift's ſentiments, that this very circumſtance of his lying under no obligation to Lord Oxford, was what rendered his attachment to him the ſtronger, as it muſt proceed wholly from pure diſintereſted friendſhip. That this was his way of thinking, may be ſeen from ſeveral of his letters. In that of July 1, 1714, on his retiring to Letcombe, he thus expreſſes himſelf.

To Lord Treasurer Oxford.

My Lord,

WHEN I was with you, I have ſaid more than once, that I would never allow quality or ſtation made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I loved you ſo much the leſs for your ſtation: for, in your public capacity, you have often

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angered me to the heart; * but as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man to-morrow: for I have nothing to aſk; at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing: and then you would ſee, *whether I ſhould not with much more willingneſs attend you in a retirement*, whenever you pleaſe to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windſor †. From theſe ſentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private man, or allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity, *&c.*

And in one, many years after, dated October 11, 1722, expoſtulating with him in a friendly manner on his long ſilence, he ſays, "I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I uſe all my inſinuations to keep myſelf in your memory. I am very ſenſible, that next to your receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: but ſince I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have ſo much more merit than any

* In the ſeveral accounts given of Lord Oxford by Swift in different parts of his writing, there ſeems to be ſomething contradictory; as in ſome places he extols him to the ſkies, and in others, imputes great weakneſs and faults to him. But this ariſes from the view he gives of him in two different characters. As a public Miniſter, he repreſents him to have been one of the wiſeſt, the ableſt, and the moſt diſintereſted that ever lived; and he confirms this character by enumerating the many great ſervices he had done to the ſtate, without reaping the leaſt advantage to himſelf, but rather injuring his private fortune. At the ſame time he ſhews that he was utterly unqualified to be the Leader of a party, or to manage the private intrigues of a Court; in which reſpects, partly from his natural diſpoſition, and partly through want of true policy, he committed numberleſs errors; to which Swift alludes here, where he ſays, "In your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart; but as a private man, never once."

† Lord Oxford had too ſoon reaſon to put this declaration of Swift's to the teſt, and found it nobly anſwered.

of thoſe thouſands, whom you have leſs obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendſhip, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner, to be forgotten either by the world or myſelf." The merit of Swift, in thus adhering to his friend at this juncture, was the more extraordinary, becauſe he not only ſacrificed to it all regard to his own intereſt, but that of the public alſo. It appears, that the Queen in the laſt ſix months of her life, had changed her whole ſyſtem with regard to parties, and came entirely round to that, which had been the great object of all Swift's politicks, by making a general ſweep of the Whigs from all their employments, both Civil and Military: and the only obſtacles thrown in the way were by Lord Oxford; who from private motives of his own, ſet forth by Swift at large in his Enquiry, *&c.* * refuſed to fall into the meaſure; and notwithſtanding every effort uſed by Swift, continued inflexible in his reſolution. He might therefore have had the ſtrongeſt plea, from motives of a ſuperior nature, his duty to the publick, for deſerting him on this occaſion, and joining all his other friends in promoting his favourite plan, ſo eſſentially neceſſary to the ſupport of the common cauſe. Nor could he have been liable to the leaſt cenſure, or reproach for ſuch conduct. But his high notions of friendſhip, and delicate ſenſe of honour, out-weighed all other conſiderations, and would not let him heſitate a moment what part he ſhould take.

It appears, in the courſe of the Journal, that there grew up between the Lord Treaſurer and Swift, a mutual friendſhip of the moſt cordial and pureſt kind. He mentions dining with him, ſometimes four, ſometimes five and ſix days together; and if he chanced to abſent

* *Vid.* Enquiry into the behaviour of the Queen's laſt Miniſters.

himſelf

himſelf two ſucceſſive days, he was ſure of a friendly chiding for it. He ſeems to have been adopted into the Harley family, and conſidered on the footing of a near relation. As an inſtance of this, he ſays, in his Journal of March 1713, "I have now dined ſix days ſucceſſively with Lord Treaſurer. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myſelf." He was of all his private parties, and conſtantly accompanied him in his viſits to Windſor. In ſhort, Lord Oxford never ſeemed to have any enjoyment in which he was not a partaker. When we conſider, that he had found in one and the ſame man, the cleareſt and ableſt head to give advice; the moſt open and candid heart in communicating his ſentiments upon all occaſions, without the ſmalleſt ſelfiſh view; joined to the moſt uncommon talents to ſupport his intereſts, and the moſt ardent zeal to promote them, we need not wonder that the Miniſter ſhould uſe his beſt endeavours to attach ſuch a man cloſely to him. But when in the ſame perſon he found the moſt delightful companion, poſſeſſed of an inexhauſtible fund of the moſt original vein of wit and humour, for which he had a perfect reliſh; and who could at times deſcend to the *bagatelle*, and all the ſportive plays of fancy, in the unreſtrained hour of ſocial mirth and good humour, of which it appears Lord Oxford was equally fond; we need not wonder that an old Courtier, hackneyed in the ways of men, who perhaps had never found any of theſe qualities, in an equal degree, in any other mortal, ſhould take him to his boſom, and at once beſtow his whole ſtock of friendſhip upon a ſubject ſo worthy of it. And indeed it does not appear, that out of his own family, there was any other perſon to whom he ſhewed much attachment, or whoſe friendſhip he cultivated to any great degree. This circumſtance Swift has touched upon in drawing

his

his character, and conſiders it as a blameleſs part of it, where he ſays, "It may be likewiſe ſaid of him, that he certainly did not value, or did not underſtand the art of acquiring friends; having made very few during the time of his power, and contracted a great number of enemies."

On the other hand, Lord Oxford, in his private capacity, ſeems to have poſſeſſed a great number of qualities, which were the moſt likely to endear him to Swift, and ſecure him the firſt place in his friendſhip. By whom he is repreſented as a perſon of great virtue, abounding in good nature and good humour. As a great favourer of men of wit and learning, particularly the former, whom he careſſed, without diſtinction of party, and could not endure to think that any of them ſhould be his enemies. He ſays farther of him, "He had the greateſt variety of knowledge that I have any where met; was a perfect maſter of the learned languages, and well ſkilled in divinity. He had a prodigious memory, and a moſt exact judgment. He was utterly a ſtranger to fear, and conſequently had a preſence of mind upon all emergencies. His liberality, and contempt of money, were ſuch, that he almoſt ruined his eſtate while he was in employment; yet his avarice for the publick was ſo great, that it neither conſiſted with the preſent corruptions of the age, nor the circumſtances of the time. He was affable and courteous, extremely eaſy and agreeable in converſation, and altogether diſengaged; regular in his life, with great appearance of piety; nor ever guilty of any expreſſions, which could poſſibly tend to what was indecent or prophane." Such a character, even in private life, could not fail of attracting Swift's regard; but when theſe qualities, ſo congenial with his own, were found united in a man of the higheſt ſtation in this country, and one of the moſt conſiderable perſonages of his time in the eyes of all Europe;

Europe; when ſuch a man, contrary to the uſual bent of his nature, eagerly embraced every opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with Swift, and ſoliciting his friendſhip upon his own terms, that of a perfect equality; it is no wonder if theſe rare qualities were much enhanced in their value by ſuch circumſtances: or that Swift, after repeated proofs of his ſincerity, ſhould make him a ſuitable return, and give him the firſt place in his friendſhip *. But though he juſtly ſtood the foremoſt in this rank, yet were there many others who ſhared it with him in different proportions. The large heart of Swift had an inexhauſtible fund of benevolence, to be apportioned out to the ſeveral claimants according to their ſeveral degrees of merit. Among thoſe who vied with Lord Oxford for the poſſeſſion of his friendſhip, no one ſeems to have been more aſſiduous, than the ſecond man in the ſtate, though perhaps, in point of abilities, the firſt in Europe, Lord Bolingbroke. But though Swift held his talents in the higheſt admiration, and made ſuitable returns for all his perſonal kindneſs and attention to him, yet he never ſeems to have had that cordial regard for him that he ſhewed for Lord Oxford. The excellence of whoſe moral character, eſtabliſhed that confidence in him, which is ſo neceſſary to a firm friendſhip; while a notorious deficiency in the other, with regard to ſome points, created a doubt of his principles with reſpect to all. And ſymptoms of this doubt have broken out from Swift more than on one occaſion, with regard to his ſincerity, though

* That this was the caſe, may be ſeen by a paſſage in a letter of Swift's to Lord Oxford, the ſon, many years after the Treaſurer's death, dated June 1737, where he ſays, "I loved my Lord, your father, better than any other man in the world; although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me, in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it."

there are good reaſons to believe his ſuſpicions were unjuſt, as his attachment to him continued equally ſtrong to the very laſt, and his friendſhip for him glows with uncommon ardour throughout his whole epiſtolary correſpondence, in the decline of life, when there could have been no uſe for diſſimulation. The zeal which he ſhewed for Swift's ſervice, may be eſtimated by the following note which he ſent him, at the time that the affair of his promotion was depending. "Though I have not ſeen you, I did not fail to write to Lord Treaſurer. *Non tua res agitur* *, dear Jonathan; it is the Treaſurer's cauſe; it is my cauſe; 'tis every man's cauſe, who is imbarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I will never neglect any opportunity of ſhewing that true eſteem, that ſincere affection, and honeſt friendſhip for you, which fills the breaſt of your faithful ſervant, BOLINGBROKE."

But the light in which he conſidered Lord Bolingbroke, will beſt appear from his own account of him, in a Piece written in the year 1715, entitled, "An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's laſt Miniſtry," *&c.* "It happens to very few men, in any age or country, to come into the world with ſo many advantages of nature and fortune, as the late Secretary Bolingbroke: deſcended from the beſt families in England, heir to a great patrimonial eſtate, of a ſound conſtitution, and a moſt graceful, amiable perſon. But all theſe, had they been of equal value, were infinitely inferior in degree to the accompliſhments of his mind, which was adorned with the choiceſt gifts, that God hath yet thought fit to beſtow on the children of men: a ſtrong memory, a clear judgment, a vaſt range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehenſion, an invincible eloquence, with a moſt agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all theſe talents by travel and ſtudy; the latter of which he ſeldom

* It is not your affair that is in agitation.

omitted,

omitted, even in the midſt of his pleaſures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a purſuer. For, altho' he was perſuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for ſome time to ſuch a degree, that he ſeemed rather abſtemious; yet he was ſaid to allow himſelf other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals, whereof, I have reaſon to believe, he began to be ſenſible. But he was fond of mixing pleaſure and buſineſs, and of being eſteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great reſpect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, eſpecially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to reſemble." *

But an Alcibiades, or a Petronius, was not likely to be the boſom friend of a Swift, however he might admire his talents, or delight in his ſociety, as a companion. In his political character indeed, Swift was very cloſely connected with him, as Lord Bolingbroke adopted all his ideas, and ſtrenuouſly ſupported the meaſures he propoſed: and that they were not purſued, Swift lays the whole blame, in many places, on his friend Oxford, entirely acquitting Lord Bolingbroke of being in the wrong, in any of the differences ſubſiſting between them on that ſcore. In his firſt letter to Lord Bolingbroke, after the Queen's death, dated Auguſt 7, 1714, he ſays, "I will ſwear for no man's ſincerity, much leſs that of a Miniſter of State: but thus much I have ſaid, wherever it was pro-

* The ſame character is given of him, in a more compendious way, in his Journal, November, 3, 1711. "I think Mr. Secretary St. John the greateſt young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickneſs of apprehenſion, good learning, and an excellent taſte; the beſt orator in the Houſe of Commons, admirable converſation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a deſpiſer of money. His only fault is, talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great load of buſineſs, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and the man of pleaſure, with the man of buſineſs. *What truth and ſincerity he may have, I know not.*"

per,

per, that your Lordſhip's propoſals were always the faireſt in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very ſkilful man at intrigue, yet I durſt forfeit my head, that if the caſe were mine, I could either have agreed with you, or put you *dans vôtre tort* *.

We have already ſeen in his Pamphlet of *Free Thoughts*, &c. intended to be publiſhed before the death of the Queen, that he throws the whole blame of the deſperate ſtate to which affairs were brought at that time, on the Lord Treaſurer.

After Lord Oxford, the perſons among the Great, who ſeemed to have had the principal ſhare of his affection, were Lord Peterborough, and the Duke of Ormond, to which he had the ampleſt returns from both. Of the great degree of mutual friendſhip which ſubſiſted between the former and him, among many other proofs, the following ſhort abſtract from his Journal, affords a ſtriking inſtance.

January 10, 1712-13, "At ſeven this evening, as we ſat after dinner at Lord Treaſurer's, a ſervant ſaid, Lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was juſt returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he left the Duke of Ormond, and other Lords, and ran and kiſſed me before he ſpoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this laſt time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places ſo often, it was impoſſible a letter ſhould overtake him. I do love the hang-dog dearly." The circumſtance of Lord Peterborough's breaking from the Duke of Ormond, and the other Lords, to embrace Swift firſt, ſhews the warmth of his affection, which

* In the wrong.

could

could make him forget all rules of decorum on the occaſion; and Swift's homely expreſſion of "*loving the hang-dog dearly*," ſhews more clearly, than the choiceſt phraſes could, that fondneſs in friendſhip, which nothing but the moſt intimate familiarity can excite *.

As to the Duke of Ormond, he always ſpeaks of him with that tenderneſs, which only the warmeſt affection can inſpire; and it appears, that he was equally beloved by the Duke, and had more influence with him than any man living. Beſide theſe, he lived in the greateſt intimacy with almoſt all the diſtinguiſhed men of rank at that time; among which number were, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Lord Pembroke, Lord Rivers, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Carteret, Lord Lanſdown, Sir Thomas Hanmer (Speaker), Sir William Wyndham, and many others. Nor were his friendſhips confined only to the Great, all men of genius he looked upon, and treated as his brethren. Of this number, were Addiſon, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and others of inferior note. To promote whoſe intereſts, he chiefly uſed the influence he had with the Great, to the utter neglect of his own, and to raiſe whoſe character and reputation in the world, he uſed all the means which his own high credit gave him. And he had ſtill a ſufficient ſtock of amity for ſeveral in the more private walks of life, whom he ſelected as the companions of his diſengaged hours, on account of their good ſenſe, integrity, and complaiſance of behaviour. Among the foremoſt of theſe, were, Lewis, Ford, Sir Andrew Fountaine, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Freind, Colonel Diſney, Captain Charlton, Domville, and many others: all men of excellent characters. Added to theſe, there was

* Swift, in a former part of his Journal, October 18, 1711, had ſaid of Lord Peterborough, "He has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily."

a con-

a conſiderable number in an humbler ſphere, whoſe ſole patron he was, and for whom he made ample proviſion, merely on account of their merit or diſtreſs, without being influenced by ties of conſanguinity, or partial recommendations.

His behaviour to theſe different claſſes, ſhewed an uncommon greatneſs of ſoul. He ſtudiouſly cultivated the acquaintance of all men of genius, whom he treated with a brotherly affection; and never let them feel the ſuperiority which his right of elderſhip gave him over them, but, on the contrary, either endeavoured to raiſe them to his own height, or placed himſelf on a level with them.

With his friends in private life, he was eaſy, familiar, indulgent, and kind.

Such as were under his protection, never felt the weight of dependence. There was no occaſion for dancing attendance, or frequent importunities, he always had them in mind, and ſerved them the inſtant it was in his power: nor did he expect any returns for his favours, though he was pleaſed when he ſaw marks of a grateful mind.

But to all men of rank and ſtation, he aſſerted that noble independence of ſpirit which becomes the free-born mind. He made no allowance for the caſual ſuperiority, which birth, or fortune, or human inſtitutions had given them, but valued them in proportion only to that higher nobility of ſoul derived from God and nature. He had long beheld with indignation the mean condeſcenſions and homage paid by men of genius, to ſcoundrels in power, and titled fools, and was determined to afford a ſtriking example in himſelf of a contrary conduct, by reclaiming the rights due to ſuperiority of talents, over thoſe of birth or fortune. In one of his Tatlers, he ſays, "If thoſe who poſſeſs great endowments of the mind, would ſet a

juſt

juſt value on themſelves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatſoever a condeſcenſion, nor accept it from the greateſt, upon unworthy or ignominious terms." But Swift was not content with this negative virtue, of not ſeeking their acquaintance upon improper terms, but reſolved to diſpute their right to that ſuperiority over his brethren, which they had ſo long poſſeſſed, and put in his claim to receive that homage from them, which had always been paid them by others. Accordingly he laid it down as a rule, that he never would ſolicit the acquaintance of any man, let his quality or ſtation be what it would; but that all who were deſirous of the honour of being ranked among the number of his friends, ſhould make the firſt advances to him. Of this we have a remarkable inſtance in his Journal, May 19, 1711. "Mr. Secretary told me, the Duke of Buckingham had been talking much to him about me, and deſired my acquaintance. I anſwered, it could not be, for he had not made ſufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewſbury ſaid, he thought that Duke was not uſed to make advances. I ſaid, I could not help that: for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a Duke than any other man. The Duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality, which was handſomely ſaid enough, for he meant his pride." In another place, July 29, 1711, he ſays, "I was at Court and Church to-day, as I was this day ſe'nnight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am ſo proud I make all the Lords come up to me."

Nor was this rule confined to the men only; he demanded and received the ſame homage from the vainer ſex alſo, in order to render the empire of genius and talents univerſal. In his Journal, October 7, 1711, he has this paſſage. "I ſaw Lord Halifax at Court, and we joined and talked, and the Ducheſs of Shrewſbury

came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I ſaid, that was not ſo ſoon done, for I expected more advances from Ladies, eſpecially Ducheſſes: ſhe promiſed to comply with any demands I pleaſed; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, &c. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the Ducheſs of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her ſome encouragement, but not much." In a letter to the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, many years after he ſays, "I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all Ladies, who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances." Nor was it for himſelf only that he demanded this privilege, but as far as lay in his power, would have it extended to all his brethren. When Lord Oxford had deſired Swift to introduce Dr. Parnell to him, he refuſed to do it, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character ſuperior to that of a Lord in high ſtation, and therefore obliged my Lord to introduce himſelf: which he did in the moſt courteous manner. On which occaſion Swift in his Journal boaſtingly ſays, "I value myſelf upon making the Miniſtry deſire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Miniſtry." His contemporary authors all received the benefit of this, and by following his example, in placing a proper value on themſelves, were treated with more reſpect than ever fell to the ſhare of their predeceſſors, or thoſe who have ſince ſucceeded them. Pope acknowledges his obligation to him on this ſcore, where he ſays, "The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to uſe the freedom of friendſhip with men much my ſuperiors."

Nothing

Nothing but the extraordinary talents of Swift, and uncommon degree of merit in a variety of ways, could poſſibly have made the great ones of the world deſcend ſo far from their pride, as to admit this new claim, and pay him that homage which they had always conſidered as due only to themſelves. And indeed he ſeems to have been looked up to by all the world, as one of a ſuperior race of beings, or, like the Phœnix, as one who formed a claſs in the individual, ſtanding alone, without a rival or competitor *. And though encompaſſed by a cluſter of the brighteſt geniuſes, that this Iſland ever produced at any given æra, yet he ſtood diſtinguiſhed in the circle, and as the acknowledged monarch of wit, received the voluntary homage of his Peers. And indeed among all that claſs of eminent Writers, generally not the moſt humble of the human race, there was not one found vain enough to diſpute his title, and all on different occaſions have borne teſtimony to the ſuperiority of his genius. Of which many inſtances may be produced, both in their works, and in the courſe of letters which paſſed between them.

Having raiſed himſelf to this high rank among men, merely by his perſonal merit, he took care to guard it with the ſame jealous attention, that a Monarch ſhews

* A letter from Thomas Harley, Eſq; to Swift, begins thus. "Your letter gave me a great deal of pleaſure: I do not mean only the ſatisfaction one muſt always find in hearing from ſo good a friend, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the world, *and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate*; *but*, *&c.*—

And the Earl of Strafford, one of the proudeſt men of the age, addreſſes him in this manner:

SIR,

"To honour, and eſteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleaſed with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends; of which number I am very deſirous to be reckoned."

to the preſervation of his prerogative. The leaſt ſlight ſhewn him, or any unbecoming treatment of him, was not to be pardoned without a due ſubmiſſion from the perſon ſo offending. We have already ſeen that he refuſed to be reconciled to his friend Lord Oxford, upon a quarrel of that nature, in which he conſidered as an inſult, what was intended by the other as a favour, and threatened to caſt him off, if he did not make a proper apology.

He broke off with Lady Giffard, one of his oldeſt acquaintances in life, on a ſimilar account, and declared he would never ſee her again, unleſs ſhe aſked his pardon. In his Journal of March 27, 1711, he gives the following account of his reſentment to Lord Landſdown: "Society-day you know. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not ſummon Lord Landſdown: he and I are fallen out. There was ſomething in an Examiner a fortnight ago, that he thought reflected on the abuſes in his Office; (he is Secretary at War) and he writ to the Secretary, that he heard I had inſerted that paragraph. This I reſented highly, that he ſhould complain of me, before he ſpoke to me. I ſent him a peppering letter, and would not ſummon him by a note, as I did the reſt; *nor ever will have any thing to ſay to him, 'till he begs my pardon.*" Nay even with regard to his dear friend Addiſon, merely on account of his ſhewing ſome ſuſpicion of him, in a converſation relative to Steele, his conduct was the ſame; as may be ſeen in the following paſſage of his Journal. "I went to the coffee-houſe, where I behaved myſelf coldly enough to Mr. Addiſon, and ſo came home to ſcribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day, by invitation; but I ſhall alter my behaviour to him, *'till he begs my pardon,* or elſe we ſhall grow bare acquaintance."

I find

I find an unwillingneſs to part with Swift at this period of his life, without ſhewing him in all the various lights in which he then appeared. It is from his meridian height that we are to judge of the ſplendor and powerful influence of the ſun; not from his feeble ſetting ray, obſcured by miſts, or intercepted by clouds. Yet it is in this laſt ſtate only, he has hitherto been repreſented to the world, in the ſeveral memoirs publiſhed of him, by thoſe who never ſaw him but in his decline, and therefore have given a very unfair repreſentation of the man. To judge of his real character, we muſt have recourſe to the teſtimony of ſuch of his contemporaries, as knew him in his more perfect ſtate. From the accounts given by the former, the world in general have been taught to conſider him in the light of a ſevere, moroſe, intractable man, abounding in ſpleen and ill-nature. And in this opinion they were confirmed by the ſeverity of his ſatyr in many of his writings. But how will they be ſurpriſed to find, that by thoſe who beſt knew him at the æra I have been ſpeaking of, he was as much celebrated for his good-nature, as his wit! Of which, among a number of others, I ſhall produce a few inſtances. Mr. Addiſon, in one of his letters, has the following paſſage. "I know you have ſo much zeal and pleaſure, in doing kind offices for thoſe you wiſh well to, that I hope you repreſent the hardſhip of the caſe, in the ſtrongeſt colours that it can poſſibly bear. However, *as I always honoured you for your good-nature*, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has talents ſo much more ſhining in the eyes of the world, I ſhould be glad if I could any way concur with you, in putting a ſtop to what you ſay is now in agitation." And in another place, "I am ſure a zealous friendly behaviour, diſtinguiſhes you as much, as your many more ſhining talents;

lents; and as I have received particular inſtances of it, you muſt have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and reſpect you." Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of Lord Berkeley, who knew him thoroughly from her earlieſt days, ſays to him, in a very frank letter, wherein ſhe attacks him with a good deal of ſpirit on Lady Suffolk's account—"It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, becauſe you have been ſo much in the wrong, as to condemn her without ſhew of juſtice; and I wiſh with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had ſeen her as I did, when the news of your friend's death * came; for though you are a proud perſon, yet give you devil your due, you are a ſincere, *good-natured* honeſt one." But this quality of his was diſcoverable only on a nearer acquaintance; for on this, as on all other occaſions, he was at more pains to conceal his virtues, than others are to diſplay them; and to effect this, often put on the appearance of qualities directly contrary to thoſe he poſſeſſed. One of his intimates †, writes thus to him. "You have an unlucky quality, which expoſes you to to the forwardneſs of thoſe that love you; *I mean good nature*. From which, *though I did not always ſuſpect you guilty of it, I now promiſe myſelf an eaſy pardon.*"

Nor was his good nature merely of the common kind; he had a tenderneſs of heart which made him feel with unuſual ſenſibility the ſufferings, misfortunes, or loſs of friends, and ſympathize with them in their afflictions. Nor were theſe feelings afterwards diminiſhed or blunted by years, 'till the faculties of his mind were impaired, and in a great degree they outlived even thoſe; as may be ſeen in many inſtances du-

* Mr. Gay. On whoſe account Swift had accuſed Lady Suffolk.

† Chiverton Charlton, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guards.

ring

ring his latter correſpondence, upon the death of any of his old friends. In what agonies of mind does he give to Stella a diſtracted account of the ſtabbing Mr. Harley by Guiſcard? March 1, 1711. "O dear M. D. my heart is almoſt broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you; I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbiſhop of Dublin. I was in a ſorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to ſend a true account of the fact, for you will hear a thouſand lying circumſtances. 'Tis of Mr. Harley's being ſtabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a Committee of the Council. I am in mortal pain for him. That deſperate French villain, Marquis de Guiſcard, ſtabbed Mr. Harley. Pray pardon my diſtraction. I now think of all his kindneſs to me. The poor creature now lies ſtabbed in his bed, by a deſperate French popiſh villain. Good night, and God preſerve you both, and pity me. I want it."

His behaviour to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, on the unfortunate death of the Duke, killed in a duel by Lord Mohun, affords a ſtriking inſtance of a warm feeling heart. He flew to her the inſtant the news reached him, to adminiſter every aſſiſtance and conſolation in his power. Of which take the following account in his Journal, November 15, 1712. "They have removed the poor Ducheſs to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am juſt come away. I never ſaw ſo melancholy a ſcene. She has moved my very ſoul. 16th. I thought to have finiſhed this yeſterday, but was too much diſturbed. I ſent a letter early this morning to Lady Maſham, to beg her to write ſome comforting words to the poor Ducheſs. She has promiſed me to get the Queen to write to the Ducheſs kindly on this occaſion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treaſurer to viſit and comfort her. I have

been with her two hours again, and find her worſe. Her violences not ſo frequent, but her melancholy more formal and ſettled. Lady Orkney, her ſiſter-in law, is come to town on the occaſion, and has been to ſee her, and behaved herſelf with great humanity. They have been always very ill together; and the poor Ducheſs could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am reſolved to make them friends; for the Ducheſs is now no more the object of envy, and muſt learn humility from the ſevereſt Maſter, *Affliction.*" Here we ſee that not content with what friendly offices he could do in his own perſon, he immediately applies to higher powers, even to royalty itſelf, to adminiſter richer cordials to raiſe her ſinking ſoul, and pour a more ſovereign balm on her afflicted ſpirit. And at the ſame time forms a plan for her future eaſe and comfort, by endeavouring to make up a family breach.

The accounts he gives of the illneſs and death of poor Harriſon, for whom he had made ſo noble a proviſion *, are manifeſtly the effuſions of a tender heart. February 12, 1712. "I found a letter on my table laſt night, to tell me that poor little Harriſon, the Queen's Secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and deſired to ſee me at night: but it was late, and I could not go 'till to-day. I went in the morning and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for one hundred pounds from the Treaſury to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightſbridge for air. 13th. I ſent to ſee how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable

* That of Queen's Secretary at the Hague, a poſt which Lord Bolingbroke afterwards beſtowed on his own brother.

poſt,

poſt, and very worthy of it. His mother and ſiſter attend him, and he wants nothing. 14th. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to ſee poor Harriſon. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. *I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind miſgave me.* I did knock, and his man in tears told me his maſter was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with Lord Treaſurer, nor any where elſe, but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loſs ever grieved me ſo much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bleſs you. Adieu. I ſend this away to-night, and I am ſorry it muſt go while I am in ſo much grief *."

Indeed, during that whole period, his breaſt ſeems to have contained a perpetual ſpring of the pureſt benevolence, always flowing, and always full: and the chief delight of his life aroſe from doing acts of humanity, charity, generoſity, and friendſhip. Nor content with what he could perform in that way himſelf, his utmoſt endeavours were uſed to diffuſe the ſame ſpirit of benevolence into all with whom he was connected. He was the life and ſoul of that famous ſociety of ſixteen, conſiſting of ſome of the firſt men of the age, in point of talents, rank, and virtue. To tie them cloſer to each other, he made them adopt the endearing name of brothers; and to ſpread the circle ſtill wider, the Ladies of the ſeveral members, called ſiſ-

* Lord Bolingbroke bears ſtrong teſtimony to this quality in Swift, in his letter of March 17, 1719. "I have not theſe ſeveral years taſted ſo ſenſible a pleaſure, as your letters of the 16th of January and 16th of February gave me; and I know enough of the *tenderneſs of your heart*, to be aſſured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the ſame effect on you. I feel my own pleaſure, and I feel your's. The trueſt reflection, and at the ſame time the bittereſt ſatyr, which can be made on the preſent age, is this, that to think as you think, will make a man paſs for romantic. Sincerity, conſtancy, *tenderneſs*, are rarely to be found."

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ters, and even their children were nephews and nieces. Happy were the envied few who ſtood in this adopted relationſhip to Swift, and they never failed afterwards boaſtingly to uſe that title; as may be ſeen in ſeveral of their letters. Great was the canvaſſing to be admitted into that number; and the Duke of Ormond looked upon it as a high honour that he was elected a member, without any application on his part. "The end of our club (ſays Swift) is to advance converſation and friendſhip, and to reward deſerving perſons with our intereſt and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit, or men of intereſt; and if we go on as we begin, no other club of the town will be worth talking of." To keep them ſteady to theſe points, and to prevent their degenerating into political meetings, Swift early oppoſed the admiſſion of Lord Treaſurer and Lord Keeper, who had been propoſed, and they were accordingly excluded; but their ſons were received in their room. There are ſeveral inſtances mentioned of contributions raiſed by them to relieve indigent merit, which were diſtributed by Swift *.

* Of this, among many others, take the following inſtances, Journal, February 12, 1712. "I dined to-day with our ſociety, the greateſt dinner I have ever ſeen. It was at Jack Hill's, the Governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of ſixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And Lord Treaſurer has promiſed me one hundred pounds to reward ſome others. 15th. I was to ſee a poor Poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a naſty garret, very ſick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and diſpoſed the other ſixty to two other authors. In that of March 30, "I was naming ſome time ago, to a certain perſon, another certain perſon, that was very deſerving, and poor, and ſickly; and the other, that firſt certain perſon, gave me one hundred pounds to give the other. The perſon who is to have it, never ſaw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the leaſt knowledge or imagination of it; ſo I believe it will be a very agreeable ſurpriſe; for I think it a handſome preſent enough. I paid the 100 l. this evening, and it was a great ſurpriſe to the receiver."

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He had ſo far endeavoured to diffuſe this ſpirit of benevolence among all his connections, that Lord Peterborough raillies him upon it thus in one of his letters. "You were returning me to ages paſt for ſome expreſſions in my letter. I find matter in your's to ſend you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a ſyſtem, in the times we live in, to govern the world by love?"

He did not ſhew at that time any of that acrimony, which he contracted afterwards from diſappointment, illneſs, and a thouſand vexations multiplying on him, and increaſing with his years. On the contrary, he ſeems by his Journal and Letters to have had an uncommon flow of ſpirits, and a cheerfulneſs of temper not eaſily affected. Accordingly his company was eagerly ſought after by all who could get acceſs to him; and his converſation was the delight not only of thoſe who had a reliſh for wit and humour, but of thoſe who took pleaſure in the unreſtrained ſocial hour of good humour and mirth. So that he ſeems to have had every requiſite that could excite at once the admiration and love of his friends. And indeed no man ever poſſeſſed both in a more eminent degree, and that from a large group of characters, diſtinguiſhed for their rank, talents and worth; ſuch as are hardly to be paralleled, as co-exiſtent at the ſame period, either in the hiſtory of our own country, or perhaps in that of any other. It muſt be allowed, that Swift was very fortunate to have lived at ſuch a juncture, and that he was judicious in his choice; but ſurely it is a proof of his extraordinary merit, that they were all united in the ſame ſentiments towards him, however they differed among each other; and that their attachment to him continued invariably the ſame ever after, not ſeeming to have ſuffered any diminution either from abſence, length of time, or loſs of power. It is from the accounts of thoſe who

knew him intimately at that period, that we are to form an idea of his real character, not from the reports or ſurmiſes of others, or ſuch as only ſaw him in his decline, when little of his former ſelf remained. There have already been many quotations given for that purpoſe; to cloſe his character, I ſhall only add two more, from two of his moſt intimate friends; one from Dr. Arbuthnot, a man as remarkable for the goodneſs of his heart, as his fine talents; the other from Pope. The firſt is part of a letter written ſoon after the Queen's death. "Dear friend, the laſt ſentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am ſure I never can forget you till I meet with (what is impoſſible) another, whoſe converſation I can delight ſo much in, as Dr. Swift's, and yet that is the ſmalleſt thing I ought to value you for. That hearty ſincere friendſhip, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am ſure I can never find in another man. I ſhall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes."

The other is in a letter from Pope to Lord Orrery, where, ſpeaking of Swift, he ſays, "My ſincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and purſue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live; which are abſolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condeſcenſion, his candour, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taſte to be equally valued."

But Pope wrote this to a man who had no ſuch true taſte. To one, who in all his remarks on Swift's life, has endeavoured to depreciate the memory of that great man, and place all his actions in the worſt light. Not

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content with attacking his private character, and often with the malice of an Iago (ſo much worſe indeed as being utterly unprovoked) *turning his very virtue into pitch*, he has endeavoured to reduce his political one to the loweſt line; as may be ſeen in the following paſſage *. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying miniſterial confidence. He enjoyed the ſhadow, the ſubſtance was kept from him. He was employed, not truſted; and at the ſame time that he imagined himſelf a ſubtle diver, who dexterouſly ſhot down into the profoundeſt regions of politics, he was ſuffered only to ſound the ſhallows neareſt the ſhore, and was ſcarce admitted to deſcend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inſpection." I dare ſay his Lordſhip, when he had finiſhed this paragraph, looked it over often with great ſelf-complacency, and admired it as a beautiful and well turned period. But unfortunately there was not one ſyllable of truth in it, of which there have been already ſufficient proofs given. Yet as this opinion, even upon ſo weak an authority, has, from the general ſpirit of envy, been adopted by numbers; and as ſome of the nobleſt points of Swift's character, depend upon the conſideration of the high rank which he then held in the political ſtate, I ſhall here adduce farther proofs of his great importance, and ſhew, that though he was without office or rank, he was the man the moſt truſted, and the moſt employed in all political and ſtate affairs, of any of that time.

We have already ſeen with what rapidity and eagerneſs, contrary to his uſual procraſtinating and reſerved diſpoſition, Harley ruſhed into his acquaintance, and beſought his friendſhip. That ſoon after their firſt converſing together, he told St. John he could keep nothing from him, Swift had ſo much the way of getting into

* Lord Orrery's remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift.

him

him *. That after a closer intimacy, though the most reserved man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed, that uttering his mind to Swift, gave him ease †. And that he continued ever after to repose this trust in him, may be seen in a letter from Lewis in the year 1713, supposed by the world to be the most confidential man with Lord Oxford, where he says, "His mind has been communicated more freely to you than to any other." In two months after their first acquaintance, he was admitted of the Saturday's private party, or Minister's Cabinet Council, consisting of the Lord Keeper Harcourt, the Earl Rivers, the Earl of Peterborough, and Mr. Secretary St. John; where, after dinner, they used to discourse, and settle matters of great importance, and Swift was always one of the number ‡. It has been shewn that he stood in an equal degree of confidence with Lord Bolingbroke: and no man living, no not of the Ministry, stood so high in the opinion of Lady Masham, the second greatest favourite of the Queen, and latterly the first; of which the most unequivocal proofs have been produced, in her shedding tears openly, upon the talk of sending him to Ireland, and her last earnest letter to him before the Queen's death. All the great officers of state connected with the Ministry, followed their example in paying him homage. Lord Keeper Harcourt told a placeman of inferior rank, who had treated Swift with some incivility, to take care of what he did, for the Doctor was not only the favourite of all the Ministry, but their Governor also. We have seen that Lord Rivers told the printers, for whom Swift had demanded several places in his department of considerable value, that the Doctor commanded, and he must obey. We find too, that when any of the Ministry themselves had a favour to

* *Vide* Journal, Nov. 11, 1710. † Journal, March 4, 1710-11.

‡ Memoirs relating to the Change, &c. and Journal *passim*.

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aſk of Lord Oxford, it was through him they made their application *. It was the ſame too with regard to the foreign Miniſters †. In what light he ſtood with the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, may be ſeen from the following extract from his Journal, December 21, 1712. "This day ſe'nnight, after I had been talking at Court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador came to him, and ſaid he heard that was Doctor Swift, and deſired him to tell me, that his Maſter, and the King of France, and the Queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in Europe. So we bowed, and ſhook hands, *&c.* I took it very well of him." All ſtate writings, the Queen's Speeches, Addreſſes upon them, *&c.* were either entirely drawn up by him, or ſubmitted to his correction. He had a conſiderable ſhare in the famous repreſentation of the Speaker's, Sir Thomas Hanmer, which made ſuch a noiſe at that time, and was conſidered as the fineſt that ever was penned. In ſhort there was not a move made of any kind with relation either to publick affairs, or party matters, in which he was not conſulted, and the greateſt ſhare of labour in the executive part was thrown upon his ſhoulders. In all this plenitude of power, he was ſo far from *being elated with the appearance of enjoying miniſterial confidence*, that he uſed his beſt endeavours to conceal it from the world in general, though it could not be a ſecret to thoſe of his own party.

* Journal, January 8, 1712-13. "I tell you a good thing; there is not one of the Miniſtry, but what will employ me as gravely to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer, as if I were their brother, or his, and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only becauſe they will not make themſelves uneaſy, or had rather I ſhould be denied than they."

† March 5, 1712-13. "I was at Court to-day, and the foreign Miniſters have got a trick of employing me to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, which I do when the caſe is reaſonable."

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With this view, he abſented himſelf from Lord Treaſurer's levees, having never appeared there but twice, during their whole acquaintance. And at Court he always avoided him whenever he made towards him, nor would ever be ſeen ſpeaking to him there *. But it was impoſſible long to conceal that ſuperior degree of favour in which he ſtood with the Miniſter. His writings, in the cauſe he eſpouſed, had rendered him too conſpicuous, and the adverſe party were too much galled by them, not to make them watchful of all his motions. He was accordingly conſidered by the leaders of the oppoſite party, as the firſt mover in all the miniſterial meaſures; and many virulent ſpeeches were made againſt him by name, both in the Houſe of Lords and Commons, *as one who was in the ſecret of all affairs, and without whoſe advice or privity nothing was done, or employment diſpoſed of* †. Oh Lord Orrery! how little did you know of the true ſtate of affairs at that time, when you wrote that falſe envious paragraph, and how utterly unacquainted muſt you have been with the real character of the man, whoſe memoirs you undertook to write, when you could ſuppoſe him ſo mean ſpirited as to be the mere tool of a Miniſtry; and ſo blinded by vanity (a fault of which he had not one particle in his compoſition, for, as he himſelf has often obſerved, he was too *proud* to be *vain*) as not to diſcover whether he was *only employed, not truſted!*

Nor was his influence confined to England only, he was the chief perſon conſulted in the affairs of Ireland, particularly during the Duke of Ormond's Adminiſtra-

* January 15, 1712-13. "I was at Court to-day, and as Lord Treaſurer came towards me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at Church or Court. He knows it, for I have told him ſo, and to-night at Lord Maſham's he gave an account of it to the company; but my reaſons are, that people ſeeing me ſpeak to him, cauſes a great deal of teaſing."

† *Vide* Swift's Memoirs relating to the Change, &c.

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tion, and few preferments paſſed, eſpecially in the Church, without his approbation. Of this there are many proofs to be found in his correſpondence with the Archbiſhop of Dublin, Primate Lindſay, Lord Chancellor Phipps, and his own Journal *.

Having now, paſt all controverſy, eſtabliſhed the high degree of power and influence which he then enjoyed, beyond any that perhaps ever fell to the lot of a private perſon, muſt not the diſintereſted ſpirit of Swift ſtrike us with aſtoniſhment, when we reflect that he made no other uſe of theſe great advantages, but to promote the publick cauſe in which he was engaged, or to make ample proviſion for perſons of merit, while he was utterly negligent with regard to his own fortune? It muſt be obvious to every one, who conſiders the light in which he ſtood, that had he been a man of intrigue, or could he have made his principles bend to the reigning policy of the Court; had he not incurred the Queen's diſpleaſure, by endeavouring to counteract her adopted ſyſtem of government, and treating her boſom favourite with a ſeverity never to be forgiven; nay had he only followed the lead of the Miniſter, by acquieſcing in meaſures which he found it vain to oppoſe; it muſt be allowed, I ſay, conſidering the immenſity of his talents, the cloſe connec-

* *Vide* his letter to the Archbiſhop, September 31, 1713. His Journal, February 1, 1712-13.

Lord Primate Lindſay writes thus to him, in his letter of January 5, 1713-14. "There is a gentleman, whom I believe you muſt have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton, Archdeacon of Raphoe, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great intereſt in that country, whom I could wiſh you would move for to ſucceed me in Raphoe, as one that is moſt likely to do good in that part of the country, of any man I know."

"And now be pleaſed to accept my thanks for the great ſervices you have done me, *and as you have contributed much to my advancement*, ſo I muſt deſire you, upon occaſion, to give me your farther aſſiſtance for the ſervice of the Church."

tion he ſtood in with all the leading men, the great importance he was of to their cauſe, and the almoſt ſiſterly affection ſhewn him by Lady Maſham, that he might have aſpired to the higheſt dignities in the Church, or even, if his bent lay that way, in the ſtate. For in thoſe days the gown was not conſidered as a diſqualification to miniſterial offices, as we find the Biſhop of Briſtol was made Lord Privy-ſeal, and Ambaſſador Plenipotentiary. But as it was a maxim with Swift, that while the Queen purſued her trimming plan, the intereſts of the Church and State were on a ſandy foundation, and that there could be no ſolid eſtabliſhment for them, 'till the Whigs were all turned out of their employments, and a total end put to their power; he determined not only never to fall in with the Queen's meaſures, but on the contrary openly to oppoſe them. Though at the ſame time he muſt have been conſcious that this was the moſt certain way to bar his own preferment.

The only employment that Swift ever aſked for during all that time, was that of Hiſtoriographer; and his reaſons for deſiring it are thus ſet forth, in his Memorial to the Queen, April 1, 1714.

"The change of Miniſtry about four years ago, the fall of the Duke of Marlborough, and the proceedings ſince, in relation to the peace and treaties, are all capable of being very maliciouſly repreſented to poſterity, if they ſhould fall under the pen of ſome writer of the oppoſite party, as they probably may.

"Upon theſe reaſons it is neceſſary, for the honour of the Queen, and in juſtice to her ſervants, that ſome able hand ſhould be immediately employed, to write the hiſtory of her Majeſty's reign, that the truth of things may be tranſmitted to future ages, and bear down the falſehood of malicious pens."

"The Dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake this work, humbly deſiring her Majeſty will pleaſe to appoint him

him her Hiſtoriographer; not from any view of the profit, (which is ſo inconſiderable, that it will hardly ſerve to pay the expence of ſearching offices) but from an earneſt deſire to ſerve his Queen and country: for which that employment will qualify him, by an opportunity of acceſs to thoſe places, where papers and records are kept, which will be neceſſary to any who undertake ſuch a hiſtory."

We ſee upon what diſintereſted principles Swift deſired this office; and he ſeems to have been highly provoked at his not obtaining it, laying the blame very unjuſtly on Lord Bolingbroke, as may be ſeen in his letter to Miſs Vanhomrigh, Auguſt 1, 1714. "I am not of your opinion about Lord Bolingbroke, perhaps he may get the Staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me. He knew I had a mind to be Hiſtoriographer, though I valued it not but for the publick ſervice; yet it is gone to a worthleſs rogue, that no-body knows." But it appears from a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot's, July 17, 1714, that Lord Bolingbroke was moſt hearty in his cauſe; where he ſays, "I gave your letter, with the incloſed Memorial, *cavalierment* to Lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and ſeemed concerned at ſome part of it, expreſſing himſelf thus: "That it would be among the eternal ſcandals of the government, to ſuffer a man of your character, that had ſo well deſerved of them, to have the leaſt uneaſy thoughts about thoſe matters." But the truth is, that it was out of my Lord's power to have ſerved him in this point, as the Memorial was not put into his hands, till a fortnight after the place had been diſpoſed of *. So that it is probable it never was preſented to the Queen. And his friend Ford, to whom he had alſo communicated his ſuſ-

* In a letter from Charles Ford, Eſq; to Dr. Swift, July 20, 1714, is the following paſſage. "I thought you had heard the Hiſtoriographer's place had been diſpoſed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is Maddocks [Madox]."

picions of Bolingbroke, vindicates him from the charge in a letter written five days after the Queen's death, where he ſays, "I really believe Lord Bolingbroke was very ſincere in the profeſſions he made of you, and he could have done any thing. No Miniſter was ever in that height of favour, and Lady Maſham was at leaſt in as much credit, as ſhe had been in any time of her life. But theſe are melancholy reflections."

There is a paſſage in a letter from Swift to Pope, January 10, 1721, relative to this office, which at firſt view ſeems to contradict what he himſelf had ſaid about it, as related above. "I had indeed written ſome Memorials of the four laſt Years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſigned for me; but, as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteadineſs or ſincerity, *I diſdained to accept it.*" But this apparent contradiction may eaſily be thus ſolved. Swift ſcorned to accept the employment, as a favour, from the Officer in whoſe department it was, for the reaſon he aſſigns, and would receive it only from her Majeſty's own appointment, to whom he therefore perſonally applied by Memorial *.

* The circumſtance of the diſpoſal of this poſt from Swift, has afforded Lord Orrery an opportunity of expoſing his ignorance, and invidious diſpoſition to lower Swift's conſequence to the utmoſt. He ſays, "He (Swift) knew how uſeful he was to Adminiſtration in general; and in one of his letters he mentions, that the place of Hiſtoriographer was intended for him, but I am apt to ſuſpect that he flattered himſelf too highly." Surely his Lordſhip muſt have been either ſo ill informed, as to ſuppoſe this poſt to be a very conſiderable one, or that Swift was without any degree of credit. *He flattered himſelf too highly.* Good Heaven! that ſuch a man as Swift, ſhould be accuſed of flattering himſelf too highly, in expecting an employment, attended with much trouble, and without any degree either of honour or profit!

I ſhall

I ſhall take leave of this period of Swift's life, by obſerving that he was thrown into the world at a moſt fortunate æra to gratify the ruling paſſions of his heart. The chief pleaſures of his life ſeem to have ariſen from friendſhip contracted with men of worth and talents, and the ſociety of perſons of wit and genius; and never was there an æra, in which he could be ſo amply indulged with regard to both. I know there are numbers who laugh at thoſe who ſpeak with admiration of paſt times, and lament the degeneracy of the preſent, as idle declaimers, *laudatores temporis acti*; with which the world has conſtantly been furniſhed in all nations, from age to age; but that in reality all times have been much alike. In order that a fair compariſon may be made between the period I have been ſpeaking of, and that which followed to the preſent time, I ſhall here ſet down a liſt of the extraordinary men who then flouriſhed together.

LIST OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Temple,	Garth,	Otway,
Dryden,	Steele,	Rowe,
Swift,	Wycherley,	Newton,
Addiſon,	Vanbrugh,	Locke,
Pope,	Southern,	Boyle,
Prior,	Young,	Berkeley,
Congreve,	Parnell,	Atterbury,
Gay,	Arbuthnot,	Tillotſon, &c.

Of MEN in HIGH RANK.

Duke of Marlborough,	Lord Angleſea,
Lord Peterborough,	Earl of Dorſet,
Lord Oxford,	Lord Roſcommon,
Lord Bolingbroke,	Lord Halifax,
Lord Bathurſt,	Sir William Wyndham,
Lord Carteret,	Sir Thomas Hanmer.
Duke of Argyle,	

Beſide many others that might be mentioned, of no ſmall note. When they who are advocates for the above opinion, ſhall attempt to draw out a liſt of names in the preſent times, to be put in competition with theſe, they will ſoon be obliged to confeſs and retract their error.

SECTION V.

From his return to IRELAND *to his* DEATH.

IMMEDIATELY after the deceaſe of the Queen, Swift returned to Ireland, where he found things in the higheſt ferment: the Whigs all in triumph, threatening vengeance on the whole body of the deſponding Tories, as ſoon as power ſhould come into their hands. However violent the proceedings of the Whigs in England might afterwards be, their animoſity againſt the oppoſite party was moderate, in compariſon with the hatred which their brethren of Ireland bore to the Tories. All the ſtories fabricated in England by the Whigs, of an intention to bring in the Pretender by the late Miniſtry, and which were only calculated for the more violent of their party, and the vulgar, were univerſally and implicitly believed in Ireland. The dreadful and deteſted days of James II, of which there were ſtill ſo many living witneſſes in that kingdom, and in which the whole body of Proteſtants ſuffered ſo much, came freſh into their minds, and raiſed the utmoſt abhorrence of all who were ſuppoſed to be abettors of ſuch a meaſure. They were taught to conſider the word Tory and Jacobite, as ſynonymous terms; and as Swift was known to have been highly in the confidence of the late Miniſtry, he was of courſe ſuppoſed to have been deeply concerned with them in the plot of bringing in the Pretender. Being the only one then in Ireland, againſt whom a charge could be made of having an immediate

hand in ſuch a deſign, he became the chief object upon which the madneſs of party vented its rage. He was conſtantly inſulted with opprobrious language as he walked the ſtreets, and ſome of the more violent, uſed to take up dirt from the kennel to throw at him as he paſſed along; inſomuch, that he was obliged never to go abroad without ſervants armed to protect his perſon. Nor was it from the lower claſs of people only, that he met with ſuch inſults; but thoſe of a higher rank, in proportion as they were actuated by the virulence of party, or wiſhed to make a merit to themſelves with the governing powers, took all opportunities of treating him with the utmoſt indignity. Of this I have a ſtrong inſtance now before me, in a Paper drawn up by Swift himſelf. The title of it is, "The Dean of St. Patrick's Petition to the Houſe of Lords againſt Lord Blaney: and on the inſide: To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament aſſembled."

The Humble PETITION *of* JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D. *and Dean of the Cathedral of* ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

Moſt humbly ſheweth,

THAT your Petitioner is adviſed by his phyſicians, on account of his health, to go often on horſeback; and there being no place, in winter, ſo convenient for riding, as the ſtrand towards Howth, your Petitioner takes all opportunities that his buſineſs or the weather will permit, to take that road. That in the laſt Seſſion of Parliament, in the midſt of winter, as your Petitioner was returning from Howth with his two ſervants, one before, and the other behind him, he was purſued by two gentlemen in a chaiſe, drawn by two high mettled horſes, in ſo violent a man-

manner, that his ſervant who rode behind him, was forced to give way, with the utmoſt peril of his life: whereupon your Petitioner made what ſpeed he could, riding to the right and left above fifty yards to the full extent of the ſaid road. But the two gentlemen driving a light chaiſe, drawn by fleet horſes, and intent upon miſchief, turned faſter than your Petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him. That by great accident your Petitioner got to the ſide of a ditch, where the chaiſe could not ſafely purſue; and the two gentlemen ſtopping their career, your Petitioner mildly expoſtulated with them: whereupon one of the gentlemen ſaid, Damn you, is not the road as free for us, as for you? and calling to his ſervant who rode behind him, ſaid, Tom (or ſome ſuch name) is the piſtol loaden with ball? To which the ſervant anſwered, yes, my Lord, and gave him the piſtol. Your Petitioner often ſaid to the gentleman, pray, Sir, do not ſhoot, for my horſe is apt to ſtart, by which my life may be endangered. The chaiſe went forward, and your Petitioner took the opportunity to ſtay behind. Your Petitioner is informed, that the perſon who ſpoke the words above-mentioned, is of your Lordſhip's houſe, under the ſtile and title of Lord Blaney; whom your Petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. Secretary Addiſon, in the Earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, becauſe he was repreſented as a young man of ſome hopes, and a broken fortune. That the ſaid Lord Blaney, as your Petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and ſometimes attends your Lordſhip's houſe. And your Petitioner's health ſtill requiring that he ſhould ride, and being confined in winter to go on the ſame ſtrand, he is forced to enquire from every one he meets, whether the ſaid Lord be on the ſame ſtrand; and to order his ſervants to carry arms to defend him againſt the like, or a worſe inſult, from the

ſaid

ſaid Lord, for the conſequences of which your Petitioner cannot anſwer.

Your Petitioner is informed by his learned Council, that there is no law now in being, which can juſtify the ſaid Lord, under colour of his Peerage, to aſſault any of his Majeſty's ſubjects on the King's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives, that by only happening to ride before the ſaid Lord, he could not poſſibly give.

Your Petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your Lordſhips in your great prudence and juſtice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with ſafety on the ſaid ſtrand, or any other of the King's highways, for the recovery of his health, ſo long as he ſhall demean himſelf in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the ſaid Lord Blaney.

But nothing hurt Swift ſo much, as the many inſtances of ingratitude he experienced in thoſe who were highly indebted to him, while he was in power. It has been already ſhewn, that he made it a point with the Miniſtry in England, that no man of genius or merit, ſhould be turned out of employment on account of party: the ſame maxim he extended to Ireland, where he preſerved ſeveral in their places, who, but for his interpoſition, would infallibly have loſt them. Of this many inſtances occur in the courſe of his letters. In one to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, written in 1713, when his influence was at the higheſt, he ſays, "I have ſuffered very much for my tenderneſs to ſome perſons of that party, which I ſtill preſerve; it would be endleſs to recount to your Grace the reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour." And in another, "Neither did I ever fail to interpoſe in any caſe

caſe of merit or compaſſion, by which means ſeveral perſons in England, and ſome in this kingdom, kept their employments; for I cannot remember my Lord Oxford ever refuſed me a requeſt of that kind." He therefore thought it extremely hard, that after ſuch inſtances of favour ſhewn to numbers of that party, he ſhould be particularly marked out as the chief object of their reſentment: or, as he himſelf expreſſes it in the ſame letter, "If my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment." But Swift, by his great abilities exerted in the cauſe of the late Miniſtry, had rendered himſelf ſo obnoxious to the new men in power, that even to be of his acquaintance, would, in thoſe days, have been a ſure bar to promotion. Of this, there is a ſingular inſtance communicated to me among other anecdotes taken down at that time by a friend of the Dean's. Swift, in the height of party ferment, having ſome occaſion to apply to Sir Thomas Southwell, who was one of the Commiſſioners of the Revenue, and with whom he had lived on the footing of the greateſt intimacy, was much ſhocked by an anſwer he made him: "I'll lay you a groat (a uſual cant expreſſion of Sir Thomas's) Mr. Dean, I don't know you." Some years after, when the ſpirit of party was a good deal abated, Sir Thomas, who was then Lord Southwell, riding on the ſtrand, and obſerving the Dean on horſeback a little before him, lamented to one of his company the ill effects of party; among which he reckoned the loſs of that worthy

worthy man's acquaintance, meaning the Dean: but I'll try, ſaid he, to recover it. When he overtook the Dean, he aſked him how he did. I'll lay you a groat, my Lord, ſays Swift, I don't know you.

In ſuch a ſituation of affairs, Swift choſe the moſt prudent part, that of retiring wholly from the world, and employing himſelf chiefly in the care of his Deanery, in the diſcharge of his duty as a Clergyman, and arranging his domeſtic affairs, without once caſting his eye towards the public. In a letter to Pope, dated January 10, 1721, he gives this account of himſelf. "In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent Princeſs, I came to my ſtation here, where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the family which now reigneth, farther than the Prayer-book informeth me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal *."

But

* The following anecdote taken down at the time by the ſame gentleman who communicated the former to me, will ſhew how cautious Swift was in his behaviour at that juncture, for fear of provoking party-zeal, and at the ſame time afford an inſtance of his peculiar vein of humour. Among other tyrannical acts of the Whigs, in the firſt Parliament of George I. ſuch Members of the Houſe of Commons as had voted for an Addreſs in favour of Sir Conſtantine Phipps, were ordered to beg pardon of the Houſe. This order was generally complied with. Three who refuſed were taken into cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms: Sir Pierce Butler, Mr. Matthew Forde, and Mr. Robert Cope. Swift, viſiting Cope one day, found Povey the Serjeant at Arms, who was a perfect ſtranger to Swift's perſon, ſitting with him. After ſome converſation, Swift aſked Cope whether he did not intend to go out that morning, as it was a fine day. Cope ſaid he could

But though in this Swift acted the part of a philoſopher, yet no one could feel more for the diſtreſſes of his former friends, and the uncomfortableneſs of his own ſituation. In a letter to Pope, June 28, 1715, he ſays, "You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford, and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: and do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & verſus tecum medicare canoros.* Do you imagine I can be eaſy, when I think on the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects?" And in one to Mr. Gay, he ſays, "I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was that I had recourſe to." In another to the ſame, he gives this account of himſelf. "I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be called ſo in this country. I chooſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling books I can find, and when I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: but riding, walking, and ſleeping, take up

could not ſtir out, he was confined. Swift aſked, had he taken phyſic? Cope ſaid, no, but that he was confined by the Parliament, and was then in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms. Swift, with an air of perfect ignorance, and ſimplicity, enquired the meaning of that, as if he had never heard of a Serjeant at Arms, or of any ſuch power in the Parliament; and ſoon after took his leave. When he was gone, Povey ſaid it would be well for the Church and the kingdom, if the Clergy minded ſtate affairs as little as that honeſt gentleman, who he durſt ſay, was a good pariſh Miniſter, reſiding at his living, and minding his own affairs, without troubling his head about thoſe of the public. Pray what is his name? Swift. Is he any relation of the Dean of St. Patrick's? The very man, ſays Cope. The very man! replied Povey; damn him, he has bit me, and left the room in ſome confuſion.

eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh, which I put off to twenty years hence." In this manner did he paſs ſeven years of his life from his arrival in Ireland, little known there as an author, except on account of his political writings, which, in that change of times rendered him an object of general deteſtation. There had been then no collection made of his Works, and his detractors in England had robbed him of the merit of his principal work, The Tale of the Tub, by denying him to be the author. Many calumnies were induſtriouſly propagated againſt him, taken from the writings of the hirelings on the Whig ſide, whereof the number was ſo great, that Swift in one place ſays, that there were upwards of a thouſand Papers and Pamphlets publiſhed againſt him in the ſpace of a few years. But, wrapped in the conſciouſneſs of his integrity, he had the fortitude to treat all this with ſilent contempt. To counterbalance the ill-treatment he met with from the public, he, by degrees, contracted an intimacy with a ſelect few, who had taſte to reliſh the author, and virtue to admire the man *. He had alſo the ſupreme ſatisfaction of conſtantly

* In a paſſage above quoted from his letter to Gay, where he ſays, "I chooſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance." We are to underſtand only ſuch humble friends as were always at his devotion, to be let in, or ſent away without ceremony, according as he was in the humour. It was probably this paſſage which furniſhed Lord Orrery with an occaſion of exerciſing his uſual diſpoſition to depreciate the Dean as much as poſſible, in the following paragraphs. "After the great names, which I have juſt now mentioned, it is matter of aſtoniſhment to find the ſame perſon, who had enjoyed the higheſt and the beſt converſation, equally delighted with the loweſt and the worſt; and yet it is certain, from Swift's ſettlement in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, his choice of companions in general, ſhewed him of a very depraved taſte."

"From

ſtantly enjoying the ſociety of the amiable and accompliſhed Stella, whoſe converſation, by his own account, was

"From the year 1714, till he appeared in the year 1720, a champion for Ireland againſt Wood's half-pence, his ſpirit of politicks and of patriotiſm was kept almoſt cloſely confined within his own breaſt. Idleneſs and trifles engroſſed too many of his hours: fools and ſycophants too much of his converſation."

His anſwerer, Dr. Delany, fired with indignation at this falſe charge, replies to him in the following manner:

"My Lord, you have been ſo groſsly abuſed, in the accounts which dictated thoſe two paragraphs to you, that I am almoſt aſhamed to ſet you right.

"The meaneſt man I ever heard of his converſing with during that period, was Mr. Worrall, a Clergyman, a Maſter of Arts, a Reader and Vicar of his Cathedral, and a Maſter of the Song. He was nearly of his own ſtanding in the College; a good walker, a man of ſenſe, and a great deal of humour. Mr. Worrall's ſituation in the Church, naturally engaged his attendance upon the Dean, every time he went thither: and their walks naturally ended either in the Dean's dining with him, or he with the Dean. But as the Dean was a ſingle man, the former happened more frequently: and this intercourſe at laſt ended in the Dean's dining with him, as often as he pleaſed, at a certain rate, and inviting as many friends as he pleaſed upon the ſame terms."

The Doctor then proceeds to relate his intimacy with the Grattans, a numerous race of brothers, all in affluent or eaſy circumſtances, a ſet of men as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any one family in the nation. After a particular deſcription of each of theſe, he proceeds thus: "Theſe, my Lord, were men of open hearts, and free ſpirits: who as little deſerved, and as much diſdained the character and office of ſycophants, as any Nobleman of your's, or any nation. And yet theſe, with their allies, the Jackſons, &c. genteel, agreeable, and well bred men and women, were the companions of many of Swift's eaſieſt and happieſt hours: ſuch companions, as no wiſe man ever wanted, or at leaſt would want, if he could help it; any more than he would his night-gown, his couch, or his eaſy chair."

"Whether the Grattans led Swift, or he them, into the acquaintance of their friends, George Rochfort, and Peter Ludlow, I cannot ſay. But this I know, that he lived much with thoſe gentlemen, and cultivated their friendſhip with a very diſtinguiſhed affection, and eſteem:

was the moſt engaging of any he had ever met with, either in man or woman. And he found in Dr. Sheridan, that beſt cordial of life, a boſom friend, to whom he could open himſelf without reſtraint, in all humours, and who was peculiarly calculated for the *Bagatelle*, of which Swift at that time profeſſed himſelf ſo fond, as the only means of keeping up his ſpirits in the gloom that ſurrounded him. He had the pleaſure of hearing often from his former friends, whoſe letters breathed the ſame cordial affection, and high eſteem which they always profeſſed for him. Among this number were Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Harley, Mr. Addiſon, Dr. Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Lewis, &c. the Ducheſs of Ormond, and Lady Bolingbroke. In the year 1715, when Lord Oxford was committed to the Tower, Swift wrote preſ-

eſteem: and it is certain, that they well deſerved the higheſt regard and diſtinction he could pay them.

Quales animæ neque candidiores terra tulit,
Nec queis te magis optaſſes amicum.
Such ſouls! more candid never earth produced,
Nor whom you could more wiſely wiſh your friends.

"They were men of fortune, ſcholars, men of parts, men of humour, men of wit, and men of virtue Greater companions Swift might have converſed with, but better he neither did, nor could.—Let me add to theſe another gentleman, for whom the Dean had a particular eſteem, Matthew Forde, a man of family, and fortune: a fine gentleman, and the beſt lay-ſcholar of his time, and nation."

"Theſe, with the Fellows of the College, Dr. Walmſley, Dr. Helſham, Dr. Delany, Mr. Stopford (now Biſhop of Cloyne) and Dr. Sheridan, among the men: and Lady Euſtace, Mrs. Moore, Lady Betty Rochfort, and Mrs. Ludlow, Ladies ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed, of the other ſex; were, with Stella, and her friends, Swift's principal acquaintance and companions, during the period you mention, and treat as the æra of his infamy.

"I might mention ſome others of very diſtinguiſhed characters, who made up, I will not ſay, that admired, but I can ſay with truth, that envied ſociety, in which Swift paſſed his life at that period. But, I hope I have already ſaid ſufficient to ſet you right."

ſingly

ſingly to him that he might be permitted to attend him there. His letter begins thus. "My Lord, it may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your Lordſhip any interruption under your preſent circumſtances: yet I could never forgive myſelf, if, after having been treated for ſeveral years with the greateſt kindneſs and diſtinction, by a perſon of your Lordſhip's virtue, I ſhould omit making you at this time the humbleſt offers of my poor ſervice and attendance. It is the firſt time I ever ſollicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refuſed, it will be the firſt requeſt you ever refuſed me." But Lord Oxford, however deſirous he might be of the preſence of ſuch a friend, whoſe converſation might contribute more than any thing in the world to ſoften the rigour of confinement, was too generous to put him to ſuch an inconvenience on that account. Yet immediately on his releaſe from the Tower, he expreſſed his deſire of ſeeing him in England, if it might be conſiſtent with his affairs; in a letter full of the warmeſt expreſſions of friendſhip and affection.

Auguſt 6, 1717.

"Two years retreat has made me taſte the converſation of my deareſt friend, with a greater reliſh than ever, at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journies to Windſor. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect anſwer about my going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in thoſe parts, is ſo far from abating, that I am perſuaded by my friends to go into Cambridgeſhire, where you are too juſt not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to ſee you muſt be ſubmitted to the judgment yourſelf makes of all circumſtances. At preſent this ſeems to be a cooler climate,

climate, than your iſland is like to be when they aſſemble, &c. Our impatience to ſee you, ſhould not draw you into uneaſineſs. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourſelf.

OXFORD."

Lord Bolingbroke's letters during his exile, are not inferior to Lord Oxford's in expreſſions of the higheſt regard and friendſhip. In that of October 23, 1716, are the following paſſages. "It is a very great truth, that among all the loſſes which I have ſuſtained, none affected me more ſenſibly, than that of your company and correſpondence; and yet, even now, I ſhould not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. Your letter breathes the ſame ſpirit, as your converſation at all times inſpired, even when the occaſions of practiſing the ſevereſt rules of virtuous fortitude ſeemed moſt remote. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindeſt influence of Heaven be ſhed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows: if we do, what millions of things ſhall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing ſits ſo near my heart, as my country, and my friends, and that among theſe you ever had, and ever ſhall have, a principal place."

In another letter he ſays, "I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am, that the force of friendſhip does. I loved you almoſt twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas."

In the year 1717, Swift received a letter from Lewis, giving him an account of the diſtreſt ſituation of Prior's affairs, and of a deſign ſet on foot by his friends to publiſh his Works by ſubſcription, in order to his relief.

This gave him an opportunity of exerting that zeal, for which he was ſo remarkable, whenever the cauſe of his friend, or diſtreſt merit, called upon him. Upon this occaſion he made uſe of all his influence to ſo good purpoſe, that in a few months he ſent him ſuch a large liſt of ſubſcribers, that Prior was aſtoniſhed at it. His earneſtneſs to ſerve him, and to give him accounts of his ſucceſs in his ſollicitations, appears from the quick ſucceſſion of letters ſent by him on the occaſion. Prior, in anſwer to theſe, begins his letter of July 30, 1717, thus. "I have the favour of four letters from you, of the 9th, 13th, 16th, and 20th inſtant;" and he concludes his letter thus: "Pray give my ſervice to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland liſt themſelves under that number. I do not know how you can recompenſe them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book which I promiſed them."

What an inſtance is here of the viciſſitudes in human affairs, when a man who had been Ambaſſador Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, ſhould, in the ſpace of a few years, be reduced to ſuch a ſorry expedient (as Swift terms it) to keep him above want!

During this period, Swift's pen ſeems to have been thrown aſide, or employed only in trifles, except two Tracts drawn up by him ſoon after his ſettlement in Ireland: the one, intitled "Memoirs relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Miniſtry in the year 1710. Written in October 1714." The other, "An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's laſt Miniſtry, with relation to their quarrels among themſelves, and the deſign charged upon them of altering the ſucceſſion of the Crown." His view in theſe was, to lay open all the ſprings which moved the political machine during that period; and to exonerate the Miniſtry

niſtry from that heavy charge, ſo loudly and generally made againſt them, of a deſign to bring in the Pretender. As he was a man more in the confidence of that Miniſtry, than any other in the world; of a ſagacity not eaſily to be duped; a ſincerity incapable of being biaſſed, and of moſt undoubted veracity; there was no one living ſo capable of executing ſuch a taſk. And when we examine the ſtrength of argument with which he has ſupported his poſitions; when we reflect that theſe Tracts were drawn up without any view of their being publiſhed 'till after his death, and therefore could anſwer no private end, the impartial world will neceſſarily be of his ſide. Confident aſſertions, and loud clamours of a party, unſupported by any proofs, though ſought for with all the diligence of perſevering malice and revenge; however they may ſpread for a time through the ſpirit of faction, will never prevail with an unprejudiced poſterity, againſt concluſive arguments, ſupported by eſtabliſhed facts. To enlighten poſterity with regard to thoſe points, for he had no hopes of the preſent age, was Swift's motive for leaving thoſe pieces behind him, and no doubt his end will be anſwered.

During almoſt ſix years after his return to Ireland, Swift kept his reſolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. He ſaw with indignation the cruel oppreſſion under which his country laboured, and with the deepeſt concern, the miſerable ſtate to which it was reduced. But as he knew that all efforts to ſtem the torrent, during the violence of party, would be fruitleſs, he prudently waited 'till it had ſpent its force. In the year 1720, when the ferment ſeemed to have ſubſided, he publiſhed his firſt Political Tract relative to Ireland, intitled, *A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of Iriſh Manufactures*. In which he cautiouſly avoids touching upon party matters, and points out to the people of

Ireland, that a great part of their poverty and diſtreſs was owing to their own folly, and that the remedy was in their own hands. Of this Pamphlet, and the conſequences produced from it, he has given the following account in a letter to Pope. "I have written in this kingdom, a diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, inſtead of thoſe from England: this Treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here, immediately took the alarm; he ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately publiſhed with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the ſame time, that the printer ſhould be proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of the law. The Chief Juſtice has ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to out-do his orders. The Grand Juries of the county and city were effectually practiced with, to preſent the ſaid Pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their preſentments publiſhed, for ſeveral weeks, in all the News-papers.—The printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry: the Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours; until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call, *a Special Verdict*. During the trial, the Chief Juſtice, among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly, that the Author's deſign was to bring in the Pretender, although there was not a ſingle ſyllable of party in the whole Treatiſe; and

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although it was known that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, publickly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of Grafton's, the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *Noli proſequi.*"

From this experiment Swift learned that the embers of party, however concealed under aſhes, might be revived with the leaſt breath, and blown into a blaze. He therefore withdrew into his former retirement, after having taken ample vengeance on the Chief Juſtice, by expoſing him in the moſt odious colours, and rendering him an object of general deteſtation. But whatever efforts he uſed to ſubdue his indignation at the cruel acts of oppreſſion and injuſtice under which his country laboured, by confining it within his own breaſt, yet his heart was conſtantly corroded with the ſcenes of miſery which ſurrounded him; and his patriotic ſpirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him. Of the effect which this had on his temper, we have many inſtances in his letters. Dr. Delany mentions a remarkable one, who calling on him one day, when upon ſome occaſion he ſeemed in an uncommon ſtate of irritation, being aſked by Swift, "Whether the corruptions and villainies of men in power, did not eat his fleſh, and exhauſt his ſpirits?" Anſwered, "that in truth they did not:" he then aſked in a fury why—why—"how can you help it? how can you avoid it?" Delany calmly replied, "becauſe I am commanded to the contrary"—*Fret not thyſelf becauſe of the ungodly.*

As no work of his has appeared written during the ſpace of near four years after his publiſhing the above-mentioned Pamphlet, it is highly probable that his lei-

ſure hours were wholly employed in writing Gulliver's Travels. In which general ſatyr on the vices, follies, and abſurdities of mankind, he gave vent to that ſpleen, which was in a continual ſtate of irritation from the objects that ſurrounded him.

In the year 1724, an opportunity offered, which he eagerly embraced, of diſperſing thoſe clouds, behind which he had ſo long been concealed, and of blazing forth in higher luſtre than ever. At that time a project was ſet on foot by one William Wood, an obſcure man, which, had it ſucceeded, would have ended in the total, and perhaps irretrievable ruin of Ireland. A patent was granted to this man, in a moſt extraordinary manner, for coining half-pence for the uſe of Ireland, without conſulting any mortal of that kingdom, or even giving any previous notice of it to the Lord Lieutenant. Juſtly alarmed at the conſequences to be apprehended from this, and fired with reſentment at the indignity with which they were treated, the Parliament, Privy-Council, Grand Juries, and numerous bodies of the inhabitants throughout the kingdom, ſent over ſtrong remonſtrances againſt this proceeding, but all to no purpoſe. The Britiſh Miniſter, who had his own views in promoting this favourite project, determined to ſupport the Patent; and being then poſſeſſed of the ſame plenitude of power, with all the inſolence of a Turkiſh Vizier, was deaf to the remonſtrances of the nation, and reſolved to cram the half-pence down their throats. Though to be maſter of the ſubject, it will be neceſſary to read all that Swift has written upon it, yet it may not be amiſs here to give a general idea of the caſe, in an extract from a moſt maſterly addreſs to both Houſes of Parliament drawn up by him on the occaſion. "There is one particular, which although I have mentioned more than once in ſome of my former papers,

papers, yet I cannot forbear to repeat, and a little enlarge upon it; becauſe I do not remember to have read or heard of the like, in the hiſtory of any age or country; neither do I ever reflect upon it without the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.

"After the unanimous addreſſes to his ſacred Majeſty againſt this Patent of Wood, from both Houſes of Parliament; and likewiſe an addreſs from the Privy-Council, to whom, under the chief governors the whole adminiſtration is intruſted, the matter is referred to a Committee of Council in London. Wood and his adherents are heard on one ſide, and a few volunteers, without any truſt or direction from hence. The queſtion, as I remember, chiefly turned upon the want of half-pence in Ireland: witneſſes are called on behalf of Wood, of what credit I have formerly ſhewn: upon the iſſue the Patent is found good and legal; all his Majeſty's officers here, not excepting the *military*, commanded to be aiding and aſſiſting to make it effectual: the addreſs of both Houſes of Parliament, of the Privy-Council, and of the city of Dublin; the declarations of moſt counties and corporations through the kingdom, are all together laid aſide, as of no weight, conſequence, or conſideration whatſoever, and the whole kingdom of Ireland nonſuited in default of appearance; as if it were a private Cauſe between *John Doe*, plaintiff, and *Richard Rowe*, defendant.

"With great reſpect to thoſe honourable perſons, the Committee of Council in London, I have not underſtood them to be our Governors, Counſellors, or Judges. Neither did our caſe turn at all upon the queſtion, whether Ireland wanted halfpence: for there is no doubt but we do want both halfpence, gold, and ſilver; and we have numberleſs other wants, and ſome that we are not ſo much as allowed to name, although

they are peculiar to this nation; to which, no other is ſubject, whom God hath bleſſed with religion and laws, or any degree of ſoil and ſunſhine: but for what demerits on our ſide, I am altogether in the dark.

"But I do not remember that our want of half-pence, was either affirmed or denied, in any of our addreſſes, or declarations againſt thoſe of Wood. We alledged the fraudulent obtaining and executing of his Patent; the baſeneſs of his metal; and the prodigious ſum to be coined, which might be increaſed by ſtealth, from foreign importation, and his own counterfeits, as well as thoſe at home; whereby we muſt infallibly loſe all our little gold and ſilver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and diſcouraged trade. We urged that the Patent was paſſed without the leaſt reference hither; and without mention of any ſecurity given by Wood to receive his own half-pence upon demand, both which are contrary to all former proceedings in the like caſes.

"But in the name of God, and of all juſtice and piety, when the King's Majeſty was pleaſed that this Patent ſhould paſs, is it not to be underſtood, that he conceived, believed, and intended it as a gracious act, for the good and benefit of his ſubjects, for the advantage of a great and fruitful kingdom; of the moſt loyal kingdom upon earth, where no hand or voice was ever lifted up againſt him; a kingdom, where the paſſage is not three hours from Britain, and a kingdom where the Papiſts have leſs power and leſs land than in England? Can it be denied or doubted, that his Majeſty's Miniſters underſtood, and propoſed the ſame end, the good of this nation, when they adviſed the paſſing of this Patent? Can the perſon of Wood be otherwiſe regarded, than as the inſtrument, the mechanick, the head workman, to prepare his furnace, his fuel, his metal,

and

and his ſtamps? If I employ a ſhoe-boy, is it in view to his advantage, or to my own convenience? I mention the perſon of William Wood alone, becauſe no other appears, and we are not to reaſon upon ſurmiſes, neither would it avail, if they had a real foundation.

"Allowing therefore, for we cannot do leſs, that this Patent for the coining of half-pence, was wholly intended by a gracious King, and a *wiſe public-ſpirited Miniſtry*, for the advantage of Ireland; yet, when the whole kingdom to a man, for whoſe good the Patent was deſigned, do, upon the matureſt conſideration, univerſally join in openly declaring, proteſting, addreſſing, petitioning againſt theſe half-pence, as the moſt ruinous project that ever was ſet on foot, to complete the ſlavery and deſtruction of a poor innocent country: is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a queſtion, not whether ſuch a kingdom, or William Wood ſhould be a gainer, but whether ſuch a kingdom ſhould be wholly undone, deſtroyed, ſunk, depopulated, made a ſcene of miſery and deſolation, for the ſake of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our univerſal wiſh, that God would put it into your hearts, to be his inſtrument for ſo good a work.

"For my own part, who am but *one* man, of obſcure condition, I do ſolemnly declare, in the preſence of Almighty God, that I will ſuffer the moſt ignominious and torturing death, rather than ſubmit to receive this accurſed coin, or any other that ſhall be liable to the ſame objections, until they ſhall be forced upon me by a *law of my own country*; and if that ſhall ever happen, I will tranſport myſelf into ſome foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people.

"The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying ſo long at mercy under ſo vile an adverſary, is ſuch a deplorable

deplorable aggravation, that the utmoſt expreſſions of ſhame and rage are too low to ſet it forth, and therefore I ſhall leave it to receive ſuch a reſentment, as is worthy of a *Parliament*."

Upon the firſt tidings of the Patent's being paſſed in ſo extraordinary a manner, Swift took up the pen, and under the feigned character of M. B. Drapier, repreſented all the fatal conſequences that would neceſſarily attend the carrying of it into execution, in ſo plain and clear a light, as ſpread a general alarm through all ranks and orders of men throughout the nation.

But as the Parliament, the Privy-Council, Grand Juries, and ſo many bodies corporate of the kingdom addreſſed, remonſtrated, and petitioned againſt it, their fears were at an end, as ſuppoſing it impoſſible that theſe ſhould not prevail. Yet what was their aſtoniſhment to find that all theſe, and the cry of the whole nation, were treated with the utmoſt contempt, and a ſham enquiry ſet on foot by a Committee of the Privy-Council in England, which ended in ſending over orders to all Officers under the Crown in Ireland, to be aiding and aſſiſting to the utmoſt of their power in ſupporting Wood's Patent, and giving circulation to his accurſed coin. As all perſons in office at that time were in the moſt ſlaviſh dependance on the Britiſh Miniſtry, there were *no hopes* but that they would pay implicit obedience to the commands of their maſters, eſpecially as they could do it under colour of loyalty, as oppoſing the Patent was called, in the language of thoſe days, *flying in the King's face*. And if this coin was once received into the publick offices, and iſſued out to pay the King's troops, the affair was over. To prevent this there was but one way, which was to raiſe ſuch a ſpirit in the whole body of the people, as to determine them never to receive one piece of this coin in payment. This he ſo effectually performed in a ſeries of

letters,

letters, under the ſame ſignature of M. B. Drapier, which were univerſally read over the whole kingdom, that there was ſcarce an individual to be found, even down to the loweſt peaſant, except a few placemen, who did not form this reſolution. And in order to bind them to it more effectually, in his ſecond letter he drew up the following advertiſement. "Whereas one William Wood, hard-ware-man, now or lately ſojourning in the city of London, hath, by many miſrepreſentations, procured a Patent for coining a hundred and eight thouſand pounds, in copper half-pence, for this kingdom, which is a ſum five times greater than our occaſions require: and whereas it is notorious that the ſaid Wood hath coined his half-pence of ſuch baſe metal, and falſe-weight, that they are at beſt ſix parts in ſeven below the real value: and whereas we have reaſon to apprehend, that the ſaid Wood may at any time hereafter clandeſtinely coin as many more half-pence as he pleaſes: and whereas the ſaid Patent neither doth, nor can oblige his Majeſty's ſubjects to receive the ſaid half-pence in any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary choice, becauſe by law the ſubject cannot be obliged to take any money, except gold or ſilver: and whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of the ſaid Patent, the ſaid Wood hath declared, that every perſon ſhall be obliged to take five-pence half-penny of his coin in every payment: and whereas the Houſe of Commons, and Privy-Council have ſeverally addreſſed his moſt ſacred Majeſty, repreſenting the ill conſequences which the ſaid coinage may have upon this kingdom: and laſtly, whereas it is univerſally agreed that the whole nation to a man, except Mr. Wood and his confederates, are in the utmoſt apprehenſions of the ruinous conſequences that muſt follow from the ſaid coinage; therefore we, whoſe names are underwritten, being perſons of conſiderable eſtates in this kingdom, and reſiders therein, do unanimouſly reſolve

and declare, that we will never receive one farthing or half-penny of the ſaid Wood's coining; and that we will direct all our tenants to refuſe the ſaid coin from any perſon whatſoever, of which that they may not be ignorant, we have ſent them a copy of this advertiſement, to be read to them by our ſtewards, receivers," *&c.*

Numbers of theſe advertiſements, ſigned by a multitude of names, together with the Drapier's Letters, were ſoon diſperſed over the kingdom, and produced ſuch a univerſal outcry in all ranks of people againſt this odious project, that the poor tools of power did not dare to attempt any thing in ſupport of it. But the Engliſh Miniſter, not at all intimidated by this violent oppoſition, ſeemed reſolutely bent on carrying the point. With this view, he ſent over the Lord Carteret, lately appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, long before the uſual time of the Chief Governor's going to that kingdom, with directions to aſſemble the Parliament, which had been prorogued to a diſtant day, ſoon after his arrival, revoking that prorogation, a thing very unuſual. Here he was to try the common methods of ſecuring a majority, in order to get the ſanction of the Iriſh Parliament to the meaſure. On his arrival, a proclamation was publiſhed by his Excellency and Council, offering a reward of three hundred pounds, for diſcovering the author of the fourth Drapier's Letter. Harding, the Printer of that Letter, was impriſoned, and a bill of indictment was ordered to be prepared againſt him. Upon this occaſion Swift wrote a ſhort Paper, called *Seaſonable Advice to the Grand Jury, &c.* copies of which were diſtributed to every perſon of the Grand Jury the evening before the bill was to be preſented, and had ſuch an effect, that the bill was unanimouſly thrown out. Upon which the ſame Lord Chief-Juſtice, who had before acted with ſuch violence in a former proſecution of the Dean's printer, in a moſt arbitrary and illegal

legal manner, diſcharged the Jury in a rage. But this proceeding, far from ſerving the cauſe which he eſpouſed, only rendered it the more deſperate, by exaſperating men's minds, already ſufficiently provoked. For the next Grand-Jury that was ſummoned, not content with ſkreening the friends to their country, made a violent attack upon the enemy, by the following ſtrong preſentment, drawn up by Swift, at the requeſt of ſome of the Jury.

The PRESENTMENT *of the* GRAND-JURY *of the County of the City of* DUBLIN.

WHEREAS ſeveral great quantities of baſe metal, coined, commonly called Wood's halfpence, have been brought into the port of Dublin, and lodged in ſeveral houſes of this city, with an intention to make them paſs clandeſtinely among his Majeſty's ſubjects of this kingdom, notwithſtanding the Addreſſes of both Houſes of Parliament, and the Privy-Council, and moſt of the Corporations of this city againſt the ſaid coin: and whereas his Majeſty has been graciouſly pleaſed to leave his loyal ſubjects of this kingdom at liberty to take or refuſe the ſaid half-pence:

We the *Grand Jury* of the county of the city of Dublin, this Michaelmas term 1724, having entirely at heart his Majeſty's intereſt, and the welfare of our country; and being thoroughly ſenſible of the great diſcouragements which trade hath ſuffered by the apprehenſions of the ſaid coin, whereof we have already felt the diſmal effects; and that the currency thereof will inevitably tend to the great diminution of his Majeſty's Revenue, and the ruin of us and our poſterity, do *preſent* all ſuch perſons as have attempted, or ſhall endeavour by fraud, or otherwiſe, to

impoſe

impoſe the ſaid half-pence upon us, contrary to his Majeſty's moſt gracious intentions, as enemies to his Majeſty's government, and to the ſafety, peace, and welfare of all his Majeſty's ſubjects of this kingdom; whoſe affections have been ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed by their zeal to his illuſtrious family, before his happy acceſſion to the throne, and by their continued loyalty ever ſince.

As we do, with all juſt gratitude, acknowledge the ſervices of all ſuch patriots as have been eminently zealous for the intereſt of his Majeſty and this country, in detecting the fraudulent impoſition of the ſaid Wood, and preventing the paſſing of his baſe coin; ſo we do, at the ſame time, declare our abhorrence and deteſtation of all reflections on his Majeſty and his government; and that we are ready with our lives and fortunes to defend his moſt ſacred Majeſty againſt the Pretender, and all his Majeſty's open and ſecret enemies, both at home and abroad.

Given under our hands, *&c.*

Upon this preſentment, followed by ſeveral others in the different counties, the affair was looked upon as deſperate, and being repreſented in that light to the Miniſter by Lord Carteret, the Patent was withdrawn, and the half-pence ſuppreſſed.

Never was greater exultation ſhewn upon any occaſion than appeared in the whole nation, upon the defeat of this infamous project; the Drapier was hailed by the univerſal voice as the ſaviour of his country. His name reſounded from ſhore to ſhore; his effigies was ſet up in every ſtreet; and innumerable bumpers were daily ſwallowed to his health.

Whoever examines the Drapier's Letters with attention will find, that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conſpicuous light than on this occaſion. He ſaw that a plan was formed by the Britiſh Miniſter

Miniſter to bring his country into the utmoſt diſtreſs. Notwithſtanding the apparent oppoſition given to it by the Iriſh Parliament and Privy-Council, he knew too well the ſervile diſpoſition of all men in office at that time, and their abject dependance on the Miniſter, to ſuppoſe they would continue firm in their oppoſition, at the certain loſs of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He ſaw therefore no poſſible means of preventing the evil, but raiſing ſuch a ſpirit in the whole body of the people, as would make them reſolve on no account whatſoever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a Drapier were in ſuch plain language, as rendered them perfectly intelligible to the meaneſt capacities. His arguments were ſo naturally deduced, and in ſuch an eaſy ſeries; from ſimple and evident principles, as carried the fulleſt conviction to every mind. But as it was neceſſary to his purpoſe to rouſe the feelings, as well as convince the underſtandings of mankind; without ever appearing to apply at all to the paſſions, he raiſes them to the higheſt pitch, by ſeemingly caſual ſtrokes here and there interſperſed. So that the whole, on a tranſient view, appeared what it profeſſed to be, the work of an honeſt ſhop-keeper, of plain common ſenſe, who ſtarted out of his ſphere to commence writer, upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not, now and then, in the courſe of his argument, ſuppreſs the honeſt indignation which roſe in his breaſt, at the unparalleled inſolence of power, in treating a great and loyal kingdom with ſuch indignity as would have been thought intolerable, even by the inhabitants of the Iſle of Man. Yet plain and ſimple as theſe writings ſeem to be at firſt view, and ſuch as every common Reader would imagine he could produce himſelf, upon a cloſer inſpection they would be found to be

works

works of the moſt conſummate ſkill and art; and whoever ſhould attempt to to perform the like, would be obliged to ſay with Horace;

Sudet multum, fruſtaque laboret
Quivis ſperet idem.

I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne ſay, that the Drapier's Letters were the moſt perfect pieces of oratory ever compoſed ſince the days of Demoſthenes. And indeed, upon a compariſon, there will appear a great ſimilitude between the two writers. They both made uſe of the plaineſt words, and ſuch as were in moſt general uſe, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made choice of the moſt obvious topics, which, by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally ſkilful in the arrangement and cloſeneſs of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their alluſions: each ſo entirely maſter of his art, as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, ſo that they ſeized on the paſſions by ſurprize. Nor were the effects produced by the Orations of Demoſthenes on the Athenians, though ſet off with all the advantage of a moſt powerful elocution, greater than what followed from the ſilent pen of Swift. For in a nation made up of the moſt diſcordant materials, who never before agreed in any one point, he produced ſuch a unanimity, that Engliſh and Iriſh, Proteſtant, Preſbyterian, and Papiſt, ſpoke the ſame language, and had but one voice. There is one advantage indeed which Swift had over Demoſthenes, in that admirable vein of wit and humour, peculiar to himſelf, at which the other often made unſucceſsful attempts; and of which, though ſparingly, we find ſome ſhining inſtances ſcattered through thoſe letters.

letters. One of which is ſo excellent, that I am tempted to preſent the paſſage to the Reader. Where, ſpeaking in the aſſumed character of the Drapier, he ſays, "I am very ſenſible that ſuch a work as I have undertaken, might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a houſe is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakeſt in the family, runs firſt to ſtop the door. All my aſſiſtance, were ſome informations from an eminent perſon; whereof I am afraid I have ſpoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions; and the reſt, I was not able to manage. I was in the caſe of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather choſe to attack this uncircumciſed Philiſtine (Wood I mean) with a ſling and a ſtone. And I may ſay for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he reſembles Goliah in many circumſtances, very applicable to the preſent purpoſe: for, *Goliah had a helmet of* braſs *upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thouſand ſhekles of* braſs, *and he had greaves of* braſs *upon his legs, and a target of* braſs *between his ſhoulders.* — In ſhort he was, like Mr. Wood, all over *braſs, and he defied the armies of the living God.* — Goliah's conditions of combat, were likewiſe the ſame with thoſe of Wood: if he prevail againſt us, *then ſhall we be his ſervants.* But if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he ſhall never be a ſervant of mine; for I do not think him fit to be truſted in any honeſt man's ſhop."

Nothing ſhewed the generalſhip of Swift in a higher point of view, during this conteſt, than his choice of ground both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to ſteer clear of party; and that if he had attacked the Britiſh Miniſter as the real Au-

thor, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been ſtigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of courſe diſregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no parties concerned but William Wood hardware-man, on the one ſide; and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Or, as he himſelf expreſſes it, it was *Bellum atque virum*, a kingdom on one ſide, and William Wood on the other. Nay he went farther, and finding that Wood in his ſeveral publications had often made uſe of Mr. Walpole's name, he takes upon him the defence of the latter in ſeveral paſſages of his Fourth Letter, which he concludes thus: "But I will now demonſtrate, beyond all contradiction, that Mr. Walpole is againſt this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the univerſal opinion of being a wiſe man, an able Miniſter, and in all his proceedings purſuing the *true intereſt* of the King his Maſter: and that as his integrity is above all *corruption*, ſo is his *fortune* above all *temptation*." By the uſe of this irony, a double edged weapon, which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of Readers it might paſs for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought againſt him, which would anſwer one end; and to thoſe of more diſcernment, it obliquely pointed out the true object of their reſentment; but this ſo guardedly, that it was impoſſible to make any ſerious charge againſt the Author of his having ſuch a deſign.

In the courſe of theſe writings, Swift took an opportunity of laying open his political principles, declaring the moſt zealous attachment to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover, and utter abhorrence of the Pretender: by which means he removed the

chief

chief prejudice conceived againſt him, on account of the ill-founded charge of his being a Jacobite, and opened the way for that tide of popular favour which afterwards flowed in upon him from all ſides.

During the publication of the Drapier's Letters, Swift took great pains to conceal himſelf from being known as the Author. The only perſons in the ſecret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his Amanuenſis; and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was not the moſt accurate tranſcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the Doctor, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the preſs; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in ſuch a way, as to prevent a poſſibility of diſcovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the Proclamation was iſſued offering a reward of 300 pounds for diſcovering the Author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, had ſtaid out later than uſual without his Maſter's leave. The Dean ordered the door to be locked at the accuſtomed hour, and ſhut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would liſten to none of his excuſes, but abuſing him outrageouſly, bade him ſtrip off his livery, and quit his houſe that moment. "What—you villain, ſaid he, is it becauſe I am in your power, you dare take theſe liberties? Get out of my houſe you ſcoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." Mrs. Johnſon, who was at the Deanery, and greatly alarmed at this ſcene, immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to Dr. Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and ſhedding abundance of tears; enquiring into the cauſe of this, he was told that his Maſter had juſt diſcharged him. The Doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would

undertake to pacify the Dean, and that he ſhould ſtill be continued in his place. That is not what vexes me, replied the honeſt creature; to be ſure I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe ſo good a Maſter, but what grieves me to the ſoul is, that my Maſter ſhould have ſo bad an opinion of me, as to ſuppoſe me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever. When this was told to the Dean, ſtruck with the generoſity of ſuch a ſentiment in one of his low ſphere, he immediately pardoned him, and reſtored him to favour *. He alſo took the firſt opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of Verger to the cathedral ſoon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and aſked him if he had any cloaths of his own that were not a livery; to which the other replying in the affirmative, he deſired him immediately to ſtrip off his livery, and put on thoſe cloaths. The poor fellow, quite aſtoniſhed, begged to know what crime he had committed that he ſhould be diſcharged.—Well—do as I ordered you ſaid Swift. When he returned in his new dreſs, the Dean called the other ſervants into the room, and told them they were no longer to conſider him as their fellow-ſervant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, Verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had beſtowed on him, as a reward for his faithful ſervices. The grateful creature poured forth a thouſand bleſſings on him, and only begged as the greateſt favour he could confer on him, that he might ſtill be continued in the ſame ſtation, without fee or reward, as he was ſure no one could give ſuch ſatisfaction to his Maſter in the diſcharge of it, as himſelf. As he was an excellent

* This ſtory is told in a different manner by Mr. Deane Swift, with ſeveral improbable circumſtances, which have not the leaſt foundation in truth, as I had the account exactly as I have related it immediately from my father.

ſervant,

ſervant, and was accuſtomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the propoſal could not but be very acceptable to the Dean; and Mr. Blakely accordingly continued to officiate in that capacity for ſome time, as a volunteer, without any of the badges of ſervitude. But the Maſter was too liberal to accept of the generous propoſal made by the ſervant; for, though he paid him no wages, he took care by handſome preſents, to make him a full equivalent.

Another anecdote, relative to theſe half-pence, was communicated to me by Mr. Hoffſleger, a native of Germany, then a reſident Merchant of ſome eminence in Dublin; who was a ſpectator of the following ſcene which he deſcribed to me. The day after the Proclamation was iſſued out againſt the Drapier, there was a full levee at the caſtle. The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and puſhing his way through the crowd, never ſtopped till he got within the circle; where with marks of the higeſt indignation in his countenance, he addreſſed the Lord Lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, "So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yeſterday, in iſſuing a Proclamation againſt a poor ſhop-keeper, whoſe only crime is an honeſt endeavour to ſave his country from ruin. You have given a noble ſpecimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I ſuppoſe you expect a ſtatue of copper will be erected to you for this ſervice done to Wood. He then went on for a long time inveighing in the bittereſt terms againſt the Patent, and diſplaying in the ſtrongeſt colours all the fatal conſequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole aſſembly were ſtruck mute with wonder at this unprecedented ſcene. The titled ſlaves, and vaſſals of power, felt, and ſhrunk

into their own littleneſs, in the preſence of this man of virtue. He ſtood ſupereminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For ſome time a profound ſilence enſued. When Lord Carteret, who had liſtened with great compoſure to the whole ſpeech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's;

* *Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt*
Moliri.

The whole aſſembly was ſtruck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour. Some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the ſkies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's anſwer.

When the Patent was withdrawn, and of courſe all apprehenſions about the coin were over, Swift retired to Quilca, a houſe of Dr. Sheridan's, in a deſolate part of the country, where he paſſed ſome months in finiſhing and preparing his Gulliver's Travels for the preſs. Early in the next year 1726, he ſet out for England, after an abſence from that country of near twelve years. He was received with all demonſtrations of joy by his old friends, whoſe attachment to this incomparable man, ſeemed rather increaſed than diminiſhed by abſence.—They all expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes that he would quit Ireland, and ſettle among them, and ſeveral plans were propoſed to accompliſh the point. Nor was Swift leſs deſirous of returning to his own country, for he always conſidered it as ſuch, being the country of his forefathers, though he happened, as he himſelf expreſſes it, to be dropped in Ireland: nor is it ſurpriſing that his heart yearned to paſs the remainder of his days

* Hard fortune, and the newneſs of my reign, compel me to ſuch meaſures.

among

among a ſet of his old friends, who gave ſuch proofs of their unalterable attachment to him, and were, at the ſame time, in point of talents and genius, the foremoſt men of the age. But, however ardent their wiſhes might be, there were little hopes of their being fulfilled, as both he and his friends were obnoxious to thoſe in power. Some expectations were however formed from the favourable reception he met with at Leiceſter-houſe. The Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, ſet up for a patroneſs of men of genius, and affected to converſe much with all men diſtinguiſhed for literature and talents. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London, ſhe immediately ſent to deſire to ſee him. Of this he gives the following account in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, 1732-3.—"It is ſix years laſt Spring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her preſent Majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance, before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to gueſs; and among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly." As Swift was no reſpecter of perſons, and would ſpeak his mind with the ſame freedom in the face of Royalty, as in the moſt private company, the Princeſs, ſtruck with the novelty of ſuch a character, and highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, was never weary of ſending for him both in London and Richmond; and Swift, to keep up his conſequence, never once attended her but by command. Mrs. Howard, firſt Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princeſs, and her chief favourite, was the perſon who uſually ſent for him. As ſhe was a Lady of fine taſte, and uncommon underſtanding, ſhe ſoon contracted a high eſteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendſhip, by the frequent opportunities

ſhe had of converſing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. The peculiar marks of diſtinction ſhewn him both by the Princeſs and her favourite, together with the general diſcourſe of the family at Leiceſter-houſe, made his friends imagine that the firſt opportunity would be taken of making a ſuitable proviſion for him in England, from that quarter; and he himſelf, both then, and for ſome time after, ſeems to have formed ſome expectations of that kind, though naturally, and from his frequent diſappointments in life, he was far from being of a ſanguine diſpoſition.

During his ſtay in England, his time was paſſed chiefly between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends, Pope and Bolingbroke, where he was viſited by all the old fraternity. It was then Pope publiſhed his Volumes of Miſcellanies, conſiſting of ſome of his own Works, and Arbuthnot's, but chiefly of ſelect Pieces of Swift's. As this was the firſt time that any of his Works were printed collectively, the ſale was immenſe, and produced a conſiderable ſum to Pope, who had the whole profit, as Swift was at all times above making any pecuniary advantage of his writings. During theſe tranſactions, he received ſeveral ſucceſſive accounts of the deſperate ſtate of health, to which his dear friend Mrs. Johnſon was reduced, and the little hopes there were of her recovery. The diſtreſs of mind which he ſuffered on this occaſion, together with a long fit of his old complaint, giddineſs and deafneſs, had ſo totally diſqualified him for ſociety, that he ſtole away from his hoſt at Twickenham, and retired into private lodgings, with an old relation for his nurſe. As ſoon as he was ſufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of a journey, he ſet out for Ireland, with the gloomy proſpect of receiving the laſt breath of the perſon

deareſt to him in the world. However, before his departure, he took leave of the Princeſs, who was very gracious to him, made apologies for not having ſome medals ready which ſhe had promiſed him, and ſaid ſhe would ſend them to him before Chriſtmas. On his arrival in Dublin, he had the ſatisfaction to find Mrs. Johnſon on the mending hand, and her recovery, though ſlow, afforded the pleaſing proſpect of a longer continuance to a life ſo dear to him.

During this viſit to London, it was not only at Leiceſter-houſe, but at St James's alſo, that he met with a favourable reception; of which he makes mention in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, January 8, 1732-3. "Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and ſo were all the people in power. He invited me, and ſome of my friends, to dine with him at Chelſea. After dinner I took an occaſion to ſay, what I had obſerved of Princes and great Miniſters, that if they heard an ill thing of a private perſon who expected ſome favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the perſon was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay *. But he gave it another turn; for he ſaid to ſome of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of your's, "that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myſelf."

He afterwards had an interview with Sir Robert Walpole, through the intervention of Lord Peterbo-

* To make this intelligible, it will be neceſſary to quote a former paſſage in that letter; where, ſpeaking of Gay, he ſays, "He had written a very ingenious book of Fables for the uſe of her (the Princeſs's) younger ſon, and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But ſome time before, there came out a libel againſt Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the Princeſs."

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rough; of which he gives the following account, in a letter to the ſaid Earl.

* "My Lord, April 28, 1726.

"YOUR Lordſhip having, at my requeſt, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole; I accordingly attended him yeſterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had ſomewhat more than an hour's converſation with him. Your Lordſhip was this day pleaſed to enquire what paſſed between that great Miniſter and me, to which I gave you ſome general anſwers, from whence you ſaid you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other deſign in deſiring to ſee Sir Robert Walpole, than to repreſent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, *not only without any view to myſelf*, but to any party whatſoever: and becauſe I underſtood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and obſerved the repreſentations he had received, were ſuch as I could not agree to; my principal deſign was to ſet him right, not only for the ſervice of Ireland, but likewiſe of England, and of his own Adminiſtration.

"I failed very much in my deſign; for I ſaw he conceived opinions, from the examples and practices of the preſent, and ſome former Governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty; a poſſeſſion always underſtood by the Britiſh nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

"Sir Robert Walpole was pleaſed to enlarge very much upon the ſubject of Ireland, in a manner ſo alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges

* Lord Peterborough, in a note to Swift, a little previous to the date of this letter, ſays, "Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tueſday and Thurſday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to ſee you at his London houſe. On Monday, if I ſee you, I will give you a farther account."

of a ſubject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him ſo much, as I otherwiſe might, becauſe I found it would be in vain."

In the remainder of the letter, he enumerates the many intolerable burdens and grievances, under which that country laboured, and concludes it thus:

"I moſt humbly entreat your Lordſhip to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and deſire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes."

I am, *&c.*

I thought it neceſſary to lay this matter at large before the public, becauſe, in conſequence of this interview, all the Walpolians, and the whole party of the Whigs, gave out, that Swift at that time made a tender of his pen to Sir Robert, by whom the offer was rejected; and even to this day I am well informed that ſome of that family, and their connections, aſſert it as a fact. But I would have thoſe gentlemen conſider, in the firſt place, what little credit they do to Sir Robert's underſtanding, in declining the aſſiſtance of the firſt Writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immenſe ſums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candour will oblige them to retract what they have ſaid, as ſo convincing a proof is here produced of the falſhood of the charge. For, it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe that Swift would have made ſuch a repreſentation of the interview, utterly *diſclaiming all views to himſelf*, and deſiring that it might be ſhewn to Walpole, if the other had had it in his power to contradict it, and by ſo doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Revd. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris, (afterwards through his means Biſhop of Cloyne)

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in which he gives the ſame account. "I was lately twice with the Chief Miniſter; the firſt time by invitation, and the ſecond, at my deſire, for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: but all this made a great noiſe, and ſoon got to Ireland. From whence, upon the late death of the Biſhop of Cloyne, it was ſaid I was offered to ſucceed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth in it; for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions, which would never be granted. For I abſolutely broke with the Chief Miniſter, and have never ſeen him ſince. And I lately complained of him to the Princeſs, becauſe I knew ſhe would tell him." I think it is hardly probable that Swift would have complained of him to the Princeſs, if he had ſuch a ſtory to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjuſt and impolitic maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the ſole ſubject of their diſcourſe. And it appears that he had often in his converſations with the Princeſs, repreſented the cruel hardſhips under which that country groaned, inſomuch, that in a letter to Lady Suffolk, July 24, 1731, he ſays, "Her Majeſty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until ſhe was Queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miſeries of this kingdom ſhe appeared then to be concerned."

Sir Robert himſelf never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance ſeemed to wiſh him well. In a letter from Pope to him ſoon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him, "I had a conference with Sir Robert Walpole, who expreſſed his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us: he ſaid, he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him, you had no ſuch deſign in your coming, which was merely to

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ſee a few of thoſe that you loved; but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborough and myſelf, who wiſhed you loved Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more." Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time, will find, that he was far from having any ambitious views. His wiſh was to have a ſettlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church living near them, that ſhould not be much inferior in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he choſe, to avoid laying himſelf under any obligations to a party, of whoſe meaſures he ſo utterly diſapproved. Of this we have a ſtriking inſtance in the above-mentioned letter, to an intimate friend then abroad, to whom a falſe repreſentation of his ſentiments could have anſwered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a Biſhoprick, though offered him, except upon conditions, which he was ſure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worral, he expreſſes himſelf to the ſame effect. "As to what you ſay about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule, as I am told, and I aſſure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to thoſe in power, hath been directly contrary ſince I came here." Is it poſſible to conceive, that in this diſpoſition of mind, a man of Swift's character, ſhould wantonly put it in the power of a perſon whom he knew to be his enemy, to deſtroy his reputation, and ruin him for ever with his friends? In ſhort, the matter is brought to this iſſue. It is evident from what has been ſhewn above, that Swift had but two interviews with Walpole, the one in public, the other in private. To what paſſed in the former, there were ſeveral witneſſes; to the latter, no one but themſelves.

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Of what then paſſed between them, Swift has given a diſtinct account in a letter to Lord Peterborough, which he deſires might be ſhewn to Walpole. If Walpole afterwards repreſented any thing in a different light, whoſe teſtimony is to be credited? That of a man of long tried integrity, and undoubted veracity, giving an account of a tranſaction, wherein he ſuſtained a part exactly ſuitable to his whole character and conduct in life: or that of a wily Stateſman, who ſtuck at nothing to anſwer his ends, charging Swift with a fact, utterly incompatible with his well known wiſdom and grandeur of mind, and which muſt have ſhewn him in the light of a perfect changeling. But it does not appear that Walpole himſelf ever made any ſuch charge. Nor was it neceſſary; his end might be better, and more ſecurely anſwered without it. Hints and innuendos were ſufficient materials for his tools to work upon, and fabricate what ſtories they pleaſed, which were induſtriouſly propagated with the ſtrongeſt aſſeverations of their truth, by all their partiſans, and this was one favourite method then in uſe, of undermining thoſe characters, which they could not openly aſſault *. I have been the longer on this article, becauſe it is the heavieſt charge

* Of this there was a ſtrong inſtance given in regard to William Shippen; the honeſteſt man, and trueſt patriot that then ſate in the Houſe. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof againſt all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emiſſaries, that he privately received a penſion from him; and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot, in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occaſions, that he might be of more effectual ſervice in matters of greater concern. And this report was ſo induſtriouſly ſpread, and with ſuch confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmoſt frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal eſtate, which was barely ſufficient to intitle him to a ſeat in Parliament, and fifty pounds in caſh, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral.

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brought againſt Swift, and ſuch as would at once deſtroy the integrity of his character: and becauſe there never was any calumny more induſtriouſly propagated by the whole body of the Whigs, or more generally believed. And this too not among the middling claſs of mankind, but by perſons of high rank and character. Of which I have a remarkable inſtance now before me, in an anecdote communicated to me by Dr. Clarke, formerly my tutor in the College, among ſeveral others collected by him relative to Swift, which is as follows: "When Lord Cheſterfield was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I was preſent at his giving an account of Swift, which, from a leſs creditable author, would be utterly diſbelieved. He ſaid, that to his knowledge Swift made an offer of his pen to Sir Robert Walpole: that the terms were, his getting a preferment in England, equal to what he had in Ireland; and that Sir Robert rejected the offer; which Lord Cheſterfield ſaid he would not have done, had he been in Sir Robert's place. The whole of this tranſaction ſeems extremely improbable, particularly what he added, that the perſon who introduced him *was the famous Chartres.*" Good Heavens! Swift brought by the notorious Chartres to proſtitute himſelf to Walpole, and this aſſerted as a fact by Lord Cheſterfield! But his Lordſhip kept very bad company in thoſe days: I have not the leaſt doubt but this ſtory was told him by Chartres, and he conſidored his brother gambler as a man of honour.

Swift had ſet out for Ireland in the month of Auguſt, and early in the November following appeared Gulliver's Travels. As he had kept a profound ſilence with regard to this Work, nor ever once mentioned it to any of his neareſt friends during his ſtay in England, they were at firſt in ſome doubt whether it were his or not: and

and yet they concluded, as was done on a ſimilar occaſion, that it muſt be *aut Eraſmi aut Diaboli.* They all wrote to him about it, conſidering it as his, and yet at the ſame time kept a reſerve, as having ſome reaſons to be dubious about it. Gay, in a letter, November 17, 1726, writes to him thus. "About ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: the whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the author, but I am told the bookſeller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the Cabinet Council to the nurſery. You may ſee by this you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you." In like manner Pope ſays, "Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his houſe in the dark, from a hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, ſo for my part I ſuſpend my judgment." This proceeding of Swift's might at firſt view be conſidered as one of his whims, but that it was his conſtant practice in all his former works of conſequence, which he ſent ſecretly into the world to make their own way as well as they could, according to their intrinſic merit, without any advantage which they might derive

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from the author's reputation. Nor was he ever known to put his name to any of his publications, except his letter to Lord Oxford about the Engliſh language. It is probable he took great pleaſure in hearing the various opinions of the world upon his writings, freely delivered before him while he remained unknown; and the doubts of Pope and Gay, occaſioned by his profound ſecrecy on that head, muſt have given him no ſmall entertainment. However this extraordinary work, bearing the ſtamp of ſuch an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after ſo long an abſence, and added new luſtre to his reputation.

In his return to Dublin, upon notice that the ſhip in which he ſailed was in the bay, ſeveral Heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out to meet him in a great number of wherries engaged for that purpoſe, in order to welcome him back. He had the pleaſure to find his friend Dr. Sheridan, in company with a number of his intimates, at the ſide of his ſhip, ready to receive him into their boat, with the agreeable tidings, that Mrs. Johnſon was paſt all danger. The boats adorned with ſtreamers, and colours, in which were many emblematical devices, made a fine appearance; and thus was the Drapier brought to his landing-place in a kind of triumph, where he was received and welcomed on ſhore by a multitude of his grateful countrymen, by whom he was conducted to his houſe amid repeated acclamations, of *Long live the Drapier.* The bells were all ſet a ringing, and bonfires kindled in every ſtreet. As there never was an inſtance of ſuch honours being paid to any mortal in that country, of whatever rank or ſtation, Swift muſt have been a Stoic indeed, not to have been highly gratified with theſe unexpected, unſollicited marks of favour, from his grateful fellow-citizens.

But whatever ſatisfaction he might have in his newly acquired popularity, and the conſequential power it gave him of being of ſome uſe to his country; yet the long diſguſt he had entertained at the management of all public affairs; the deplorable ſtate of ſlavery to which the kingdom was reduced; the wretched poverty, and numberleſs miſeries, painted by him ſo often in ſtrong colours, entailed by this means on the bulk of the natives, and their poſterity; had long made him reſolve, when opportunity ſhould offer, to change the ſcene, and breathe a freer air in a land of liberty. His laſt ſhort viſit to his friends ſerved to whet his reſolution, and revived the deſire which he had of returning to a country, where, as he expreſſes himſelf in a letter to Gay, he had paſſed the beſt and greateſt part of his life, where he had made his friendſhips, and where he had left his deſires. He was at a time of life too, being then in his ſixtieth year, which called for retirement, and afflicted with diſorders which impaired the vigour of his mind, and gave him frightful apprehenſions that the loſs of his mental faculties would precede the diſſolution of his frame. He had no ambition left, of which we find, even in his prime, he had very little, except that of the nobleſt kind, ariſing from a deſire of ſerving the publick, and his friends, without any mixture of ſelf. As his view was to make an exchange of his preferments in Ireland, for ſomething like an equivalent in England, though not fully equal to them in point either of dignity or income, he thought the matter might be eaſily accompliſhed with but little intereſt; and this he had reaſon to hope would not be wanting, from the many hints he had received, that the Princeſs was very deſirous of bringing it to bear. With this view he kept up a correſpondence with Mrs. Howard, in which ſeveral civilities, in his ſingular way, paſſed

to the Princeſs. He ſent to the former a piece of Iriſh ſilk, of a fabrick peculiar to that country, which the Princeſs, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, ſeized on for her own uſe, and deſired that more of the ſame kind might be ſent over for the Princeſſes: this commiſſion went to him from Mrs. Howard, telling him at the ſame time, that ſhe would remit the coſt, in what way he ſhould judge ſafeſt: but Swift, as he expreſſes himſelf in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. He had received ſeveral accounts from his friends, that the Princeſs often ſpoke of him with great regard. Among others, Dr. Arbuthnot ſays, "I had a great deal of diſcourſe with your friend, her Royal Highneſs. She inſiſted upon your wit, and good converſation. I told her Royal Highneſs, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a ſincere, honeſt man, and ſpeaking the truth, when others were afraid of ſpeaking it."

As he had nothing to detain him in Dublin, Mrs. Johnſon being to all appearance in a tolerable ſtate of health, he ſet out for London early in March. But firſt gave notice to Mrs. Howard of his intended journey. From the following paragraph in this letter, we may judge on what free terms he lived with the Princeſs, and may form ſome idea of the familiar manner of his converſing with her. "I deſire you will order her Royal Highneſs to go to Richmond as ſoon as ſhe can this Summer, becauſe ſhe will have the pleaſure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Accordingly, on his arrival in London, he never ſaw the Princeſs 'till ſhe removed to Richmond; of which he gives this account in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, May 13. "I have at laſt ſeen the Princeſs twice this week by her own command: ſhe re-

tains her old civility, and I, my old freedom." But Walpole and his party kept no farther meaſures with him, of which he makes the following mention in the ſame letter. "I am in high diſpleaſure with Walpole, and his partizans. A great man, who was very kind to me laſt year, doth not take the leaſt notice of me at the Prince's Court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me." Perhaps the conſciouſneſs of the baſe means they uſed to wound his character, might have occaſioned this change in their behaviour. For had the charge laid againſt him been founded, it would have been a moſt unaccountable cauſe of quarrel to Swift on the ſide of Walpole's partiſans, that he had offered his ſervice to that party, though its being rejected, might be a juſt foundation of reſentment on his ſide.

Swift had for ſome time formed a deſign of paſſing ſome months in France for the recovery of his health, and was juſt upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the unexpected news of the King's death made him poſtpone it. As a total change of meaſures was expected to follow from this event, more flattering proſpects were opened to him, than any he could have in view during the late reign. As the Tories, upon the breach between the late King and Prince, were well received at Leiceſter-houſe, it was ſuppoſed they would no longer be proſcribed as formerly. Swift, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, June 24, 1727, gives the following view of the ſtate of affairs at that time. "The talk is now for a moderating ſcheme, wherein no-body ſhall be uſed worſe or better, for being called Whig and Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, ſhewing civilities to ſeveral, who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we ſhould go in a line to kiſs the King's and Queen's hands.

hands *. We have now done with repining, if we ſhall be uſed well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend, it is not our faults; we have made our offers: if otherwiſe, we are as we were. It is agreed the Miniſtry will be changed, but the others will have a ſoft fall; although the King muſt be exceſſive generous if he forgives the treatment of ſome people †."

* Swift ſays, in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, that on this occaſion he was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the Queen.

† It was generally ſuppoſed on the acceſſion of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employments with diſgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princeſs had retained ſtrong reſentments againſt him, on account of ſome parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly on the death of the old King, ſome immediate proofs were given that ſuch was the intention. Sir Robert was himſelf the bearer of the tidings, and arriving in the night when the Prince was a bed, ſent to deſire an audience, upon buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence, which would admit of no delay. The Prince refuſed to ſee him, and ordered him to ſend in his buſineſs. Upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and ſaid he waited there to receive his Majeſty's commands. The King ſtill perſiſted in refuſing to ſee him, and bade him ſend Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly ſaw his downfall had been predetermined, and haſtened to Sir Spencer with humbleſt tenders of his ſervice, begging his protection, and earneſtly entreating that he would ſkreen him from farther perſecution. When this ſtory had got abroad, the habitation of the laſt Miniſter became deſolate, and the whole tribe of courtiers, as uſual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long ſpace of time afterwards, to the aſtoniſhment of the whole world, Sir Robert was reinſtated in his poſts, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to ſupplant his competitor, and reinſtate himſelf in full poſſeſſion of his power, while the true cauſe of this ſurpriſing change, remained a ſecret, and was known only to a very few: nor has it yet been publickly divulged to the world.

Soon after the acceſſion of George the Firſt, it is well known the Whigs divided among themſelves, and ſplit into two parties in violent oppoſition

In the midſt of this buſtle, after viewing the ſtate of things, Swift ſeems to have had by no means the ſame ſanguine expectations that others of his party entertained; for he ſays in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, July 1, 1727.—"Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, becauſe I like none of them." And having ſome return of his diſorder, he once more reſolved for France,

oppoſition to each other, Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one ſide; Townſhend, Walpole, Devonſhire, and the Chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time that the former were victorious; and the diſcarded party, in reſentment, paid their court at Leiceſter-houſe. Walpole had thought of a particular meaſure to diſtreſs their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party; it was approved of, and ſome of them thought that the Prince ſhould be let into it; but Walpole would by no means agree to this, and in his uſual coarſe way, ſaid, That the Prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat a——d bitch would divulge the ſecret. By ſome means or other the Princeſs was informed of this; and it is to be ſuppoſed that the impreſſion which ſo groſs an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not eaſily to be eraſed. *Manet alta mente repoſtum*, &c. After the neceſſary buſineſs upon the new acceſſion had been finiſhed, the affair of the Queen's ſettlement, in caſe ſhe ſhould outlive the King, came on the carpet. Her Majeſty expected that it ſhould be at the rate of 100,000l. a year; but Sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60,000l. an ample proviſion, and as much as could be propoſed with any proſpect of ſucceſs. While this diſpute ſubſiſted, Sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the Queen privately by one of his confidents, that if he were Miniſter, he would undertake to ſecure to her the ſettlement ſhe demanded. Upon which the Queen ſent him back this remarkable anſwer; "Go tell Sir Robert that the fat a——d bitch has forgiven him." He was accordingly, ſoon after, by the well-known aſcendancy which the Queen had over the King, declared firſt Miniſter; and Sir Spencer Compton removed to the Upper Houſe, with the title of Earl of Wilmington.

This anecdote was communicated to me by the late Dr. Campbel, who was well known to have pried more into the ſecret ſprings of action, and to have had better opportunities of being informed of them, than moſt men of his time.

But,

But, as he ſays himſelf, he was with great vehemence diſſuaded from it by certain perſons, whom he could not diſobey. Theſe were Lord Bolingbroke, and Mrs. Howard. The former writes thus to him, in a letter June 24, 1727: "There would not be common ſenſe in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to ſtay there long enough to draw the ſole pleaſure and profit which I propoſe you ſhould have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much leſs ought you to think of ſuch an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England, is, I believe, fairly before you." Of what paſſed between him and Mrs. Howard, he gives the following account in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine: "In a few weeks after the King's death, I found myſelf not well, and was reſolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with ſome advantages and recommendations. But my friends adviſed me firſt to conſult Mrs. Howard, becauſe as they knew leſs of Courts than I, they were ſtrongly poſſeſſed that the promiſe made me might ſucceed, ſince a change was all I deſired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, ſince I had long done with Courts, not to uſe me like a Courtier, but give me her ſincere advice, which ſhe did, both in a letter, and to ſome friends. It was, "By all means not to go; it would look ſingular, and perhaps diſaffected; and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the Court towards me." Upon this Swift gave up his intended journey, and reſolved to wait the iſſue of the preſent conjuncture; though from his long acquaintance with Courts, and frequent diſappointments, he put no great confidence in the aſſurances given him. But he was ſoon obliged to alter his meaſures; for being attacked with a long and violent fit of his old complaint, and at the

ſame time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnſon had relapſed, with little hopes of her recovery, he ſet out for that kingdom, on the firſt abatement of his illneſs. Before his departure he took leave of the Queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologiſing for not doing it in perſon in the following paſſage: "I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and ſhall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me ſo far as to preſent my moſt humble duty to the Queen, and to deſcribe to her Majeſty my ſorrow, that my diſorder was of ſuch a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as ſhe was pleaſed to permit me. I ſhall paſs the remainder of my life with the utmoſt gratitude for her Majeſty's favours," &c.

On his arrival in Dublin he found Mrs. Johnſon in the laſt ſtage of a decay, without the ſmalleſt hope of her recovery. He had the miſery of attending her in this ſtate, and of daily ſeeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months; and in the month of January he was deprived, as he himſelf expreſſes it, of the trueſt, moſt virtuous, and valuable friend, that he, or perhaps any other perſon was ever bleſſed with. Such a loſs at his time of life was irreparable. She had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his conſtant companion for five-and-thirty years, with every merit towards him that it was poſſible for one human creature to have towards another. His whole plan of life was now changed, and with it all his domeſtic comforts vaniſhed. The only chance he could have had of enjoying the remainder of his days with any ſatisfaction, would have been the carrying into execution his propoſed removal to England, to live among his old friends; but he ſoon found that all expectations from that quarter were at an end. In this forlorn ſtate he found

found himself doomed to pass the remnant of his life in exile, in a country which was one of the last he would have chosen for his abode. But his spirit was too great to give way to despondence; and deprived as he was of the chief comforts which might alleviate the evils attendant on encreasing years; disappointed in the only view which could make him look forward with hopes of any satisfaction or enjoyment to himself; he turned his thoughts wholly to the good and happiness of others. With this view he entered more earnestly into a twofold scene of action: one with regard to the public at large; the other, with respect to private individuals. In the former, out of compassion to the blindness and infatuation of the people, he laid open, in a variety of publications, the chief sources of the distresses and miseries under which that unhappy country laboured; at the same time pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated, or removed. In the latter, he increased his attention to some of the best planned, and best conducted charities, that ever were supported from a private purse. In this respect, there probably was no man in the British dominions, who either gave so much in proportion to his fortune, or disposed of it to such advantage. From the time he was out of debt, after his settlement at the deanery, he divided his income into three equal shares. One of these he appropriated to his own immediate support, and his domestic expences; which, in those cheap times, with the aid of strict œconomy, enabled him to live in a manner perfectly agreeable to his own ideas, and not unsuitable to his rank. The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation at his death. And the third, he constantly disposed of in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed.

As

As he ſought out proper objects for this, with great caution and attention, truſting little to the repreſentation of others, but ſeeing every thing with his own eyes, perhaps no equal ſum diſpoſed of in that way was ever productive of ſo much good. There was one ſpecies of charity firſt ſtruck out by him, which was attended with the greateſt benefit to nnmbers of the loweſt claſs of tradeſmen. Soon after he was out of debt, the firſt five hundred pounds which he could call his own, he lent out to poor induſtrious tradeſmen in ſmall ſums of five, and ten pounds, to be repaid weekly, at two or four ſhillings, without intereſt. As the ſums thus weekly paid in, were lent out again to others at a particular day in each month, this quick circulation doubled the benefit ariſing from the original ſum. In order to inſure this fund from diminution, he laid it down as a rule that none ſhould be partakers of it, who could not give good ſecurity for the regular repayment of it in the manner propoſed: for it was a maxim with him, that any one known by his neighbours to be an honeſt, ſober, and induſtrious man, would readily find ſuch ſecurity; while the idle and diſſolute would by this means be excluded. Nor did they who entered into ſuch ſecurities run any great riſque; for if the borrower was not punctual in his weekly payments, immediate notice of it was ſent to them, who obliged him to be more punctual for the future. Thus did this fund continue undiminiſhed to the laſt; and ſmall as the ſpring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, ſtill extending and widening it's courſe. I have been well aſſured from different quarters, that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes, to the ſums firſt borrowed from this fund.

His

His reputation for wiſdom and integrity was ſo great, that he was conſulted by the ſeveral corporations in all matters relative to trade, and choſen umpire of any differences among them, nor was there ever any appeal from his ſentence. In a city where the police was perhaps on a worſe footing than that of any in Europe, he in a great meaſure ſupplied the deficiency, by his own perſonal authority, taking notice of all public nuiſances, and ſeeing them removed. He aſſumed the office of Cenſor General, which he rendered as formidable as that of ancient Rome. In ſhort, what by the acknowledged ſuperiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in ſerving the public, he obtained ſuch an aſcendancy over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen ever attained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of THE DEAN, given to him by way of pre-eminence, as it were by common conſent; and when THE DEAN was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the firſt and greateſt man in the kingdom. THE DEAN ſaid this; THE DEAN did that; whatever he ſaid or did was received as infallibly right; with the ſame degree of implicit credit given to it, as was paid to the Stagyrite of old, or to the modern Popes. We may judge of the greatneſs of his influence, from a paſſage in a letter of Lord Carteret to him, March 24, 1732, who was at that time Chief Governor of Ireland, "I know by experience how much the City of Dublin thinks itſelf under your protection; and how ſtrictly they uſed to obey all orders fulminated from the ſovereignty of St. Patrick's." And in the poſtſcript to another of March 24, 1736, he ſays, "When people aſk me how I governed Ireland? I ſay, that I pleaſed Dr. Swift."

But great as his popularity was, it was chiefly confined to the middling, and lower claſs of mankind. To the

the former of theſe his chief applications were made, upon a maxim of his own, "That the little virtue left in the world, is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty."

All of this claſs he had ſecured almoſt to a man. And by the lower ranks, and rabble in general, he was reverenced almoſt to adoration. They were poſſeſſed with an enthuſiaſtic love to his perſon, to protect which they would readily hazard their lives; yet on his appearance among them, they felt ſomething like a religious awe, as if in the preſence of one of a ſuperior order of beings. At the very ſight of him, when engaged in any riotous proceedings, they would inſtantly fly different ways, like ſchool-boys at the approach of their maſter; and he has been often known, with a word, and lifting up his arm, to diſperſe mobs, that would have ſtood the brunt of the Civil and Military power united.

As to the upper claſs of mankind, he looked upon them as incorrigible, and therefore had ſcarce any intercourſe with them. He ſays himſelf, that he had little perſonal acquaintance with any Lord Spiritual or Temporal in the kingdom; and he conſidered the Members of the Houſe of Commons in general, as a ſet of venal proſtitutes, who ſacrificed their principles, and betrayed the intereſts of their country, to gratify their ambition or avarice. With theſe he lived in a continued ſtate of warfare, making them feel ſeverely the ſharp ſtings of his ſatyr; while they, on the other hand, dreading, and therefore hating him more than any man in the world, endeavoured to retaliate on him by every ſpecies of obloquy.

During this period, his faculties do not ſeem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age,

and

and his poetical fountain, though not ſo exuberant as formerly, ſtill flowed in as clear and pure a ſtream. One of his laſt Pieces, Verſes on his own Death, is perhaps one of the moſt excellent of his compoſitions in that way. Nor are two of his other productions, written about the ſame time, entitled, "An Epiſtle to a Lady;" and "A Rhapſody on Poetry," inferior to any of his former Pieces. The two laſt were written chiefly with a view to gratify his reſentment to the Court, on account of ſome unworthy treatment he met with from that quarter. We have already ſeen, by what extraordinary advances on her part, he was allured to pay his attendance on the Princeſs, during his two laſt viſits to England; and the ſeemingly well founded expectations of his friends, that ſome marks of royal favour would be ſhewn him, both from the uncommonly good reception he had always met with, and the many aſſurances given to that effect. But from the time that the Princeſs mounted the throne, all this was forgot. Nor was this productive of any diſappointment to Swift, who had been too converſant with Courts, not to look upon the moſt favourable appearances there, with diſtruſt. Accordingly on his laſt return to Ireland, finding himſelf ſo utterly neglected by the Queen, as not even to receive ſome medals which ſhe had promiſed him, he gave up all hopes of that kind, and remained in a ſtate of perfect indifference with regard to it. But, when he found that his enemies had been buſy, inſtilling into the royal ear many prejudices againſt him, he entered upon his defence with his uſual ſpirit. Among other artifices employed to leſſen him in her Majeſty's eſteem, there were three forged letters delivered to the Queen ſigned with his name, written upon a very abſurd ſubject, and in a very unbecoming ſtyle, which ſhe either did, or affected to believe to be genuine. Swift

had notice of this from his friend Pope, who procured one of the original letters from the Counteſs of Suffolk, formerly Mrs. Howard, and ſent it to him. In his indignant anſwer to Pope on this occaſion, he has the following paſſages. "As for thoſe three letters you mention, ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the Queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name; I can only ſay, that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs: and God knows who is free from playing the fool ſometime or other. But in ſuch a degree as to write to the Queen, who has uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and to have ſo much zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind; and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her Majeſty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen draper's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe has a knack of verſifying; was to ſuppoſe, or fear, a folly ſo tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand, and why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, and yet ſign my name, is unaccountable. If the Queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb," &c.

In his letter to Mrs. Howard, then Counteſs of Suffolk, he ſays, "I find from ſeveral inſtances that I am under the Queen's diſpleaſure; and as it is uſual among Princes, without any manner of reaſon. I am told, there were three letters ſent to her Majeſty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and ſoliciting for a ſubſcription to her poems. It ſeems, the

Queen

Queen thinks that theſe letters were written by me; and I ſcorn to defend myſelf even to her Majeſty, grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe: eſpecially when the laſt of thoſe letters, whereof I have juſt received the original from Mr. Pope, was ſigned with my name: and why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am ſenſible I owe a great deal of this uſage to Sir Robert Walpole," *&c.* In this, as well as many other paſſages of his letters at that time, we ſee he attributes the ill offices done him with the Queen, chiefly to Walpole; and accordingly he determined to keep no farther meaſures with him, but gave full ſcope to his reſentment, in thoſe Poems, as well as ſeveral other Pieces publiſhed afterwards. Upon the firſt appearance of the two Poems, entitled An Epiſtle to a Lady, and A Rhapſody on Poetry, Walpole was exaſperated to the higheſt degree. The editor, printer, and publiſhers, were all taken up, and proſecutions commenced againſt them. As he had full proof that Swift was the author, in his firſt tranſport of paſſion, he determined to get him into his clutches, and wreak his chief vengeance on him *. With this

* Theſe poems were ſent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by one Pilkington, in order that ſhe might make what advantage ſhe could by the ſale of them, being a woman of merit, rather in diſtreſſed circumſtances. This Pilkington at the ſame time carried letters of recommendation from Swift to Alderman Barber, Lord Mayor elect, by whom, in conſequence of ſuch recommendation, he was appointed City Chaplain. Yet this man had the baſeneſs to turn informer againſt his patron and benefactor, as the author, and Mrs. Barber, as the editor: who thereupon was confined for ſome time in the houſe of a King's Meſſenger. But, as upon examination, the Gentlemen of the Long Robe could diſcover nothing in the poems that could come under the denomination of a Libel, or incur any legal puniſhment, ſhe and the publiſhers were releaſed, and the proſecution dropt.

view he had ordered a warrant to be made out by the Secretary of State, for apprehending Swift, and bringing him over to be tried in London. The meſſenger was in waiting ready to be diſpatched on this errand, when luckily a friend of Walpole's, who was better acquainted with the ſtate of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the Dean was held there, accidentally entered, and upon enquiry, being informed of his purpoſe, coolly aſked him what army was to accompany the meſſenger, and whether he had at that time ten thouſand men to ſpare, for he could aſſure him no leſs a number would be able to bring the Drapier out of the kingdom by force. Upon this Walpole recovered his ſenſes, and luckily for the Meſſenger, as well as himſelf, dropped the deſign. For had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin, and attempted to execute his commiſſion, he would moſt aſſuredly have been immediately hanged by the mob: and this might have involved the two countries in a conteſt, which it was by no means the intereſt of a Miniſter to engage in.

But, whatever gratification it might have been to his ambitious ſpirit, to ſee himſelf raiſed by the voluntary ſuffrages of his countrymen, to a rank beyond the power of Monarchs to beſtow; to find himſelf conſidered by all as the firſt man in the realm; the general object of veneration to all who wiſhed well to their country, and of dread to thoſe who betrayed its intereſts; yet he was far from being at all ſatisfied with his ſituation. The load of oppreſſion under which Ireland groaned, from the tyrannic ſyſtem of government over that country, eſtabliſhed by the falſe politics of England; the baſe corruption of ſome of the principal natives, who ſacrificed the publick intereſts to their private views; the ſupineneſs of others ariſing from deſpondency; the general infatuation of the richer ſort, in adopting certain modes and cuſtoms

to the laſt degree ruinous to their country; together with the miſeries of the poor, and the univerſal face of penury and diſtreſs that overſpread a kingdom, on which nature had ſcattered her bounties with a laviſh hand, and which properly uſed, might have rendered it one of the happieſt regions in the world: all theſe acted as perpetual corroſives to the free and generous ſpirit of Swift, and kept him from poſſeſſing his ſoul in peace. We have many inſtances in his letters, written at that time, of the violent irritation of his mind on theſe accounts. In one of them he ſays, "I find myſelf diſpoſed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo ignoble, that it deſcends even to reſent the folly and baſeneſs of the enſlaved people among whom I live." And in the ſame letter to Lord Bolingbroke, he ſays, "But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and ſo I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſoned rat in a hole." In one to Pope, ſpeaking of his letters, he ſays, "None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men, by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life: while I am raging every moment againſt the corruptions in both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs. And in one to Dr. Sheridan, when he ſeemed under the dominion of a more than ordinary fit of his ſpleen, he tells him that he had juſt finiſhed his will, in which he had requeſted that the Doctor would attend his body to Holyhead, to ſee it interred there, for, ſays he, I will not lie in a country of ſlaves. This habit of mind grew upon him immediately after the loſs of the amiable Stella, whoſe lenient hand uſed to pour the balm of friendſhip on his wounded ſpirit. With her vaniſhed all his domeſtic enjoyments, and of courſe he turned his thoughts more

to publick affairs; in the contemplation of which, he could ſee nothing but what ſerved to increaſe the malady. The advances of old-age, with all its attendant infirmities; the death of almoſt all his old friends; the frequent returns of his moſt diſpiriting maladies, deafneſs and giddineſs; and above all, the dreadful apprehenſions that he ſhould outlive his underſtanding, * made life ſuch a burden to him, that he had no hope left but in a ſpeedy diſſolution, which was the object of his daily prayer to the Almighty.

About the year 1736, his memory was greatly impaired, and his other faculties of imagination and intellect decayed, in proportion as the ſtores from which they were ſupplied diminiſhed. When the underſtanding was ſhaken from its ſeat, and reaſon had given up the reins, the iraſcible paſſions, which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without controul, and made him a torment to himſelf, and to all who were about him. An unuſually long fit of deafneſs, attended with giddineſs, which laſted almoſt a year, had diſqualified him wholly for converſation, and made him loſe all reliſh for ſociety. Conſcious of his ſituation, he was little deſirous of ſeeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little ſolicitous to viſit him in that deplorable ſtate. He could now no longer amuſe himſelf with writing; and a reſolution he had formed of never wearing ſpectacles, to which he obſtinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amuſements of any kind, thus did his time paſs

* Dr. Young has recorded an inſtance of this, where he relates, that walking out with Swift and ſome others about a mile from Dublin, he ſuddenly miſſed the Dean, who had ſtaid behind the reſt of the company. He turned back in order to know the occaſion of it; and found Swift at ſome diſtance gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, whoſe head had been blaſted; upon Young's approach he pointed to it, ſaying, "I ſhall be like that tree, I ſhall die firſt at the top."

heavily along; not one white day in the Calendar, not one hour of comfort, nor did even a ray of hope pierce through the gloom. The ſtate of his mind is ſtrongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway. "I have been very miſerable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am ſo ſtupid and confounded, that I cannot expreſs the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can ſay is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly underſtand one word I write. I am ſure my days will be very few; few and miſerable they muſt be. I am for thoſe few days,

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, Yours entirely,
July 26, 1740. J. SWIFT.

Not long after the date of this letter, his underſtanding failed to ſuch a degree, that it was found neceſſary to have guardians legally appointed to take care of his perſon and eſtate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy, which continued ſome months, and then he ſunk into a ſtate of idiocy, which laſted to his death. He died October 29, 1745.

The behaviour of the citizens on this occaſion, gave the ſtrongeſt proof of the deep impreſſion he had made on their minds. Though he had been, for ſo many years, to all intents and purpoſes dead to the world, and his departure from that ſtate ſeemed a thing rather to be wiſhed than deplored, yet no ſooner was his death announced, than the citizens gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the houſe, to pay the laſt tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard all around the quarter where he lived, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who firſt got into the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to the ſervants, locks of his

hair, to be handed down as ſacred relicks to their poſterity.* And ſo eager were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in leſs than an hour, his venerable head was entirely ſtripped of all its ſilver ornaments, ſo that not a hair remained. He was buried in the moſt private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aiſle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and by way of monument, a ſlab of black marble was placed againſt the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin Epitaph, written by himſelf.

Hic depoſitum eſt corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus Eccleſiæ Cathedralis
Decani:
Ubi ſæva indignatio
Ulterius cor lacerare nequit.
Abi, viator,
Et imitare, ſi poteris,
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit anno (1745)
Menſis (Octobris) die (19)
Ætatis anno (78.)

SECTION VI.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS *of* SWIFT.

HAVING now conducted Swift from his cradle to his grave, and preſented to view, in a regular ſeries, the moſt remarkable ſcenes of his publick life; I have pur-

* Yea beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue. SHAKESPEARE.

poſely

poſely reſerved to this place the greater part of ſuch Private Memoirs, as were not meant to meet the publick eye, in order that I might arrange them alſo in an uninterrupted train. Nothing has more excited the curioſity of mankind at all times, than that deſire which prevails of prying into the ſecret actions of great and illuſtrious characters; ariſing in ſome, from a too general ſpirit of envy, which hopes to find ſomething in their private conduct that may ſully the luſtre of their publick fame, and ſo bring them down more to a level with themſelves: and in others, of a more candid diſpoſition, that they might form right judgments of their real characters; as too many, like actors in a theatre, only aſſume one when they appear on the ſtage of the world, which they put off, together with their robes and plumes, when retired to the dreſſing room. But as the readers of the former ſort, are infinitely more numerous, in order to gratify their taſte, as well, perhaps, as their own congenial diſpoſition, the Writers of ſuch Memoirs are too apt to lean to the malevolent ſide, and deal rather in the more ſaleable commodity of obloquy and ſcandal, high ſeaſoned to the taſte of vitiated palates, than in the milder and more inſipid food of truth and panegyric. Many have been the miſrepreſentations made of Swift, from this uncharitable ſpirit; and though moſt of them have been proved to be ſuch by his defenders, yet there are ſeveral ſtill left in a ſtate of doubt and uncertainty, through the want of proper information. Among theſe there is no article about which the world is ſtill left ſo much in the dark, as his amours. A ſubject, which, in one of his ſingular character, is more likely to excite curioſity than any other. We know there were two ladies, repreſented by him as the moſt accompliſhed of their ſex, adorned with all the charms and graces, both of perſon and mind, that might penetrate the moſt obdurate breaſt, whoſe hearts were

wholly devoted to him. We know too that he had a juſt ſenſe of their value, that he lived on terms of the cloſeſt friendſhip with both, but it does not appear that he ever made a ſuitable return of love to either.

As his conduct towards theſe two celebrated ladies, Stella and Vaneſſa, ſeems to be wrapped up in the darkeſt ſhades of any part of his hiſtory, and has given riſe to various conjectures, which yet have produced no ſatisfactory ſolution of the doubts which it has occaſioned; I ſhall endeavour, by collecting ſome ſcattered rays from different parts of his Works, and adding other lights which have come to my knowledge, to diſperſe the myſterious gloom with which this ſubject ſeems to have been inveloped, and put the whole in a clear point of view. In order to this, it will be neceſſary, in the firſt place, to form a judgment how Swift ſtood affected towards the female ſex, either from conſtitution, or reflection. With regard to the former, he ſeems to have been of a very cold habit, and little ſpurred on by any impulſe of deſire: and as to the latter, he appears in the early part of his life to have had little inclination to enter into the married ſtate, and afterwards to have had a fixed diſlike to it.

His ſentiments on this head are fully diſplayed in the following letter to a kinſman of his, written in the 24th year of his age.

To the Revd. Mr. JOHN KENDALL, &c. *

SIR, February 11, 1691.

"IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning, which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion, ſince it is what I have heard from more than one, in and about

* Vicar of Thornton in Leiceſterſhire. Dr. Swift was at this time with Sir William Temple, at Sheen.

Leiceſter.

Leiceſter. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe your's to be real, ſo I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cauſe to believe it pretended; though I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill beſtowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great proſpects of making my fortune, on which as your kindneſs only looks on the beſt ſide, ſo my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the ſubject of your letter. I ſhall ſpeak plainly to you, that the very ordinary obſervations I made with going half a mile beyond the Univerſity, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I ſettle my fortune in the world, which I am ſure will not be in ſome years; and even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other world. How all that ſuits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may eaſily imagine, when you know there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed; and when I am alone turns all, for want of practice, into ſpeculation and thought; inſomuch, that theſe ſeven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of ſubjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it which a perſon of great honour in Ireland (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind) uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love, or converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way; and, I profeſs, without any other deſign than that of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſome-

thing goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worſt a harmleſs impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take ſober reſolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps, in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am when I am going to chooſe for a wife: and, though the cunning ſharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to *top* upon myſelf. And truly, if you knew how metaphyſical I am that way, you would little fear I ſhould venture on one who has given ſo much occaſion to tongues: for, though the people is a lying ſort of beaſt (and I think in Leiceſter above all parts that I was in) yet they ſeldom talk without ſome glimpſe of a reaſon, which I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I am) to be a ſufficient cauſe for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young Gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themſelves by marrying (which I aſſure you is a great number) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant ſcholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every ſilk petticoat includes an angel; or elſe theſe have been a ſort of honeſt young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a miſery on themſelves and poſterity, by an over-acting modeſty. I think I am very far excluded from liſting under either of theſe heads. I confeſs I have known one or two men of ſenſe enough, who, inclined to frolicks, have married and ruined themſelves out of a maggot; but a thouſand houſhold thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances

chances to come there, will, I am ſure, fright me from that; beſide that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which uſually produces thoſe effects. Your hints at particular ſtories I do not underſtand; and having never heard them but ſo hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to ſhew you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be ſuch as that my friends need not be aſhamed of the name. I ſhould not have behaved myſelf after that manner I did in Leiceſter, if I had not valued my own entertainment, beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leiceſter to be, and ſo I content myſelf with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and ſo, with my ſervice to your good wife, I am, good Couſin,

Your very affectionate friend and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

This letter was an anſwer to one from Mr. Kendall, in which he informs him of the reports ſpread at Leiceſter that he had paid ſerious addreſſes there to an unworthy object, and which Swift therefore thought required this explicit anſwer *. Here we ſee that he had no other idea of gallantry with the ſex, than what ſerved for mere amuſement; that he had rather a dread of matrimony,

* Swift makes the following mention of this affair in a letter to Mr. Worral, written on a particular occaſion in the year 1728-9 — "When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, ſhe brought me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I ſhould be in love with her; but when I went to London, ſhe married an inn keeper in Loughborough, in that county. This woman (my miſtreſs with a pox) left ſeveral children who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name," &c.

What follows is immaterial to the preſent ſubject,

and

and that he had never engaged in illicit amours, from which he claims no merit, but imputes it to his being *naturally* of a *temperate conſtitution*. This ingenuous letter, written at the moſt vigorous time of life, will ſerve as a clue to his conduct towards women ever after.

The only inſtance that appears of his having any ſerious thoughts of matrimony, was with regard to a Miſs Waryng, a Lady of the North of Ireland, poſſeſſed of a moderate fortune. The circumſtances of that affair are laid open in the following letter to that Lady, written by Swift in the year 1700, when he was in his 33d year.

Madam, Dublin, May 4, 1700.

"I AM extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in ſome years, and I was in hopes you had ſtill continued ſo. God forbid I ſhould ever be the occaſion of creating more troubles to you, as you ſeem to intimate! The letter you deſired me to anſwer, I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required it; however, ſince you are pleaſed to repeat thoſe particulars wherein you deſired ſatisfaction, I ſhall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that ſudden turn, as to alter the ſtile of my letters ſince I laſt came over. If there has been that alteration you obſerve, I have told you the cauſe abundance of times. I had uſed a thouſand endeavours and arguments, to get you from the company and place you are in; both on the account of your health and humour, which I thought were likely to ſuffer very much in ſuch an air, and before ſuch examples. All I had in anſwer from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and ſometimes in a ſtile ſo very imperious, as I thought might have been ſpared, when I reflected how much you had been in the

wrong.

wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of ſtile be owing to the thoughts of a new miſtreſs. I declare, upon the word of a Chriſtian and a Gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other perſon but yourſelf. I had ever an opinion that you had a great ſweetneſs of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as neceſſary before a lover; but I have ſince obſerved in abundance of your letters ſuch marks of a ſevere indifference, that I began to think it was hardly poſſible for one of my few good qualities to pleaſe you. I never knew any ſo hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the intereſt and concern are entirely your own; all which, I ſay, paſſed eaſily while we were in the ſtate of formalities and ceremony; but, ſince that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common eſteem and friendſhip for me.

"When I deſired an account of your fortune, I had no ſuch deſign as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common ſenſe, to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to. I aſked, in order to conſider whether it were ſufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour eaſy in a married ſtate. I think it comes to almoſt a hundred pounds a year; and I think at the ſame time that no young woman in the world, of the ſame income, would dwindle away their health and life in ſuch a ſink, and among ſuch family converſation; neither have all your letters been once able to perſuade that you have the leaſt value for me, becauſe you ſo little regarded what I ſo often ſaid upon that matter. The diſmal account you ſay I have given of my livings, I can aſſure you to be a true one; and, ſince it is a diſmal one even in your

your own opinion, you can beſt draw conſequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the Deanery; but the place of reſidence for that they have given him, is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a houſe at Trim, or build one on the ſpot: the firſt is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at preſent. For coming down to Belfaſt, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is ſo cloſe, and ſo much required of me; but our government ſits very looſe, and I believe will change in a few months; whether our part will partake in the change, I know not, though I am very apt to believe it; and then I ſhall be at leiſure for a ſhort journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will before that time perſuade you from the place where you are. I deſire my ſervice to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cauſe to reſent your deſires of me in that caſe, than you have to be angry at my refuſals. If you like ſuch company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwiſe. My uncle Adam aſked me one day in private, as by direction, what my deſigns were in relation to you, becauſe it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The anſwer I gave him (which I ſuppoſe he has ſent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no hindrance to you; becauſe the reaſon you urged againſt a union with me was drawn from indiſpoſition, which ſtill continued; that you alſo thought my fortune not ſufficient, which is neither at preſent in a condition to offer you: That, if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would preſer you above all your ſex; but that, in the preſent condition of both, I

thought

thought it was againſt your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: that, had you any other offers which your friends or yourſelf thought more to your advantage, I ſhould think I were very unjuſt to be an obſtacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have anſwered it. I deſire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwiſe than it was when you told me the Doctors adviſed you againſt marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domeſtic affairs, with an income of leſs (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a year? Have you ſuch an inclination to my perſon and humour, as to comply with my deſires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in thoſe methods I ſhall direct for the improvement of your mind, ſo as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miſerable when we are neither viſiting nor viſited? Can you bend your love and eſteem and indifference to others the ſame way as I do mine? Shall I have ſo much power in your heart, or you ſo much government of your paſſions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a—? Have you ſo much good-nature as to endeavour by ſoft words to ſmooth any rugged humour occaſioned by the croſs accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your huſband is thrown, be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In ſhort, theſe are ſome of the neceſſary methods to pleaſe men, who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a perſon thus made, I ſhould be proud in giving all due returns toward making her happy. Theſe are the queſtions I have always reſolved to propoſe to her with whom I meant to paſs my life; and whenever you can heartily anſwer them in the affirmative,

firmative, I ſhall be bleſſed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your perſon be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanlineſs in the firſt, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I deſire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it ſhould be of my own; though I ſhould not bear from a wife to be reproached for the greateſt.

"I have ſaid all I can poſſibly ſay in anſwer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I ſingled you out at firſt from the reſt of women; and I expect not to be uſed like a common lover. When you think fit to ſend me an anſwer to this, without ——, I ſhall then approve myſelf, by all means you ſhall command,

Madam,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

From the contents of this letter, it is apparent, that whatever inclination he might formerly have had to a union with this Lady, it was now much changed; and his view in writing it, ſeems evidently to have been to put an end to the connection, but in ſuch a way, as that the refuſal might come from the Lady. For it was impoſſible to ſuppoſe that a woman of any ſpirit (and from ſome hints in the letter ſhe ſeemed to have rather more than came to her ſhare) ſhould not highly reſent ſuch an unlover-like epiſtle, written in ſo dictatorial a ſtyle. And it is highly probable that the little ſtomach which he at all times had to matrimony, was a ſtronger motive to breaking off the match, than any of the newly diſcovered faults laid to her charge. His attachment to this Lady was in conſequence of a juvenile paſſion commenced when he was in the College. She

was

was ſiſter to his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, and a familiar intercourſe naturally followed. It is certain a correſpondence had been carried on between them for ſome time in the ſtile of courtſhip; but a few years abſence cool'd the ardour of his flame, which, together with ſome circumſtances alluded to in the above letter, made him wiſh to put an end to the connection. I have in my poſſeſſion a letter of his, which was never yet printed, addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, dated from Moor-park, 1698. Wherein ſome ſlight mention is made of this affair, and which manifeſtly ſhews his indifference at that time, in the following paſſage: "I remember theſe letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. Pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an abſent lover; but I muſt take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me." After theſe we have no memorial remaining of his being attached to any of the fair ſex, except Mrs. Johnſon and Miſs Vanhomrigh, known to the world by the celebrated names of Stella, and Vaneſſa. We have already ſeen how his acquaintance with Stella commenced at an early period of her life, and the ſhare that he had in training her up to that degree of perfection which ſhe afterwards reached. It is no wonder that his admiration of his lovely pupil ſhould increaſe with her growing perfections, and that it ſhould produce the ſtrongeſt attachment to one of the fineſt pieces of nature's workmanſhip, finiſhed and poliſhed to the height by his own hand. But though his affection for her daily increaſed, during a long habitude of intercourſe with one of the moſt charming companions in the world, perfectly ſuited in all points to his taſte and humour, yet had it no mixture in it of the paſſion of love, but was rather the tenderneſs of a parent to a favourite child.

His

His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd,
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.

For the truth of this he appeals to Stella herſelf in one of his Poems addreſſed to her.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.

Nor was there any thing uncommon in this. We find that even among young people bred up together from childhood, the paſſion of love ſeldom appears; and much leſs likely is it to take place where there is ſuch a diſparity of years. It has been already ſhewn what punctilious caution he took to prevent any appearance of that ſort, by never converſing with her but in the preſence of a third perſon, which was uſually her companion Mrs. Dingley. But not long after her ſettlement in Ireland, he gave the moſt unequivocal proof of what his ſentiments were with regard to her on that point. It was impoſſible that ſo charming an object ſhould long remain without inſpiring ſome of her beholders with love. Accordingly an intimate friend of Swift's, of the name of Tiſdal, not undiſtinguiſhed for learning and wit, was ſo captivated with the beauties both of her perſon and mind, that he paid his addreſſes to her, and made propoſals of marriage.

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The account of this tranſaction, and the part that Swift bore in it, is ſet forth at large in the following letter written by him to Tiſdal on that ſubject.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. TISDAL.

London, April 20, 1704.

"YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjuſt: you ſay it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two firſt, I ſuppoſe, may paſs but for one, ſaving (as Capt. *Fluellin* ſays) the phraſe is a little *variations*. I ſhall therefore anſwer thoſe two as I can; and for the laſt, I return it you again by theſe preſents, aſſuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one ſtrain I obſerve in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a myſtical ſort of a way, as if you would have me believe I had ſome great deſign, and that you had found it out: your phraſes are, that my letter had the effect you judge I deſigned; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cauſe of it; and wiſh it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, *&c.* In anſwer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk ſtarchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obſtructed your inſinuations to pleaſe my own, and that my intentions were the ſame with yours. In anſwer to all which, I will upon my conſcience and honour tell you the naked truth. Firſt, I think I have ſaid to you before, that if my fortunes and humour ſerved me to think of that ſtate, I ſhould certainly, among all perſons on earth, make your choice;

becauſe I never ſaw that perſon whoſe converſation I entirely valued but her's; this was the utmoſt I ever gave way to. And, ſecondly, I muſt aſſure you ſincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your riſing in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourſelf and her happy and eaſy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at preſent; and by the aſſurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not ſufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent ſtep. However, I told the mother immediately, and ſpoke with all the advantages you deſerve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor ſhall any conſideration of my own misfortune, in loſing ſo good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me againſt her intereſt and ſettlement in the world, ſince it is held ſo neceſſary and convenient a thing for Ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the luſtre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herſelf, whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I deſigned to act in it was purely paſſive, which is the utmoſt I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill conſequence, that may enſue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay I went ſo far both to her mother, herſelf, and, I think to you, as to ſay it could not be decently broken; ſince I ſuppoſed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miſcarry without ſome diſadvantage to the Lady's credit. I have always deſcribed her to you in a manner different from thoſe, who would be diſcouraging; and muſt add, that though

It hath come in my way to converſe with perſons of the firſt rank, and of that ſex, more than is uſual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have no where met with a humour, a wit, or converſation ſo agreeable, a better portion of good ſenſe, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the Ladies of Ireland, I am a perfect ſtranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and, if you reſume your deſigns, and would have farther intelligence, I ſhall ſend you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and ſettlement, the reverſe of which hath been the great uneaſineſs of my life, and is likely to continue ſo. And what is the reſult? *En queis conſevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wiſhes of a decayed Miniſtry, whoſe lives and mine will probably wear out before they can ſerve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am reſolved ſuddenly to retire, like a diſcontented courtier, and vent myſelf in ſtudy and ſpeculation, till my own humour, or the ſcene here, ſhall change."

I have here inſerted the whole of this letter, both as it contains a candid diſplay of Swift's ſentiments on this occaſion, and is a ſtrong confutation of the account given of it by his relation Deane Swift, in his Eſſay, &c. part of which I ſhall here tranſcribe, where ſpeaking of Mr. Tiſdal he ſays—"This Gentleman declared his paſſion, and made her propoſals of marriage. Now whether it was artifice in Mrs. Johnſon to rouze affections in the adamantine heart of her admired object; or whether it was a reach of policy in Dr. Swift, to acquaint Mrs. Johnſon by ſuch indirect means that he had no intention of engaging himſelf in a married life; or whether in truth there was any kind of artifice uſed

on either ſide, I proteſt I am wholly a ſtranger, &c.— Mrs. Johnſon diſcovered no repugnancy to the match, but ſtill ſhe would be adviſed by Doctor Swift. The Doctor, perhaps, loth to be ſeparated from ſo delightful a companion, threw an obſtacle in the way that was not to be ſurmounted. This Gentleman had a benefice in the church of a conſiderable value, about a hundred miles from Dublin, which required his attendance. Dr. Swift, in order to bring matters to a final iſſue, made him an overture that he ſhould ſettle upon his wife a hundred pounds a year for pin-money. The lover indeed, although extremely captivated with the charms of his miſtreſs, was by no means delighted with this propoſal; he deſired however that he might have a night's time to conſider of it; and the next morning, contrary to expectation, he agreed to the terms. Swift, never at a loſs for ſome uncommon flight of imagination, inſiſted farther that he ſhould live in Dublin, and keep a coach for his wife. The Gentleman had more honour than to promiſe what he could not perform; the match was accordingly broken off: in a ſhort time after the Doctor's friend married a woman of family, and there was an end of the affair." In what a mean ſelfiſh light does this fabricated account place Swift! how different from the genuine one delivered by himſelf! and that too drawn up by a kinſman, who writ profeſſedly to vindicate his character. But the match was not broken off by any artifice of Swift's, to which he was at all times ſuperior. The refuſal came from Mrs. Johnſon herſelf, who, though ſhe might at firſt have ſhewn no repugnance to it, probably with a view to ſound Swift's ſentiments, and bring him to ſome explanation with regard to her; yet when it came to the point, ſhe could not give up the hope long nouriſhed in her boſom, of being one day united to the object

of

of her virgin heart, and whom ſhe conſidered as the firſt of mankind. From that time we do not find that ſhe ever encouraged any other addreſſes, and her life ſeemed wholly devoted to him. She paſſed her days from the year 1703 to 1710, in the moſt perfect retirement, without any other enjoyment in life but what ſhe found in the pleaſure of his ſociety, or in reading. Their mode of living was this: when the Doctor was abſent on his viſits to England, ſhe and her companion took up their reſidence at his parſonage houſe at Laracor, in the neighbourhood of Trim, a ſmall town about 20 miles diſtant from Dublin. When he returned, they either retired to a lodging at Trim, or were hoſpitably received in the houſe of Dr. Raymond, Vicar of that pariſh. Swift grew ſo enamoured of this courſe of life, that he ſeemed to wiſh for nothing more than a continuance of it. The charming ſociety and delightful converſation of the amiable and accompliſhed Stella, had, by long habitude, become eſſential to his happineſs, and made him loſe all reliſh for every other enjoyment of life, when abſent from her. All the more vigorous ſprings of his mind were relaxed and loſt their tone; and even the powerful paſſions of ambition, and deſire of wealth, were wholly abſorbed in this truly voluptuous ſtate, wherein was conſtantly mixed

The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul.

A ſtate of true epicurean happineſs, and a ſource of pleaſures beyond the conception of the ſenſualiſt, which, far from cloying, ſtill encreaſe by enjoyment, and which can only be the portion of the more exalted minds, and refined ſpirits of this world. It is certain that Swift's ſoul was ſo intangled by theſe charms, of a different kind indeed, but not leſs powerful than

thoſe of Circe, that it was with the utmoſt reluctance he diſengaged himſelf from them, though but for a ſhort time; nor could any thing but a ſenſe of duty, and a deſire of ſerving the church, make him accept of a commiſſion for that purpoſe, which occaſioned his journey to London in September, 1710. In his firſt letter to Mrs. Johnſon, on his arrival at Cheſter, he ſays—"I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion, whether it ſucceeds or not. I never went to England with ſo little deſire in my life." In the January following he ſays—"Farewell, deareſt beloved MD, and love poor poor Preſto*, who has not had one happy day ſince he left you, as hope ſaved. It is the laſt ſally I ſhall ever make, but I hope it will turn to ſome account. I would make MD and me eaſy, and I never deſired more." And in ſome months after, he expreſſes his impatience of this long abſence in the ſtrongeſt terms; where addreſſing himſelf to Stella, he ſays—"You ſay you are not ſplenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor Preſto's ——, I won't ſay the reſt; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all ſchemes of politics and ambition for ever." In the whole courſe of his letters it appears that not all the homage paid him by the great, the ſociety of the choiceſt ſpirits of the age, and the friendſhip of ſome of the worthieſt characters of both ſexes; not the daily increaſe and ſpreading of his fame, and the moſt flattering proſpects before him of fortune and preferment, could compenſate for the want of that companion, who was the ſupreme delight of his heart. In the midſt of all theſe he tells her, that his beſt days here are traſh to thoſe which he paſſed with her. In order to ſoften in ſome meaſure the rigour of abſence, he had ſettled a plan at parting, that they ſhould keep a regular journal, in which they ſhould ſet down the tranſactions

* MD ſtands for Stella, and Preſto for Swift.

of

of the day, and once a fortnight tranſmit it to each other. The writing and receiving of theſe conſtituted the chief pleaſure of his life during his reſidence in England. It was his firſt employment, when he awoke in the morning; the laſt, before he cloſed his eyes at night. He makes frequent mention of the great ſatisfaction he finds in this kind of intercourſe. In his Journal, January 16, 1711, he ſays—"Preſto's at home, God help him, every night from ſix till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleaſure in life at preſent, as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the Miniſtry. As hope ſaved, nothing gives Preſto any ſort of dream of happineſs, but a letter now and then from his own deareſt MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myſelf that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too: it is juſt, methinks, as if you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been," *&c.* And in another place "When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me ſo here, and I can hardly imagine you abſent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are juſt here upon this little paper, and therefore I ſee and talk with you every evening conſtantly, and ſometimes in the morning," *&c.*

This mode of intercourſe, during their ſeparation, was adopted by him upon the ſame cautious principle, by which he regulated his conduct towards her, when he lived in the ſame place with her. As he had never truſted himſelf alone with her then, but always converſed with her, as was before obſerved, in the preſence of ſome third perſon, ſo his Journals were conſtantly addreſſed to both Ladies, and were anſwered by both in the ſame letter. Had he entered into a ſeparate correſpondence with Mrs. Johnſon, it would be hardly poſſible to avoid coming to ſome explanation, that muſt

either have ended in an abſolute engagement, or put a period to all expectation of that ſort: both which, from ſome maxims laid down by him, it was his buſineſs to avoid. In this way of writing too, he might give a looſe to all expreſſions of endearment and tenderneſs, with which his heart overflowed for one of the objects, without at the ſame time giving her a right to apply them ſolely to herſelf, as they were addreſſed to both. Accordingly we find, interſperſed through the Journal, ſeveral paſſages containing the warmeſt effuſions of affection, which the utmoſt ſenſibility of heart could pour forth. Among many others, I ſhall quote a few of theſe, as they occur in the early part of his Journal. "And ſo you kept Preſto's little birth-day, I warrant: would to God I had been preſent at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleaſure, nothing but eternal buſineſs on my hands. I ſhall grow wiſe in time, but no more of that: only I ſay, Amen, with my heart and vitals, that we may never be aſunder again, ten days together, while poor Preſto lives." "Do as you pleaſe, and love poor Preſto, that loves M. D. better than his life, a thouſand million of times." "You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's ſake, as hope ſaved." "Farewell, my deareſt lives, and delights; I love you better than ever, if poſſible, as hope ſaved I do, and ever will. God Almighty bleſs you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers." "I will ſay no more, but beg you to be eaſy till fortune takes her courſe, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my purſuits." Though expreſſions of this ſort are in general addreſſed to both theſe Ladies, yet it is certain that Mrs. Johnſon muſt have conſidered

them as meant only to herſelf; for the other Lady, Mrs. Dingley, was far from meriting any ſhare in Swift's eſteem or affection. She was merely one of the common run of women, of a middling underſtanding, without knowledge or taſte; and ſo entirely ſelfiſh, as to be incapable of any ſincere friendſhip, or warm attachment. In ſhort, ſhe was perfectly calculated to anſwer Swift's purpoſes in the poſt ſhe occupied, that of an inſeparable companion to Mrs. Johnſon: and the narrowneſs of her circumſtances, which conſiſted only of an annuity of twenty-ſeven pounds a year, too little to ſupport her without the aſſiſtance of a yearly allowance from Swift, kept her in a fixed ſtate of dependence, and conformity to his will. No wonder therefore that Mrs. Johnſon always entertained expectations that Swift would offer her his hand, as ſoon as a ſufficient encreaſe of fortune would enable him to do it with prudence. While, on the other hand, Swift cautiouſly avoided any declaration of that ſort, which might be conſtrued into a promiſe, and left himſelf at liberty to interpret his ſtrongeſt expreſſions of attachment, as proceeding wholly from friendſhip, and a warmth of pure affection, which had been encreaſing from her early age, and ſettled into what might be conſidered as a parental fondneſs. To enter thoroughly into the motives of this conduct, we are to recollect that Swift always had in remembrance the imprudent match made by his father, which left his widow and children in ſo deſolate a condition. The miſeries he had ſuffered during a long ſtate of dependence, even to an advanced period of his life, made ſo deep an impreſſion on his mind, that he determined never to marry, unleſs his fortune were ſuch, as might enable him to make a ſuitable proviſion for his wife, or any offſpring he might have by her. As he had no great propenſity

to

to the marriage ſtate, on ſeveral accounts before-mentioned, he found no difficulty in keeping this reſolution; yet it is highly probable, at the time of his writing this part of the Journal, he had a diſtant view of being united ſome time or other in the bands of wedlock to Mrs. Johnſon, whenever his expected preferment in the Church, and ſufficient increaſe of fortune ſhould render it eligible. For, though he might himſelf have been perfectly content to have paſſed the reſt of his life with her, in the ſame manner as before, on the pure Platonic ſyſtem; yet it could not eſcape his penetration, that ſhe had other views, and felt a paſſion for him not quite ſo refined. And the charms of her ſociety had become ſo eſſential to his happineſs, that rather than run a riſk of loſing it, he would purchaſe it even at the price of matrimony, provided it could be done conſiſtently with the unalterable reſolution he had laid down.

But while Swift's thoughts were thus employed, and all his views in life tended to this point, as to their center, an event happened which unhinged his mind, and filled his boſom with a diſturbance, which all his philoſophy could never calm, and which was the ſource of much diſquiet to him ever after in life. This aroſe from that all-powerful paſſion, which the greateſt heroes, and moſt renowned ſages, have not been able to withſtand, I mean, love. Hitherto he had been ſo much upon his guard againſt that dangerous paſſion, that he was invulnerable to all its open attacks, even in the prime of youth; but now in his advanced age, betrayed by the confidence which that inſpired, he was taken by ſurpriſe. Among the great number of his friends in London, whoſe doors were always open to him, there was none whoſe houſe he ſo conſtantly frequented as that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, which he made

uſe

uſe of as if it were his home. This Lady had two daughters; the eldeſt, ſoon became a great favourite of his, as, by his own account, ſhe was poſſeſſed of every good quality, and adorned with every accompliſhment that could render her one of the moſt perfect of her ſex. As one of the Doctor's greateſt delights was, to cultivate the minds of youth, particularly females, he took upon himſelf the office of her Preceptor, to direct her in her ſtudies, and inſtil into her mind the principles of virtue, and ſeeds of knowledge. Her capacity for learning was ſuch, that ſhe imbibed his inſtructions faſter than he could give them; and her application was ſo great, that in leſs than two years, ſhe made ſuch a progreſs as aſtoniſhed him. But about that time he diſcovered a ſtrange alteration in her. She no longer delighted in books, no longer was attentive to his lectures. The frequent inſtances he perceived of her abſence of mind, ſhewed that her thoughts were roving about ſomething elſe, which ſhe had more at heart. Upon enquiring into the cauſe of this, ſhe ingenuouſly owned her paſſion for him, and that her whole ſoul was occupied, not about his precepts, but her Preceptor himſelf. Nothing could have aſtoniſhed the Doctor more, or thrown his mind into ſuch a ſtate of agitation, as an unexpected declaration of that ſort. He has given us a lively picture of what paſſed there on the occaſion, in the following lines:

CADENUS felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.

He

He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old:
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face.
Much leſs could his declining age
VANESSA's earlieſt thoughts engage:
And if her youth indifference met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget.
Or grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong;
Who'd ſay, he made a treacherous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear he had betray'd,
By magic ſpells, the harmleſs maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights are over,
The tutor turns a mortal lover:
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care:
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe.

In his firſt ſurpriſe at her extraordinary declaration, he tried to turn it off by raillery, treating it as a thing ſpoken only in jeſt; but when a woman has once broken through the reſtraint of decorum, the eſtabliſhed barrier between the ſexes, ſo far as to begin the attack, ſhe is not eaſily to be repulſed. She in ſtronger terms both avowed and juſtified her paſſion for him, by ſuch arguments as muſt be highly flattering to his ſelf-love. Of the impreſſion which theſe made on him, he gives the following account in the ſame Poem:

CADENUS, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe VANESSA's flame;
And tho' her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe,
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux:
So bright a nymph to come unſought,
Such wonders by his merit wrought;
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail,
He never knew her judgment fail;
She noted all ſhe ever read,
And had a moſt diſcerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That flattery's the food of fools:
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condeſcend to pick a bit.
So when CADENUS could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify his pride;
Conſtruing the paſſion ſhe had ſhewn,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature, in him, had merit plac'd,
In her, a moſt judicious taſte.

Having thus artfully brought over his pride and ſelf-love to her party, and corrupted his judgment by the moſt flattering arguments, the Lady found no difficulty to make a conqueſt of his now unguarded heart, which, however reluctantly, he was obliged to ſurrender at diſcretion, He now for the firſt time felt what the paſſion of love was, with all its attendant ſymptoms, which he had before known only from deſcription, and which he was now enabled to deſcribe himſelf in the ſtrongeſt colours:

Love!

Love! why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet:
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

To his lot indeed there fell a much greater proportion of the bitter ingredients, than of the ſweets of love. He might ſay with Othello,

Oh now for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content!

All the pleaſing ſcenes of ſober ſedate happineſs, which he had formed to himſelf for the reſt of his days, in the ſociety of Stella, were now overſhadowed and eclipſed by the intervention of a brighter object, which promiſed pleaſures of a more rapturous kind. And yet they were pleaſures, which, in his hours of cooler reflection, he could never hope to taſte. Any idea of marriage muſt have appeared, from the great diſparity of years, as well as many other reaſons, to the laſt degree prepoſterous. Beſides, though he never had entered into any direct engagement of that ſort with Mrs. Johnſon, yet by many expreſſions in his letters before quoted, almoſt tantamount to an engagement, and his whole conduct towards her, he gave her juſt grounds to expect, that if ever he did marry, ſhe ſhould be his choice. He could not therefore have given preference to another, without being charged with cruelty and injuſtice. And as to any illicit commerce between them, he never could have entertained a thought of that, without firſt ſacrificing all the principles of honour, morality, and religion, by which his whole conduct in life had hitherto been governed. In this critical ſituation, he had but one wiſe courſe to take,

take, in order to enſure his future peace, which was to eſcape the danger by flight, and breaking off all correſpondence with the Lady. But whether through too great confidence in his ſtrength, or giving way to the irreſiſtible force of her attraction, he remained in the perilous ſituation of a conſtant intercourſe with her, which daily contributed to fan their mutual flames.

The date of the commencement of this adventure, may be traced almoſt to a certainty, by examining the latter part of Swift's Journal, in which, from March 1712 to the end, there is a remarkable change in his manner of writing to the two Ladies. We no longer find there any of what he called, *the little language*, the playful ſallies of an undiſguiſed heart, to a boſom friend; no more expreſſions of tenderneſs, and cordial affection; no repinings at his long continued abſence; nor ardent wiſhes for their ſpeedy meeting again; but on the contrary, we ſee nothing but a dry Journal continued out of form, made up of trifling incidents, news, or politics, without any thing in the matter, or expreſſion, at all intereſting to the parties addreſſed. And now inſtead of that eager ſolicitude to return, which he had formerly ſo frequently and ſo earneſtly declared, he contents himſelf with cold excuſes for his long continuance in London. And juſt before his ſetting out for Ireland, in order to take poſſeſſion of his Deanery, he writ a formal letter of buſineſs to Mrs. Dingley, May 16, 1713, in which he makes no mention of Stella, nor expreſſes the leaſt ſatisfaction at his near expectation of ſeeing them again. On his arrival there, inſtead of the joy and tranſport, to which he had once looked forward, on being re-united to the object of all his wiſhes, after ſo long a ſeparation, the whole ſcence was changed to cold indifference, or gloomy melancholy. In a letter to Miſs Vanhomrigh, dated from Laracor, July 8, 1713, he ſays, "At my firſt coming,

coming, I thought I ſhould have died with diſcontent; and was horribly melancholy while they were inſtalling me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulneſs." Who that read the former part of his Journal to Stella, replete with ſuch ardent wiſhes for their meeting again never to part more, as the conſummation of all his views of happineſs in life, could have expected ſuch a change? And who does not now ſee the true cauſe of that change?

In this uneaſy ſituation, we may ſuppoſe it was not with much reluctance he obeyed the call of his friends, to return immediately to England, in order to make up a new breach between the Miniſters, which threatened ruin to the party. Though this was the oſtenſible cauſe of his ſudden departure, yet perhaps there was *mettle more attractive* which drew him over at that time.

Soon after his arrival, he wrote that beautiful Poem called Cadenus and Vaneſſa. His firſt deſign in this ſeems to have been to break off the connection in the politeſt manner poſſible, and put an end to any expectations the Lady might have formed of a future union between them. To ſoften the harſhneſs of a refuſal of her proffered hand, the greateſt of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and poſſeſſed of a good fortune, he painted all her perfections both of body and mind, in ſuch glowing colours, as muſt at leaſt have highly gratified her vanity, and ſhewn that he was far from being inſenſible to her charms, though prudence forbad his yielding to his inclinations. However determined he might be at the commencement of the Poem, he kept his reſolution but ill in the proſecution of it. Happy had it been both for him and her, had he concluded it with a denial in ſuch expreſs and peremptory terms, as would have left her no ray of hope: but inſtead of that, he leaves the whole in a dubious ſtate. She was too ſharp-ſighted not to perceive, that in ſpite of all the efforts of philoſophy, love

love had taken poſſeſſion of his heart, and made it rebel againſt his head. As her paſſion for him was firſt inſpired by his wit and genius, a Poem written in ſuch exquiſite taſte, of which ſhe was the ſubject, and where ſhe ſaw herſelf dreſt out in the moſt flattering colours, was not likely to adminiſter to her cure. On the contrary, it only ſerved to add freſh fuel to the flame. And as his love originally aroſe from ſympathy, it muſt, from the ſame cauſe, increaſe with the growth of hers.

Meantime the unfortunate Stella languiſhed in abſence and neglect. The Journal was not renewed, nor are there any traces remaining of the leaſt correſpondence between them, during Swift's whole ſtay in England: while a continual intercourſe was kept up between Vaneſſa and him. She was the firſt perſon he wrote to on his retirement to Letcomb, ſome time before the Queen's death; and the laſt, on his departure from that place to Ireland. He arrived there in a much more gloomy ſtate of mind than before, as the death of the Queen had broke all his meaſures, and put an end to all future proſpects, either for the publick or himſelf. He has given vent to his melancholy reflections on his ſituation in a ſhort Poem, written during a fit of illneſs which had ſeized him ſoon after his arrival; of which the following lines make a part.

My ſtate of health none care to learn,
My life is here no ſoul's concern.
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my herſe.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay,
Can act as decently as they.

But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end:
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Is it poſſible to conceive that this could be the caſe while he was in the ſame country with his once adored Stella? But it is probable that reſentment at his long neglect, and total change of behaviour toward her, as ſhe was a woman of high ſpirit, might have fixed her, at that juncture, in a reſolution of living ſeparately from him in her country retirement, where the account of his illneſs might not have reached her. The arrival of Vaneſſa in Dublin, whoſe impatient love would not ſuffer her to ſtay long behind him, was the ſource of much inquietude to Swift. There was nothing he ſeemed to dread more than that his intimacy with her ſhould take wind in Dublin. He had warned her of this in his farewell letter to her from Letcomb, before his departure. "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I ſhall ſee you very ſeldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. Theſe are rigorous laws that muſt be paſſed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in Winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that ſeldom comes to humour our inclinations. I ſay all this out of the perfect eſteem and friendſhip I have for you." And after her arrival he writes to the ſame effect. "I received your letter when ſome company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in ſuch confuſion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does buſineſs for me, told me ſhe heard I was in love with one —— naming you, and twenty particulars; that little maſter —— and I viſited you; and that the Archbiſhop did ſo; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared

feared the tattle of this naſty town, and told you ſo; and that was the reaſon I ſaid to you long ago, that I would ſee you ſeldom when you were in Ireland; and I muſt beg you to be eaſy, if, for ſome time, I viſit you ſeldomer, and not in ſo particular a manner. I will ſee you at the latter end of the week, if poſſible. Theſe are accidents in life that are neceſſary, and muſt be ſubmitted to; and tattle, by the help of diſcretion, will wear off." But diſcretion was ill ſuited to a mind, now under the dominion of an ungovernable paſſion, and which had no other enjoyment in life; but in the ſociety of the beloved object. She importuned him ſo with letters, meſſages, and complaints, that he was obliged to aſſume a ſterneſs of behaviour to her, and treat her with a rigour quite foreign to his heart *. The effect this had on her, is moſt feelingly ſet forth in one of her letters, 1714. "You bid me be eaſy, and you would ſee me as often as you could. You had better have ſaid, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations ſo much; or as often as you remembered there was ſuch a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneaſy by me long. It is impoſſible to deſcribe what I have ſuffered ſince I ſaw you laſt. I am ſure I could have borne the rack much better, than thoſe killing, killing words of your's. Sometimes I have reſolved to die without ſeeing you more; but thoſe reſolves, to your misfortune, did not laſt long. For there is ſomething in human nature, that prompts one ſo to find relief in this world, I muſt give way to it; and beg you would ſee me, and ſpeak kindly to me; for I am ſure you'd not condemn any one to ſuffer what I have done,

* In anſwer to a letter which ſhe had ſent after him by her ſervant when he was on the road to Philips town, he concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can ſay no more. Nor ſhall you know where I am till I come, and then I will ſee you. A fig for your letters and meſſages."

could you but know it. The reaſon I write to you, is, becauſe I cannot tell it you ſhould I ſee you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is ſomething in your looks ſo awful, that it ſtrikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but ſo much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your ſoul with pity. I ſay as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am ſure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live."

But whatever uneaſineſs Vaneſſa might ſuffer from this conduct of her lover towards her, poor Stella was ſtill more unhappy. All the fond hopes which ſhe had indulged ſo many years, the completion of which ſhe had expected upon his preferment, and increaſe of fortune, were now turned to deſpair, from the total ſilence which he obſerved on that head, and the remarkable change in his behaviour towards her. To the pangs of diſappointment, were added the ſtings of jealouſy; for love had made her too inquiſitive, not to find out the cauſe of this alteration in him. There are ſome paſſages in the Journal relative to the Vanhomrighs, which ſhew that the ſeeds of jealouſy were early ſown in her mind, upon Swift's being ſo domeſtic there when in London; and upon Vaneſſa's arrival in Dublin, it is more than probable ſhe kept a watchful eye upon their motions. The following beautiful verſes of her's on that ſubject, ſhew clearly ſhe was under the dominion of that paſſion.

On Jealousy.

O ſhield me from his rage, celeſtial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours.
Ah Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.

When

When firſt I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from your train:
But you would raiſe him to ſupport your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed.

Thus oppreſſed at once by love, jealouſy, and diſappointment, her ſpirits ſunk, a ſettled melancholy preyed upon her heart, which, with a natural tendency to a decay, impaired her health to ſuch a degree, as to give the moſt alarming ſymptoms of an approaching diſſolution. Shocked with the apprehenſion of ſo fatal an event, whereof he muſt be conſcious to himſelf he was the cauſe; and moved with compaſſion at the ſtate to which he ſaw her reduced, all Swift's former tenderneſs and affection for her revived in his breaſt; and baniſhed every other idea from his mind, but what tended to the preſervation of a life ſo precious. He employed a common friend to both to learn from her the ſecret cauſe of that dejection of ſpirits, which had ſo viſibly preyed upon her health; and to know whether it was by any means in his power to remove it; aſſuring her that nothing ſhould be wanting on his part, to reſtore her to that tranquillity of mind, upon which ſo much of his own happineſs depended. Upon this application Mrs. Johnſon opened her mind fully to this friend. She told him that from the peculiarity of her circumſtances, and the ſingular connection ſhe had with Swift for ſo many years, there had been great room given for the tongue of ſlander to exert itſelf. That ſhe had learned to bear with this patiently, as ſhe had reaſon to expect that all reports of that ſort would be effaced by marriage, as ſoon as Swift ſhould be in circumſtances to make her a propoſal of that nature. That ſhe now ſaw with the deepeſt concern, ever ſince his promo-

tion, his behaviour towards her had been wholly changed, and a cold indifference had ſucceeded to the warmeſt profeſſions of eternal affection. That the neceſſary conſequence would be, an indelible ſtain fixed upon her character, and the loſs of her good name, which was much dearer to her than life. Swift in anſwer to this, ſaid, that he had early in life laid down two maxims with regard to matrimony, from which he was determined never to depart. One was, never to marry, unleſs he was beforehand poſſeſſed of a decent proviſion for a family; another was, unleſs this ſhould be the caſe at a time of life when he might reaſonably expect to breed up his children, and ſee them properly entered into the world. With regard to the firſt article, he was ſo far from having any thing beforehand, that he was ſtill in debt: and the ſmall preferment he had obtained, to which he had now no hopes of ever receiving any addition, gave him but little proſpect of ever accumulating a fortune. And as to the ſecond, he had already paſſed that period of life, after which it was his fixed reſolution never to marry. That of all women upon earth, could he have entered into that ſtate conſiſtently with theſe principles, ſhe ſhould have been his choice. And as her apprehenſions about her character's ſuffering ſeemed to weigh the heavieſt on her mind, in order to put an end to thoſe, he was ready to go through the ceremony of marriage with her, upon two conditions. The firſt was, that they ſhould continue to live ſeparately, exactly in the ſame manner as before: the ſecond, that it ſhould be kept a profound ſecret from all the world, unleſs ſome urgent neceſſity ſhould call for the diſcovery. However ſhort of Stella's expectations theſe conditions might be, yet as ſhe knew the inflexibility of Swift's reſolutions, ſhe readily embraced them. And as it is probable that her chief uneaſineſs aroſe from jealouſy, and the apprehenſions ſhe was under that he might

might be induced to marry Miſs Vanhomrigh, ſhe would at leaſt have the ſatisfaction, by this meaſure, of rendering ſuch a union with her rival impracticable. Accordingly the ceremony was performed without witneſſes, and the connubial knot tied in the year 1716, by Dr. Aſhe, Biſhop of Clogher, to whom Swift had been a pupil in the college; and who, as I have been informed, was the common friend to both, employed in the above negotiation *. But the conditions upon which this union was formed, were punctually fulfilled. She ſtill continued at her lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, where ſhe received his viſits as uſual, and returned them at the deanery, in company with her friend Mrs Dingley. As ſoon as Swift's finances were in order, he departed from that ſtrict œconomy which he had obſerved while he was in debt, and kept two publick days, on which he invited parties of his friends to dinner; where Mrs. Johnſon always made one of the circle, though without any diſtinct character or place from the other gueſts. The elegance of her manners, the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, and brilliancy of her wit, rendered her the general object of admiration to all who were ſo happy as to have a place in that enviable ſociety. A certain dignity of deportment, conſcious virtue alone can give, and a native modeſty which ſhone forth in all her words and actions, ſecured her from the buſy tongue of ſlander, nor was the breath of calumny heard to whiſper againſt her. And whatever ſingularity might appear in this their mode of living, was only conſidered as one of Swift's peculiarities; who, in many other inſtances, did not think himſelf bound to conform to the uſual cuſtoms of the world. There were

* The whole account of this tranſaction was given me by Mrs. Sican, a Lady of uncommon underſtanding, fine taſte, and great goodneſs of heart: on which account ſhe was a great favourite both with the Dean and Mrs. Johnſon.

indeed many idle reaſons aſſigned by buſy curious people, for their not cohabiting, but none that ever glanced at her character.

Having ſatisfied the ſcruples of Mrs. Johnſon by paſſing through the ceremony of marriage, whoſe recovered health and ſpirits added new charms to that converſation, once his ſupreme delight, Swift's next care was, to put an end to any hopes Vaneſſa might ſtill entertain, againſt which there was now an inſuperable bar. With this view he paid her a viſit in company with Mr. Dean Winter, a Gentleman of good fortune, who was her profeſſed admirer, and had made overtures of marriage to her. Nothing could have been a greater mortification to her love-ſick mind, than ſuch a viſit, as it implied a recommendation of his rival, and an entire renunciation of his own pretenſions. She rejected his propoſals with diſdain, as well as thoſe of every ſuitor who offered, having centered all her views of happineſs in life in the poſſeſſion of Cadenus. To avoid all importunities of that ſort, ſhe retired to a ſmall houſe on her eſtate near Celbridge, where, in ſilence and ſolitude, ſhe indulged her fatal paſſion, till it roſe almoſt to a pitch of frenzy. All other ideas but what related to Cadenus, were baniſhed from her mind, and all the faculties of her ſoul were abſorbed in love. She wrote conſtantly to him in the moſt paſſionate ſtyle, nor could the coldneſs of his anſwers in the leaſt abate her flame. The following letter ſent to him from Celbridge, will beſt paint the ſtate of her mind.

"Tell me ſincerely, if you have once wiſhed with earneſtneſs to ſee me, ſince I wrote to you: no, ſo far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you I was diſtreſſed. Solitude is inſupportable to a mind which is not eaſy. I have worn out my days in ſighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of Cadenus, who thinks not of me. How many letters ſhall I ſend

you

you before I receive an anſwer? Can you deny me, in my miſery, the only comfort which I can expect at preſent? Oh that I could hope to ſee you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent paſſions, which terminated all in one, that inexpreſſible paſſion I have for you. Conſider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and ſhew ſome tenderneſs for me, or I ſhall loſe my ſenſes. Sure you cannot poſſibly be ſo much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to ſo great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no creature is capable of gueſſing at, becauſe never any one living thought like you) I ſhould find you had often, in a rage, wiſhed me religious, hoping then I ſhould have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not ſpare you; for were I an enthuſiaſt, ſtill you'd be the Deity I ſhould worſhip. What marks are there of a Deity, but what you are to be known by? You are preſent every where; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you ſtrike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compaſſion ſhines through your countenance, which revives my ſoul. Is it not more reaſonable to adore a radiant form one has ſeen, than one only deſcribed?"

We may ſee from this epiſtle to what a romantic height her paſſion had ariſen. Not the moſt enthuſiaſtic ſtrains from Eloiſa to Abelard, could exceed thoſe of Vaneſſa to Cadenus. Length of time, inſtead of diminiſhing, ſerved only to encreaſe the violence of her paſſion; and the general coldneſs of her lover, far from extinguiſhing the flame, made it blaze forth the more. It muſt be confeſt indeed, that Swift's conduct towards her was far from being conſiſtent. Whatever reſolutions he had formed, to try by neglect and ill uſage to put an end to that ardour of love, which cauſed him infinite uneaſineſs, yet

he was ſeldom able to keep them when in her preſence. Whether compaſſion for the ſufferings of an unhappy young woman, whoſe life was waſting away in miſery on his account, operated on his humanity; or whether his own paſſion for her was too ſtrong for all his philoſophy, it is certain he could never muſter up reſolution enough entirely to break off the connection, the only poſſible way by which a cure could be effected. If his coldneſs, or even rudeneſs, at times, drove her almoſt to deſpair; at others, the kindneſs of his behaviour, and marks of tenderneſs, revived her hopes, Or as ſhe more ſtrongly expreſſes it in her letter, "Sometimes you ſtrike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times, a charming compaſſion ſhines through your countenance, which revives my ſoul." In this alternate ſucceſſion of hopes and fears, in this miſerable ſtate of ſuſpence, did the wretched Vaneſſa paſs her days till the year 1720, when Swift ſeemed determined to put an end to an intercourſe, the ſource of ſo much unhappineſs to both. Upon this occaſion ſhe wrote him the following letter:

Celbridge, 1720.

"BELIEVE me it is with the utmoſt regret that I now complain to you, becauſe I know your good nature ſuch, that you cannot ſee any human creature miſerable, without being ſenſibly touched. Yet what can I do? I muſt either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or ſink under the inexpreſſible diſtreſs I now ſuffer, by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks ſince I ſaw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuſe. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by ſeverities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for, with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, I beheld myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you; but here

here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to leſſen the inexpreſſible paſſion which I have for Cadenus. Put my paſſion under the utmoſt reſtraint; ſend me as diſtant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot baniſh thoſe charming ideas, which will ever ſtick by me, while I have the uſe of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only ſeated in my ſoul, for there is not a ſingle atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourſelf that ſeparation will ever change my ſentiments; for I find myſelf unquiet in the midſt of ſilence, and my heart is at once pierced with ſorrow and love. For Heaven's ſake tell me, what has cauſed this prodigious change in you, which I found of late. If have you the leaſt remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it ſo, that it may cauſe my preſent death. And do not ſuffer me to live a life like a languiſhing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have loſt any of your tenderneſs for me."

When Swift found that all his endeavours in this way had proved fruitleſs, and that the love of Vaneſſa for Cadenus, like that of the faithful Emma to Henry, was proof againſt all obſtacles thrown in its way, he gave way to the feelings of humanity, and dictates of his heart, againſt which, with no ſmall violence to his inclination, he had ſo long ſtruggled, and changed his behaviour to that of the kind indulgent friend. His letters breathed ſentiments of the greateſt tenderneſs; and in one of July 5, 1721, he makes a declaration of his paſſion for her in the moſt explicit terms, as may be ſeen in the following ſentence written in French. *Mais ſoyez aſſurée, que jamais perſonne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, eſtimée, adorée, par votre ami, que vous* *. This declaration ſeems

* But reſt aſſured, that no perſon upon earth has ever been loved, honoured, eſteemed, adored by your friend, but yourſelf.

to have been drawn from him by ſome deſperate ſtate of mind in which he had left her, probably occaſioned by her jealouſy of Stella. For in the beginning of the ſame letter, dated from Gallſtown, he ſays, "It was not convenient, hardly poſſible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary deſire to do it, conſidering the diſpoſition I found you in laſt, though I hope I left you in a better. Cadenus aſſures me, he continues to eſteem, and love, and value you above all things, and ſo will do to the end of his life; but at the ſame time entreats that you would not make yourſelf or him unhappy by imaginations."

But as this declaration of Swift's was not followed by any overture of marriage, the confeſſion of his paſſion for her, however pleaſing it might be at firſt, could not long adminiſter much conſolation to her, when ſhe ſaw no proſpect of reaping any farther fruit from it. To find herſelf beloved, and at the ſame time without hopes of poſſeſſing the object of all her wiſhes, was rather an aggravation, than a relief to her miſery. After ſuch a confeſſion, ſhe could ſee no reaſon for his not making farther advances. Her fortune was at that time ſufficient to gratify his utmoſt wiſhes, as by the death of her two brothers and ſiſter, the whole property left by her father, which was very conſiderable, was veſted in her. The diſproportion in point of age was now not ſo great, as ſhe was in her 37th year, and the Doctor could no longer be charged with having ſeduced the affections of a young girl. She therefore concluded, that ſome reports which had juſt then reached her, of his being married to Mrs. Johnſon, were but too well founded, and that this was the real obſtacle to their union. Impatient of the torments which this idea gave her, ſhe determined to put an end to all farther ſuſpence, by writing to Mrs. Johnſon herſelf upon this

this head. Accordingly ſhe ſent a ſhort note to her, only requeſting to know from her whether ſhe was married to the Dean or not. Mrs. Johnſon anſwered her in the affirmative, and then incloſed the note ſhe had received from Miſs Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which, ſhe immediately went out of town without ſeeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great reſentment to Mr. Forde's country-ſeat at Wood-Park. Nothing could poſſibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent ſtep taken by Miſs Vanhomrigh. He knew it muſt occaſion great diſturbance to Mrs. Johnſon, and give riſe to conjectures fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure, without ſo much as ſeeing him, already ſhewed what paſſed in her mind. Exaſperated to the higheſt degree, he gave way to the firſt tranſports of his paſſion, and immediately rid to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy Lady was, mute, but with a countenance that ſpoke the higheſt reſentment. She trembling aſked him, would he not ſit down? No—He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horſe. When, on the abatement of her conſternation, ſhe had ſtrength to open the paper, ſhe found it contained nothing but her own note to Mrs. Johnſon. Deſpair at once ſeized her, as if ſhe had ſeen her death-warrant: and ſuch indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a ſhort time put a period to her exiſtence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horſe and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone. As he foreſaw that this event would give riſe to much town-talk, he thought it moſt prudent to keep out of the way, 'till the firſt heat of it was over. And having never viſited the ſouthern part of the kingdom, he took

this

this opportunity of making a tour there, becauſe having no acquaintance in thoſe parts, he might be a perfect maſter of his own motions, and in his ſolitary rambles, give free vent to his grief for the loſs of ſo beloved an object, heightened by the bitter aggravation of knowing himſelf to be the cauſe of her death. Two months had elapſed without any news of him, which occaſioned no ſmall alarm among his friends; when Dr. Sheridan received a letter from him, to meet him at a certain diſtance from Dublin.

Before her death, Miſs Vanhomrigh had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to Serjeant Marſhall, and the famous Dr. Berkley, whom ſhe appointed her executors. The former was a relation, and the other only an acquaintance, for whoſe perſon and character ſhe had the higheſt eſteem. In her laſt illneſs ſhe had laid a ſtrong injunction on her executors, that immediately after her deceaſe, they ſhould publiſh all the letters that paſſed between Swift and her, together with the Poem of Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Accordingly they were put to the preſs, and ſome progreſs made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed leſt they might contain ſomething injurious to his friend's character in his abſence, applied ſo effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals ſtill remained in their hands. The Poem of Cadenus and Vaneſſa was however ſent abroad into the world, as being ſuppoſed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters: though the prying eye of malice, afterwards found ſome hints in it, which by the help of miſconſtruction, might furniſh food to the appetite for ſcandal.

In the mean time Mrs. Johnſon continued at Wood-Park, where her worthy hoſt exerted all the powers of friendſhip

friendſhip to calm the diſturbance of her mind, now much increaſed by the publication of that Poem. To find there ſuch an amiable portrait drawn of Vaneſſa, as one poſſeſſed of more and greater accompliſhments than any of her ſex, could not fail to excite her envy. Of which a remarkable proof was given in an anecdote recorded by Dr. Delany. At this juncture ſome gentlemen happened to call at Wood-Park, who were not acquainted with Mrs. Johnſon's ſituation. As the newly publiſhed Poem was then the general ſubject of converſation, they ſoon fell upon that topic. One of the gentlemen ſaid, ſurely that Vaneſſa muſt be an extraordinary woman, that could inſpire the Dean to write ſo finely upon her. Mrs. Johnſon ſmiled, and anſwered, that ſhe thought that point not quite ſo clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely on a broomſtick. We muſt ſuppoſe her to have been exceedingly galled, when one of her humane diſpoſition could utter ſuch a ſarcaſm, and thus exult over the recent aſhes of her departed rival.

As there were numbers, through party hatred, and others through envy, who watched every opportunity to calumniate the Dean's character, and ſpread ſtories to his diſadvantage, the publication of this Poem afforded room for malice to exert itſelf, which was greedily embraced. There were ſome lines in it, which having the worſt conſtruction put on them, by a very forced interpretation, might give riſe to ſuſpicions injurious to his character, and totally deſtructive of the Lady's. Yet, ſuch is the propenſity of mankind to lean to the worſe ſide, eſpecially when any exalted character is thereby to be brought down more to a level with themſelves, that this interpretation has been generally received, and the calumny accordingly ſpread, though perhaps there never was any built upon a more

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ſlender foundation, as I ſhall preſently ſhew. The lines alluded to are the following:

But what ſucceſs VANESSA met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet:
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends,
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold.

Theſe lines, conſidered as detached from the reſt, might perhaps admit of ſuch an interpretation; but when the whole ſcope of the Poem is taken in, it is impoſſible to put a bad one upon them, without giving up all pretenſions to common ſenſe, as well as candour. Cadenus is repreſented as a Clergyman of the ſtricteſt morals, advanced in life, and who had at all times been proof againſt any weakneſs with regard to the fair ſex. Vaneſſa is drawn as the moſt perfect model of every female perfection, particularly modeſty.

From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes.

She is repreſented as a pattern for all the ſex to copy after.

As ſhe advanced, that woman kind,
Would, by her model form their mind;
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide.

Is it poſſible to conceive, that when a Lady of this character confeſſes a paſſion for her reverend tutor, that any thing could be meant by it but virtuous love, to terminate in matrimony? If gallantry had been her object, in the whole race of mankind ſhe could not have made a more prepoſterous choice; though by one of her refined way of thinking, who conſidered the beauties of the mind, as ſuperior to all external accompliſhments, he might have been preferred to all the world as a huſband.

It is impoſſible there could be any miſtake about the kind of love mentioned in this paſſage, were it not for an expreſſion in the ſubſequent lines, which might admit of a bad interpretation, by thoſe who do not underſtand the true force of words, which has been on many occaſions the ſource of infinite errors among us, from not ſtudying our own language. The expreſſion I mean, is to be found in the laſt of the following lines.

> Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Muſt never to mankind be told,
> Nor ſhall the *conſcious* muſe unfold.

Here the word *conſcious*, being much oftener uſed in a bad than a good ſenſe, is apt to miſlead the unwary reader, and make him conceive that there was ſomething in the ſecret, diſhonourable to the parties if revealed. But upon examining into the proper meaning of this word, we ſhall find that it has a very different ſenſe when applied to one's ſelf, and when it refers to others. *Conſciouſneſs*, applied to ſelf, is the perception of what paſſes in a man's own mind; from which proceeds an internal ſenſe of guilt or innocence, by which we either ſtand acquitted or condemned to ourſelves,

and is therefore equally capable of a good or bad ſenſe. But when it refers to another perſon, it has nothing to do with any judgment formed of the rectitude or depravity of the action, it only means that that other perſon is in the ſecret, or privy to the tranſaction, be it good, or be it bad. And conſciouſneſs of this ſort can never affect the nature of the thing itſelf.

Thus when the lover writes,
The ſilent moon ſhone conſcious to our loves.

The word *conſcious* does not at all determine the nature of thoſe loves, whether they were of the chaſte or criminal kind, which muſt be gathered from other circumſtances. In like manner, when Cadenus ſays, "the conſcious Muſe ſhall not unfold," *&c.* it can admit of no other meaning, but that the Muſe, who alone was in the ſecret, ſhould never diſcloſe it, or tell whether he returned Vaneſſa's paſſion or not: and that this paſſion, if returned, muſt have been of the pureſt and moſt virtuous kind, has, from other circumſtances, been already ſufficiently proved.

It is evident Cadenus looked upon the declaration made by the Lady, in no other light than an overture to marriage; as may be ſeen in the following couplet, quoted before:

Five thouſand guineas in her purſe,
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe.

But to put an end to a poſſibility of conceiving that any inſinuation of a contrary nature could have dropped from Swift's pen, it will be ſufficient to make it known that the Poem was not intended for the publick eye; that it was written ſolely for the uſe of Vaneſſa, upon motives

motives already explained; that the only copy of it in being was in her hands, and in all probability it would never have ſeen the light, but for the injunction to her executors. It may be aſked, if this was the caſe, and that the Poem was intended only for Vaneſſa's inſpection, what occaſion was there for theſe lines to her, who, as well as the Muſe, muſt already be conſcious how matters ſtood between them? In anſwer to this, it is evident that the Poem would be incomplete, if there were not ſome concluſion to the ſtory of Cadenus and Vaneſſa. The ſtory could poſſibly terminate only in one of the following ways: either Vaneſſa, from the arguments and coldneſs of her philoſophic lover, had got the better of her paſſion, and adopted his Platonic ſyſtem; or that Cadenus, after all his reſiſtance, was obliged to yield to the all-conquering power of love; or finding her paſſion incurable, had broken off all intercourſe with her; or that the iſſue of the affair was ſtill in ſuſpenſe. As the latter was really the caſe at the time of writing the Poem, it could then have no other concluſion. And thoſe lines which leave matters in a dubious ſtate, ſeem only calculated to paint the uncertainty of his own mind, and not to leave Vaneſſa without hope, from that very uncertainty, that ſhe might in time expect a ſuitable return of love.

But though it ſhould be allowed, from the above ſtate of the caſe, that at the time of writing this Poem, neither of the parties had entertained even an idea of entering into a criminal amour, yet when it is known that he afterwards carried on a ſecret intercourſe with the Lady during the ſpace of eight or nine years; that he paſſed many hours alone with a young and charming woman, who loved him to adoration, and for whom he himſelf was firſt inſpired with the paſſion of love; it will be hardly credible, that thus circumſtanced,

they ſhould not, in ſome unguarded moment, have given way to the frailty of human nature. And yet extraordinary as it may appear, there are many ſtrong reaſons to believe that this never was the caſe. We have already ſeen on her firſt going to Ireland, what uncommon pains Swift took to avoid meeting her. Upon which Vaneſſa writes to him in the following manner: "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would ſay. I wiſh you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in ſeeing and adviſing an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine." Is this the language of guilt, or conſcious innocence? In all the letters which paſſed between them, whoſe publication was ſuppreſſed, as before related, I have been aſſured by one of her executors, the late Judge Marſhall, and the ſame was conſtantly aſſerted by the other, Biſhop Berkley, that there was no hint of any criminal amour; which could not eaſily have happened in ſo long a correſpondence, had that been the caſe. On the contrary, in the few that have ſeen the light, we find Swift always praiſing her for her virtues, and recommending to her the improvement of her mind. In his French letter, May 12, 1719, in anſwer to one of her's written in that language, he ſays, * *Et que je ſuis ſot moy de vous repondre en meme language, vous qui eſtes incapable d'aucune ſottiſe, ſi ce n'eſt l'eſtime qu'il vous plaiſt d'avoir pour moy: car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel; je veux dire, l'honneur,*

* "What a blockhead am I to anſwer you in the ſame language! you who are incapable of any folly, unleſs it be the eſteem you are pleaſed to entertain for me: for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taſte, to find out in you all that nature has beſtowed on a mortal; that is to ſay, honour, virtue, good ſenſe, wit, ſweetneſs, agreeableneſs, and firmneſs of ſoul."

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la vertue, le bon ſens, l'eſprit, le douceur, l'agrement, et la fermeté d'ame. And in another of October 15, 1720, he ſays, "When I am not ſo good a correſpondent as I could wiſh, you are not to quarrel, and be governor, but to impute it to my ſituation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the ſame reſpect and kindneſs for you I ever profeſſed to have, and ſhall ever preſerve; becauſe you will always merit the utmoſt that can be given you; eſpecially if you go on to read, and ſtill farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you."

Indeed the moſt probable ſolution of this intricate affair is, that Swift, having lived to ſuch an advanced time of life in a ſtate of continence, and a conſtant habit of ſuppreſſing his deſires, at laſt loſt the power of gratifying them: a caſe by no means ſingular, as more than one inſtance of the kind has fallen within my knowledge. This will appear the more probable, when we reflect, that in the letter to his kinſman before cited, he acknowledges himſelf to be naturally of a temperate conſtitution with regard to women, and that he had never indulged himſelf in illicit amours. Nor did it ever appear, even from report, that he had any commerce of that kind with any of the ſex, which, after the conſpicuous figure he made in life, could not fail of being related by ſome of his companions in his early pleaſures, had there been any foundation for it. This alone can account for his ſingular conduct towards the two Ladies: for his coldneſs to Vaneſſa, and conſtant endeavours to bring down the ardours of her paſſion, and lower them to friendſhip, or a love more of the Platonic kind, and for his abſtaining from the lawful pleaſures of connubial love with Stella. And I think there is one ſtrong argument of his never having entered into any commerce of that ſort with Vaneſſa, that it is

hardly credible he ſhould have refrained, in that caſe, from a ſimilar gratification with Stella, who was poſſeſſed of greater perſonal charms, and was more an object of deſire, than the other: eſpecially as the former could not be enjoyed without compunction, and the latter was a pleaſure of the pureſt kind without alloy.

In confirmation of the opinion I have here ſtarted, I remember a ſaying of Swift's, "that he never yet ſaw the woman, for whoſe ſake he would part with the middle of his bed." A ſaying, which, I believe, all mankind will judge could come from no perſon, but one incapable of enjoying the higheſt and moſt innocent of all gratifications here below, when ſanctified by marriage.

I have dwelt the longer on this point, becauſe much of the moral part of Swift's character depends on it. For if it ſhould be credited that he could take advantage of her weakneſs to debauch the daughter of a Lady who received him into her family with the affection of a ſiſter, and repoſed the ſame confidence in him as if he were her brother; if it ſhould appear that for ſeveral years he carried on a criminal intrigue with her, at the ſame time that he denied the lawful rites of marriage, due to one of the moſt amiable of her ſex; I am afraid, inſtead of a pattern of the moſt perfect morality, he muſt be given up an inſtance of uncommon profligacy, and be juſtly charged with a vice, which, of all others, he moſt deteſted, and from which no man ever was more free, I mean hypocriſy.

Though Lord Orrery has acquitted him of this charge upon the ſame principle that has been here laid down, yet, *pro ſolitâ humanitate ſua*, he has done it only with a view to place him in a more odious light. As the account he has given of this affair, affords one of the ſtrongeſt inſtances of the blindneſs of malice, and

and how far, in ſearch of it's gratification, it may overſhoot itſelf, I ſhall here preſent part of it to the Reader, that he may judge, from that ſpecimen, what credit is due to the reſt of the Author's malevolent remarks on Swift. I ſhall begin with his extraordinary Comments on the following lines in the Poem of Cadenus and Vaneſſa; where in a converſation between them, the Author gives the following account of her ſentiments, as delivered by her.

She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience, taught their uſe:
" That virtue pleas'd by being ſhown,
" Knows nothing which it dares not own:
" Can make us, without fear, diſcloſe
" Our inmoſt ſecrets to her foes:
" That common forms were not deſign'd
" Directors to a noble mind."
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee,
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe,
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
What dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart.

Now in theſe lines, according to the plain and obvious meaning of the words, there are no ſentiments which might not have proceeded from the moſt exalted virtue, and purity of mind. A young Lady, deſcribed as a perfect pattern of modeſty, poſſeſſed of

——— that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes

is here repreſented as about to diſcloſe her paſſion for her tutor, which was kindled in her breaſt by his extraordinary talents, and uncommon virtue. As it was contrary to the received maxims of the world, that a woman ſhould be the firſt to break her mind on ſuch an occaſion, ſhe prepares the way by quoting two maxims of his own which he had taught her; one was, that a mind conſcious of innocence, need never be aſhamed of diſcloſing its inmoſt thoughts: the other, that common forms, invented to keep the vulgar within bounds, might be diſpenſed with, where a ſuperior grandeur of ſoul is ſhown by breaking through ſuch barriers. Knowing therefore the purity of her love for an object ſo worthy of it, ſhe is not aſhamed to declare it; and looks upon it as a mark of greatneſs of mind, to be above the common forms of her ſex, in being the firſt to diſcloſe it.

Beſides, there were other reaſons, which would juſtify her, even in the opinion of the world, for being the firſt mover in this caſe, ariſing both from diſparity of years and fortune; which might diſcourage Cadenus from paying his addreſſes, however he might ſecretly wiſh to be united to Vaneſſa.

Now let us ſee in what manner this paſſage has been explained by the noble Remarker on Swift's Life. Immediately after his quotation of the foregoing lines, he thus expatiates upon them:

"Suppoſing this account to be true, and I own to you my *Ham*, I can ſcarce think it otherwiſe, it is evident that the fair Vaneſſa had made a ſurpriſing progreſs

greſs in the philoſophic doctrines, which ſhe had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a moſt extraordinary kind. He taught her that *vice*, as ſoon as it defied *ſhame*, was immediately changed into *virtue*. That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice ſpirits*, to whom either the writings, or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the leſſon with attention, and imbibed the philoſophy with eagerneſs. The maxims ſuited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined if the theory appeared ſo charming, the practice muſt be much more delightful. The cloſe connexion of ſoul and body ſeemed to require, in the eye of a female philoſopher, that each ſhould ſucceed the other in all pleaſurable enjoyments. The former had been ſufficiently regaled, why muſt the latter remain unſatisfied?—Nature "ſaid Vaneſſa," *abhors a vacuum*, and nature ought always to be obeyed. She communicated theſe ſentiments to her tutor; but he ſeemed not to comprehend her meaning, not to conceive the *diſtinctio rationis* that had taken riſe in his own ſchool. He anſwered her in the *non-eſſential modes*. Talked of friendſhip, of the delights of reaſon, of gratitude, reſpect, and eſteem. He almoſt preached upon virtue, and he muttered ſome indiſtinct phraſes concerning chaſtity. So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus, may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the ſcrupulous difficulties of a tender conſcience. Such a ſuppoſition will ſtill appear more ſtrong, if we recollect the diſtant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella; colder, if poſſible, after, than before ſhe was his wife."

I appeal to the Reader whether he ever met in the moſt ſtupid, or malicious Commentator, ſuch a total perverſion of the meaning of words. To ſhew this in its

its ſtrongeſt light, let us place the Text, and Explanation in oppoſition to each other.

TEXT.	EXPLANATION.
That virtue pleas'd by being ſhown Knows nothing which it dares not own: Can make us, without fear, diſcloſe Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes.	That vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue.
That common forms were not deſign'd Directors to a noble mind.	That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice ſpirits, to whom either the writings, or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable.

According to this account, the man who had been all his life a votary to virtue; whoſe chief delight it was to inſtill the beſt principles into the minds of youth; who had trained the amiable Stella, from her early days, in ſuch a way, as, by the Remarker's own deſcription of her, made her a model of perfection; this man, I ſay, all of a ſudden became a proſelyte to vice; betrayed the confidence repoſed in him by the mother, his particular friend, to corrupt the mind of her innocent daughter, ſo as to make her loſe all ſenſe of ſhame, and even glory in wickedneſs. And all this, for what? You will ſuppoſe at leaſt that he had fallen deſperately in love with her, and having no hopes of marriage, is determined to gratify his paſſion at any rate, and with this view, tries to eraſe from her mind all principles of virtue and modeſty, which might ſtand in his way. Quite the contrary. It appears from the Remarker's own account, that when he had accompliſhed his point, and brought her to as high a degree

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of depravity as he could wiſh, in order to gratify his deſires, he changed his whole ſyſtem, rejected her proffered love, talked of friendſhip, reaſon, gratitude, reſpect, eſteem, and preached upon virtue and chaſtity. And to account for this inconſiſtence in his behaviour, he has recourſe to defects of nature, and impotence in the Dean. Now to ſuppoſe that a Reverend Divine, advanced in life, ſhould lay ſuch a plan to corrupt the mind of his young pupil, without a poſſibility of any view to ſelf-gratification, and merely to prepare her for proſtitution to others, is to charge him with a crime ſo truly diabolical, as would ſtamp a blacker ſtain of infamy even on the character of a Chartres. And yet this is a charge brought by Lord Orrery againſt *his friend* Swift.

To expatiate farther on the inconſiſtencies, abſurdities, and impurities, riſing almoſt to obſcenity, in the paſſage above quoted, and all that refers to the ſame ſubject, would be utterly unneceſſary, as they muſt be obvious to every Reader of the leaſt diſcernment. But I cannot quit this article without endeavouring to wipe away ſome of the moſt cruel and groundleſs aſperſions that have been thrown on the memory of the accompliſhed, though unfortunate Vaneſſa. In all the accounts given by Lord Orrery of this Lady, he has drawn her character as oppoſite to that given by Swift, as darkneſs is to light; and this in ſuch poſitive and peremptory terms, that every Reader muſt ſuppoſe he was well acquainted with her. And yet it is certain he never ſaw her in his life, nor had any opportunity to get any information about her till many years after her death, as his firſt viſit to Ireland was in the year 1733. Without any other outline before him but what was traced in his own brain, for he does not even pretend to quote any authority for all that he has advanced upon

on this ſubject, ſee what a portrait he has drawn of the celebrated Vaneſſa.

"Vanity makes terrible devaſtation in a female breaſt. It batters down all reſtraints of modeſty, and carries away every ſeed of virtue. Vaneſſa was exceedingly vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dreſs; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; ſuperior, in her own opinion, to all her ſex; full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride; not without ſome agreeable accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate to be eſteemed a wit, and with that view always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; *happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine, but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife*; by nature haughty and diſdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the ſmiles of ſelf-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love."

Whoever compares this picture, with that drawn for Vaneſſa in the Poem, will hardly conceive it poſſible that they ſhould both be copies of the ſame original. In the one, ſhe is repreſented as a model of perfection, adorned with every grace and virtue that could raiſe her above her ſex: in the other, as not poſſeſſed of one good quality, either of mind or perſon, and replete with ſuch foibles, and bad diſpoſitions, as muſt degrade her to the loweſt rank. If it be ſuppoſed that the former was a very flattering likeneſs, and the chief beauties and embelliſhments there, were only the creatures of a poetic fancy, let us ſee how far the ſame painter has kept up a reſemblance, in the more correct drawing, and chaſte colouring of proſe. For this purpoſe let us have recourſe to a letter of his written to her in French,

French, ſix years after the Poem, May 12, 1719, part whereof has been already quoted, and of which the following is a literal tranſlation:

"I make you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is neceſſary to be long acquainted with you, in order to know all your accompliſhments: every time, in ſeeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. I am aſhamed to think I know only the Gaſcon and Patois in compariſon of you. There is no objection to be made either to the orthography, propriety, elegance, eaſe, or ſpirit of the whole. And what a blockhead am I to anſwer you in the ſame language! You, who are incapable of any folly, unleſs it be the eſteem you are pleaſed to entertain for me: for, it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taſte, to find out in you all that nature has beſtowed on a mortal; that is to ſay, *honour, virtue,* good ſenſe, wit, ſweetneſs, agreeableneſs, and firmneſs of ſoul: *but by concealing yourſelf as you do, the world knows you not, and you loſe the eulogy of millions.* Ever ſince I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general converſation, has one word ever eſcaped you, which could be better expreſſed. And I proteſt, that after making frequently the moſt ſevere criticiſms, I never have been able to find the leaſt fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it poſſible not to eſteem you above the reſt of human kind? What beaſts in petticoats are the moſt excellent of thoſe, whom I ſee diſperſed throughout the world, in compariſon of you! On ſeeing, or hearing them, I ſay a hundred times a day, ſpeak not, look not, think not, do nothing like thoſe wretches. What a calamity is it to be the cauſe

of

of bringing down contempt on ſo many women, who but for the thoughts of you, would be tolerable enough. But it is time to releaſe you from this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever ſhall remain, with all poſſible reſpect, ſincerity, and eſteem, your's."

Of theſe two oppoſite characters, the one was drawn by a man of the niceſt diſcernment, from whoſe piercing eye, not the ſmalleſt blemiſh, particularly of female minds, could lie concealed, and whoſe turn lay much more to ſatyr, than panegyrick; by one, who was intimately acquainted with the Lady for whom it was drawn, from her early days, to the time of her death. The other, by a man, who far from having any knowledge of the original, had never ſo much as ſeen her perſon. Can there be the leaſt doubt then which is moſt likely to be the true one? But not to reſt upon authority alone, I will now ſhew that there could not have been the leaſt foundation for ſome of the blackeſt calumnies caſt on the character of this unfortunate Lady, in the above quoted paſſage. The Author there ſays, "That ſhe was happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine, but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife." Now we have already ſeen what uncommon pretenſions Swift took, on her arrival in Dublin, to conceal from the world all the knowledge of his viſiting her; ſo that it became neceſſary to her to be as ſecret as poſſible on that head, as ſhe knew with certainty, that if it once became a town-talk, ſhe ſhould never ſee him more, and that he would at once drop all correſpondence with her, which was the only conſolation left her, in that diſtreſſed ſtate of mind ſo feelingly ſet forth in her letters. So that if ſhe had been ſo thoroughly depraved, as to place any part of her happineſs in a public loſs of character, ſhe could not have been gratified in ſo ſingular a taſte,

without parting with the ſubſtance for the ſhadow: for, in the ſame ſentence it is ſaid, "that ſhe ſtill aimed and intended to be his wife." I believe ſo prepoſterous a plan of bringing about a marriage with a man of the ſmalleſt degree of honour, and character in the world, that of the Lady's boaſting of being his concubine, never entered into the head of any mortal, but that of the noble Remarker on Swift's Life. And indeed the aſſertion is ſo utterly void of foundation, that all the intercourſe between them, either by viſits or letters, was carried on in ſo ſecret a manner, that not a tittle of it ever tranſpired during the Lady's life-time; nor was there the leaſt ſuſpicion of it, till it was at once blazoned to the world, by the publication of the Poem. As to the other parts of her character, "her being fond of dreſs, impatient to be admired, ſetting up for a wit, and affecting always to keep company with wits," &c. we find the direct reverſe of this to be true, as ſhe led a moſt recluſe life, avoiding as much as poſſible all ſociety, and indulging her unhappy paſſion in ſolitude, which gave riſe to that paſſage in Swift's letter before quoted, where he ſays,—"but by concealing yourſelf as you do, the world knows you not, and you loſe the eulogy of millions."

But his Lordſhip, not ſatisfied with drawing this odious picture of poor Vaneſſa, thought there were ſome finiſhing ſtrokes ſtill wanting, to render it more deformed; he therefore adds, upon the circumſtance of Swift's laſt interview, in which he broke with her, the following traits: "She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue, which, upon this occaſion, might have proved healing ingredients to ſo deep, and ſo dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion; ſhe had utterly deſtroyed her character, and her conſcience; and ſhe was now fallen a prey to the horror of her

her own thoughts." Now, if he were giving an account of the moſt abandoned profligate wretch, that ever diſgraced her ſex, juſt ready to expiate her crimes at Tyburn, could he poſſibly have expreſſed himſelf in ſtronger terms? Let the reader only look over the paſſage once more, and judge. And what were the crimes committed by the unfortunate Vaneſſa, to draw down on her ſo ſevere a cenſure. He himſelf has acquitted her of any criminal commerce with Cadenus, from a ſuppoſed impoſſibility in the nature of things. It never was ſurmiſed by any mortal, nor does he himſelf pretend to inſinuate, that ever ſhe engaged in an affair of gallantry with any other. Nay ſo little does ſhe ſeem to have been under the influence of any deſires of that ſort, that ſhe rejected with diſdain all offers of marriage, placing her whole happineſs in the ſingle point of her union with Cadenus; to which, it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe, from his advanced time of life, that ſenſual gratification could have been a chief motive. It is evident ſhe was poſſeſſed with an extraordinary paſſion for one of the moſt extraordinary men of the age, in which ſhe perſevered many years with unparalleled conſtancy, and at length could not outlive her diſappointment. Is there any thing criminal in this? Is there any thing in the ſtory which muſt not raiſe pity in every breaſt, of the leaſt humanity? And yet ſee what effect the melancholy cataſtrophe had upon the obdurate heart of the noble Remarker! who winds up her ſtory thus: "Thus periſhed at Celbridge, under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrigh; a miſerable example of an ill-ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs."

I appeal to the reader, whether he thinks it poſſible that any venal Writer, hired by an enemy for the purpoſe of defamation, could have drawn any character in terms

of

of more rancorous malignity. Nor do I believe there exiſts, even in that proſtitute tribe, an individual, who, in cold blood, without provocation, or proſpect of reward, would ſet about ſo odious a taſk. What motive then could induce this Writer to lay aſide the Nobleman, the Gentleman, and the man, to commit an act, which the moſt hardened aſſaſſin of reputations would be aſhamed of? Let us ſuppoſe, for an inſtant, that all he has ſaid of this Lady, is true, was he called upon to the hangman's office, of mangling and embowelling the remains of a deceaſed criminal? But, on the other hand, when we are ſure that he could not himſelf know the truth of any one aſſertion he has made; that he does not even hint at any authority of others, on which he could rely; and that he has drawn this character in direct oppoſition to one given to the ſame perſon, by the beſt, and moſt competent judge, in the world; we ſhould be apt to conclude, that the whole muſt have proceeded from a mind, fraught with an uncommon portion of malignity.

But his conduct may be accounted for upon a principle not quite of ſo black a die. His Lordſhip conſidered only how he ſhould appear in the light of an author. He had before drawn a fancied picture of Stella, whom alſo he had never ſeen, in which he had collected ſuch an aſſemblage of perfections, from the whole catalogue of female beauties, graces, virtues, and accompliſhments, as perhaps never met in any human creature. In his great liberality, among his other qualities beſtowed on her, he gave her ſkill in muſic, of which ſhe did not know a note; for ſhe neither ſung, nor played on any inſtrument. As the drawing of this character coſt him no ſmall pains, he took the uſual method of noveliſts to ſet it off, by making that of her rival a direct contraſt to it: whoſe deformity, in its turn, became more conſpicuous, when oppoſed to the beautiful colouring in the other. And in

doing this he anſwered another end, which he never loſes ſight of throughout his work, that of degrading Swift as much as poſſible: for, if the characters of thoſe two Ladies were juſtly drawn, nothing could have ſhown a more depraved taſte in Swift, than any preference given to the latter, over the former.

I ſhall cloſe the hiſtory of this unfortunate Lady, with two little Poems written by her, ſtrongly deſcriptive of her ſtate of mind, and affording, in ſome meaſure, a confirmation of the account I have given of her.

An ODE to SPRING.

HAIL, bluſhing goddeſs, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why ſhould I thy preſence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with ſweets, no more the roſe
With ſuch tranſcendent beauty blows,
As when CADENUS bleſt the ſcene,
And ſhar'd with me thoſe joys ſerene.
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of Friendſhip kindled new deſire;
Still liſtening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have ſung,
Divine impreſt their gentle ſway,
And ſweetly ſtole my ſoul away.
My guide, inſtructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! ſtill conjoin'd, your incenſe riſe,
And waft ſweet odours to the ſkies.

An ODE to WISDOM.

OH PALLAS! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchſafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love depreſt;
'Tis juſt that thou ſhould'ſt heal the ſmart,
Inflicted by thy ſubtle art,
And calm my troubled breaſt.

No random ſhot from CUPID's bow,
But by thy guidance, ſoft and ſlow,
It ſunk within my heart:
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wiſdom's force,
In vain I try to ſtop its courſe,
In vain repel the dart.

O Goddeſs, break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit aſſociates find!
And thou alone, within my breaſt,
O! deign to ſoothe my griefs to reſt,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

Immediately after the death of Miſs Vanhomrigh, as I have already mentioned, Swift made a tour of two months in the ſouthern parts of Ireland: during which Mrs. Johnſon remained at Wood-park; nor did ſhe quit it for ſome months after his return, probably occaſioned by her reſentment at the preference given by him to her rival. However upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation ſoon took place. He welcomed her to town in that beautiful Poem, called "Stella at Wood-park," in which he indulged his uſual vein of raillery, but concludes with a high compliment to Stella.

For tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

He had an opportunity not long after of ſhewing that he was ſincere in this declaration, as he paſſed a whole ſummer with her at Quilca, in as inconvenient a cabin, and as dreary a country as could any where be met with: and yet he often declared that they were ſome of the happieſt hours of his life which he thus paſſed. They were indeed ſome of the laſt in which he had any enjoyment in her ſociety, as ſhe ſoon after fell into a decline, attended with ſuch ſymptoms as afforded little proſpect of any long continuance of life. The firſt account of her ſtate being deſperate, reached Swift in London, as was before related. The following extracts from his letter to Dr. Sheridan on the occaſion, will beſt ſhew with what agonies of mind he received it.

"I have your's juſt now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have ſome time expected with the utmoſt agonies. It was at this time the beſt office your friendſhip could do, not to deceive me. I look upon this to be the greateſt event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not ſuffice to make me bear it like a Philoſopher, nor altogether like a Chriſtian. There has been the moſt intimate friendſhip between us from her childhood, and the greateſt merit on her ſide, that ever was in one human creature towards another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not ſee her; I could not behave myſelf tolerably, and ſhould redouble her ſorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the faireſt ſoul in the world has left its body—Confuſion! that I am this moment called down to a viſitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myſelf. I have paſſed a very conſtrained hour, and now return to ſay I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and ſhall for my ſmall remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever loſt that converſation, which alone could make it tolerable."

Soon

Soon after this, we have ſeen that he returned to Ireland, where he found the danger over, and was made happy by her recovery. But on his next journey to London in the following year, he was again alarmed with an account of a moſt dangerous relapſe. The effect this had on him will be beſt deſcribed by his own expreſſions in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

"I have had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive, another from you, with the moſt fatal news that can ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put to death for ſome ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddineſs and deafneſs, and I ſhall be perfectly content if God ſhall pleaſe to call me at this time. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakneſs, my age, my friendſhip will bear no more. I do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I purpoſed; I would not be there in the midſt of grief. Neither my health nor grief will permit me to ſay more. This ſtroke was unexpected, and my fears laſt year were ten times greater."

In a ſubſequent letter he ſays, "If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, conſidering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received yours of Auguſt the 24th. I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the ſuſpenſe of a man who expected to hear the worſt news that fortune could give him, and at the ſame time was not able to hold up my head. Theſe are perquiſites of living long; the laſt act of life is always a tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's beſt friend go before one. I do profeſs, upon my ſalvation, that the diſtreſſed and deſperate condition of our friend, makes life ſo indifferent to me, who by courſe of nature have ſo little left, that I do not think it worth the time to ſtruggle;

yet I ſhould think, according to what had been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this diſorder; and to what advantage? Why, to ſee the loſs of that perſon, for whoſe ſake only life was worth preſerving. What have I to do in this world? I never was in ſuch agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my ſorry head no longer."

Let any one who underſtands the language of nature, judge whether the Writer of the above paſſages, had not a heart ſuſceptible of the utmoſt tenderneſs and warmth of friendſhip.

Nor was it to his friend Sheridan alone that he thus opened his heart: I have a letter before me, never publiſhed, to Mr. Stopford, then at Paris, dated from Twickenham, July 20, 1726, in which is the following paſſage: "I fear I ſhall have more than ordinary reaſons to wiſh you a near neighbour to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more neceſſary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in ſo great dejection of ſpirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worral, that one of the two oldeſt and deareſt friends I have in the world, is in ſo deſperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every poſt to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greateſt friendſhip for thirty-three years. I know you will ſhare in my trouble, becauſe there were few perſons whom I believe you more eſteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, ſo the poor caſual remains of it, after ſuch a loſs, would be a burden that I muſt heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear: and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too ſtrict and particular a friendſhip, with the loſs of which a man muſt be abſolutely miſerable, but eſpecially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendſhip. Beſides, that was a perſon of my own rearing and inſtructing from child-

hood, who excelled in every good quality that can poſſibly accompliſh a human creature. They have hitherto written me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worral has been ſo juſt and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be ſtruck on the ſudden. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am ſaying, but believe me that violent friendſhip is much more laſting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

"If this accident ſhould happen before I ſet out, I believe I ſhall ſtay this winter in England, where it will be at leaſt eaſier to find ſome repoſe than upon the ſpot."

However, as ſhe ſtill continued to linger on, dying by ſlow degrees, he returned to Dublin, as we have before ſeen, in order to diſcharge the laſt melancholy offices of friendſhip, by ſmoothing her paſſage to the grave, and ſoftening the terrors of death with all the comfortable hopes which religion can hold forth. The prayers compoſed by him on this occaſion, are written in as pure a ſtrain of Chriſtian piety, as ever came from an uninſpired pen.

A ſhort time before her death a ſcene paſſed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I ſhall relate with reluctance, as it ſeems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As ſhe found her final diſſolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the preſence of Dr. Sheridan, ſhe addreſſed Swift in the moſt earneſt and pathetic terms to grant her dying requeſt. That as the ceremony of marriage had paſſed between them, though for ſundry conſiderations they had not cohabited in that ſtate, in order to put it out of the power of ſlander to be buſy with her fame after death, ſhe adjured him by their friendſhip to let her have the ſatisfaction of dying at leaſt, though ſhe had not lived, his acknowledged wife. Swift made no reply, but turning

on his heel, walked ſilently out of the room, nor ever ſaw her afterwards during the few days ſhe lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnſon into unſpeakable agonies, and for a time ſhe ſunk under the weight of ſo cruel a diſappointment. But ſoon after, rouſed by indignation, ſhe inveighed againſt his cruelty in the bittereſt terms; and ſending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uſes. This was done in the preſence of Dr. Sheridan, whom ſhe appointed one of her executors. Upon this occaſion the Doctor gave an inſtance of his diſintereſted ſpirit; for when Mrs. Johnſon mentioned his name to the lawyer, annexing a very handſome legacy to it, the Doctor immediately interpoſed, and would not ſuffer it to be put down, ſaying, that as ſhe diſpoſed of her fortune to ſuch pious uſes, he ſhould think he defrauded the charity if he accepted of any part of it. During the few days ſhe lived after this, Dr. Sheridan gave her conſtant attendance, and was in the chamber when ſhe breathed her laſt. His grief for her loſs was not perhaps inferior to the Dean's. He admired her above all human beings, and loved her with a devotion as pure as that which we would pay to Angels. She, on her part, had early ſingled him out from all the Dean's acquaintance, as her confidential friend. There grew up the cloſeſt amity between them, which ſubſiſted, without interruption, to the time of her death. During her long illneſs, he never paſſed an hour from her which could be ſpared from buſineſs; and his converſation, in the Dean's abſence, was the chief cordial to ſupport her drooping ſpirits. Of her great regard for him Swift bears teſtimony, in the cloſe of one of his letters to him from London, where he ſays, "I fear while you are reading this, you will be ſhedding tears at her funeral: ſhe loved you well, and a great ſhare of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her ſolicitation." No wonder therefore if the

Doctor's

Doctor's humanity was ſhocked at the laſt ſcene which he ſaw paſs between her and the Dean, and which affected him ſo much, that it was a long time before he could be thoroughly reconciled to him.

Yet on the Dean's part it may be ſaid, that he was taken by ſurpriſe, and had no reaſon to expect ſuch an attack at that time. We have already ſeen the motives which induced him to go through the ceremony, and the conditions upon which it was performed. After ſeveral years paſſed without any conſequence from it, or any reaſon offered for publiſhing this to the world, it ſeems to have been agreed between them that the whole ſhould be buried in oblivion, as if no ſuch thing had ever happened. Inſomuch, that he had recommended it to her to make her will, and bequeath her fortune to a charitable uſe which he had pointed out to her. The marriage was evidently a mere matter of form, intended only to ſatisfy ſome vain ſcruples of the Lady, without any view to the uſual ends of matrimony, and therefore was in fact no marriage at all. To acknowledge her as his wife, when in reality ſhe never had been ſuch, would be to give ſanction to a falſhood, and at the ſame time afford an opportunity to buſy tongues to draw a thouſand inferences prejudicial to his character. Or, if the real ſtate of the caſe were known, and it were believed that no conſummation ever followed on this marriage, yet he thought it would ill become the character of a dignitary of the church, to have it known to the world that he had made a mockery of ſo ſacred a ceremony, though he might reconcile it to himſelf upon principles of humanity. Beſides, the tongue of ſcandal had been very buſy with his fame in regard to Miſs Vanhomrigh; and they who could charge him with an illicit amour there, would not fail to aggravate the matter, by ſhewing that he had a wife at the ſame time. On theſe conſiderations he had long reſolved

ſolved that the ſecret of the ceremony's having paſſed between them, ſhould never be divulged; and he had all the reaſon in the world to believe that Mrs. Johnſon was in the ſame ſentiments. How anxious he was to guard againſt any appearance of that ſort, we may learn from his letters to Mr. Worral, written from England at the time her life was deſpaired of. In which there are the following paſſages, July 15, 1726. "What you tell me of Mrs. Johnſon, I have long expected, with great oppreſſion and heavineſs of heart. I have theſe two months ſeen through Mrs. Dingley's diſguiſes: and indeed ever ſince I left you, my heart has been ſo ſunk, that I have not been the ſame man, nor ever ſhall be again, but drag on a wretched life, 'till it ſhall pleaſe God to call me away. I wiſh it could be brought about *that ſhe might make her will.* Her intentions are, to leave the intereſt of all her fortune to her mother and ſiſter, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephens's hoſpital, to purchaſe lands for ſuch uſes there, as ſhe deſigns. Think how I am diſpoſed while I write this, and forgive the inconſiſtencies. I would not for the univerſe be preſent at ſuch a trial, as that of ſeeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all poſſible care, where I ſhould be a trouble to her, and the greateſt torment to myſelf. In caſe the matter ſhould be deſperate, I would have you adviſe, if they come to town, that they ſhould be lodged in ſome healthy airy part, *and not in the Deanery*; which beſides, you know, *cannot but be a very improper thing for that houſe to breathe her laſt in.*"

In another of September 12, 1727, he ſays, "By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am, every poſt, expecting the death of a friend, with whoſe loſs I ſhall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me.

me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent, that it might not be *in* * *domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos qui sinistre hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.*"

Thus predetermined as he was in this point, and satisfied that Mrs. Johnson perfectly acquiesced in it, nothing could have astonished him more than such a proposal. He thought it both unkind and unreasonable in his bosom friend to make such a request; which, if granted, could be of no use to her when dead, and might be the cause of much uneasiness to him the survivor. The pretence she made with regard to her character, he knew could be only a pretence, as no woman living had a more unblemished reputation, being considered by all who knew her as a perfect pattern of modesty to her sex, and so reported in the world. It might therefore be imputed, with probability, to no other cause but vanity; to have her name preserved to future ages as the wife of so extraordinary a man; and he might think himself not bound to gratify a weakness in her, at the expence of procuring much disquiet to himself. And though there was an apparent cruelty in his behaviour on this occasion, yet whoever could have looked into his breast at the time, would probably have found it agitated with as deep a concern at his not being able to comply with her request, as she was at his refusal of it.

A relation of this transaction fully confirms the account I have given of the nature of their union. For the only unequivocal proof remaining of the ceremony's having passed between them, arises from Mrs. Johnson's

* In the Deanery-house, because this would evidently be very improper, as I have many maligners, who would put a bad interpretation on it, if it should happen (which God forbid!) that she should die there.

declaration

declaration of it, in the preſence of Dr. Sheridan, at the time above-mentioned. And as the fact has of late been denied, upon the authority of perſons ſo cloſely connected with the parties, as to give it great weight, I thought it neceſſary to adduce this indubitable proof of the truth of the account which I have given of that affair.

Upon this occaſion, there is one obſervation to be made much to Swift's honour; which is, that in refuſing to acknowledge Mrs. Johnſon as his wife, he gave up all pretenſions to her fortune, which otherwiſe muſt of courſe have come to him. But he had no view towards any inheritance from her, either as a wife, or a friend. For we find by his letter to Worral above quoted, that he had long before ſuggeſted the idea to her of leaving her fortune to charitable uſes, and ſeems preſſing that ſhe ſhould be prevailed on to make her will accordingly. The ſame diſintereſted ſpirit did he ſhew with regard to Miſs Vanhomrigh, breaking off all connection with her at a time when he knew ſhe had in her will bequeathed her whole fortune to him, which was very conſiderable. So that, at this period of his life at leaſt, avarice had laid no hold of him.

Thus have I given a true relation of the nature of Swift's connection with Mrs. Johnſon, and laid open the cauſe of their never having cohabited after the ceremony of marriage had paſſed between them. To account for which ſo many conjectures have been formed without any foundation. Among theſe there was one ſo very abſurd, and ſo utterly impoſſible to be true, that it is wonderful how it could ever gain any credit; and yet this report was for a long time generally ſpread and believed. It was aſſerted, without any ſhadow of proof, that Mrs. Johnſon was a natural daughter of Sir William Temple's; and in the ſame way, that Swift

was

was his ſon, and that the diſcovery of this conſanguinity, when or how made was never told, was the cauſe of their not cohabiting. Now to overthrow this, it is only neceſſary to examine the time of Swift's birth, which was in November 1667, and to ſhew that Sir William Temple had been employed as Ambaſſador in the treaty of Nimeguen, two years before, and three years after that date, during which time he reſided conſtantly abroad. And indeed there is good reaſon to believe that he never ſo much as ſaw Swift's mother in his life. This was ſo clearly ſhewn by Dr. Delany, that any mention of it here might be thought unneceſſary, had there not been publiſhed ſince that time a moſt circumſtantial account of that affair, in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1757, in which the Writer pretends to give the whole account of Mrs. Johnſon's Life, as well as that of her mother, with ſuch a confident air, and ſo many minute particulars, as deceived one of the Editors of Swift's Works into a belief that the account was authentic; inſomuch, that he has inſerted the whole in the notes upon one of the volumes. How he came to place ſuch implicit confidence in the veracity of an Anonymous Writer, is ſtrange; but it would be eaſy to prove, that the whole of this fictitious tale was the invention of ſome noveliſt, who had a mind to amuſe himſelf with ſhewing how eaſily the credulity of mankind is impoſed on, by any extraordinary or marvellous ſtory. However, in order to deſtroy the fabric, it will be only neceſſary to ſay, that the whole was founded upon a fact already proved impoſſible to be true, which is that Swift was Sir William Temple's ſon. And with reſpect to Mrs. Johnſon, there can be no reaſon to doubt the authority of Swift's account, who, in the little Tract written on her death, has this paſſage. "She was born at Richmond in Surry,

Surry, on the 13th day of March in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamſhire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed ſhe had little to boaſt of her birth."

Having thus developed his conduct, which has hitherto appeared in ſo myſterious a light to the world, with regard to the two unfortunate Ladies, who had placed their affections on an object probably not capable of making a ſuitable return, or who, at leaſt, had ſhewn himſelf a perfect Platoniſt in love; I ſhall now examine his character with regard to the ſtill nobler affection of the human mind, I mean friendſhip. There have been already many inſtances given in the courſe of this work, to ſhew that he had a heart ſuſceptible of the warmeſt impreſſions of that ſort, but ſtill his friendſhip was portioned out among numbers; and it ſeems to have been almoſt equally ſhared by Addiſon, Prior, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, Lord Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lord Peterborough, and many others; but to the perfection of true friendſhip it is neceſſary that there ſhould be one particular individual, ſelected from the reſt of mankind, who may be conſidered as another ſelf, to whom we can unboſom our moſt ſecret thoughts, before whom we are not aſhamed to lay open our weakneſſes and foibles, or, in the expreſſive phraſe, to think aloud. This poſt was never hitherto occupied by any man; but Swift found no deficiency on that account, as it was amply, and more pleaſingly ſupplied by one of the other ſex, the incomparable Stella. And to this, in proceſs of time, did Sheridan ſucceed. His acquaintance with the Dean commenced ſoon after his ſettlement in Ireland in the following manner. The Dean, who had heard much of Sheridan as a man of wit and humour, deſired a common friend to bring them together. They paſſed the day much to their mutual ſatisfaction; and

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when the company broke up at night, Swift in his uſual ironical way, ſaid, "I invite all here preſent to dine with me next Thurſday, except Mr. Sheridan," but with a look which expreſſed that the invitation was made wholly on his account. There are certain ſpirits, *concordès animæ*, that on the firſt interview feel an irreſiſtible attraction to each other, and ruſh into friendſhip, as ſome do into love, at firſt ſight; and ſuch was the caſe between theſe two men of genius, who had a great ſimilarity both of diſpoſition and talents; and who in a ſhort time became inſeparable. This union was forwarded, and afterwards cemented by Stella, who gave the Doctor the preference to all the Dean's other friends. As Swift had paſſed very little time in Dublin previous to his ſettling there, he had very few acquaintance except among thoſe of high ſtation; to the promotion of ſome of whom he had contributed, and did good offices to others, when he was in power; ſuch as the Primate, Archbiſhop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor Phipps, Biſhop Sterne, *&c.* but as he wiſhed for a ſociety where he could be more at his eaſe, and indulge his ſportive fancy, Sheridan introduced him into a numerous acquaintance of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of thoſe times for talents, erudition, and companionable qualities. As he was allowed to be the firſt ſchoolmaſter in the kingdom, an intimacy with thoſe Fellows of the College, whoſe acquaintance he choſe to cultivate, followed of courſe; and there happened at that time to be a greater number of learned and ingenious men in that body, than ever had been known before at any given period. An acquaintance naturally commenced with ſuch families of diſtinction as entruſted their children to his care. Beſides, as he was looked upon to be one of the moſt agreeable companions in the world, his ſociety was much courted by

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all perſons of taſte. With a ſelect ſet of theſe did Swift paſs moſt of his feſtive hours for many years; but in the round of entertainments care was always taken to engage Sheridan before a party was fixed, as the Dean was never known to be in perfect good humour, but when he was one of the company.

As many of the evening parties were made up of this choſen ſet in the college, where ſubjects of literature were often the topics of converſation, Swift, who could not bear to be conſidered in an inferior light by any ſociety into which he had entered, found it neceſſary to revive his knowledge of Greek and Latin, which in the hurry of politics and buſtle of the world, he had ſo long neglected. With this view he invited Dr. Sheridan to paſs his vacations with him at the Deanery, where an apartment was fitted up for him, which ever after, went by his name; and aſſiſted by him he went through a complete courſe of the Greek and Roman claſſics. This gave him a full opportunity of ſeeing the profound knowledge which the Doctor had of thoſe languages; and he ever after pronounced him to be the beſt ſcholar in Europe. Thus living together frequently in the ſame houſe, in a communion of the ſame ſtudies, and the ſame amuſements, a cloſer connection and more intimate union followed, than Swift had ever known with any mortal except Stella. As Sheridan was the moſt open undiſguiſed man in the world, it did not require much time or penetration to ſee into his whole character; in which Swift found many things to admire, many things to love, and little to offend. He had the ſtricteſt regard to truth, and the higheſt ſenſe of honour; incapable of diſſimulation in the ſmalleſt degree; generous to a fault, and charitable in the extreme. Of a proud independent ſpirit, which would not ſuffer him to crouch to the great ones of the world

for

for any favour, nor to put on even the appearance of flattery. He had a heart formed for friendſhip, in which Swift had the firſt place. It was impoſſible not to eſteem a man poſſeſſed of qualities ſo congenial with his own; but his affection was engaged by thoſe of a leſs exalted kind, and more pleaſing in the general intercourſe of life. Sheridan had a lively fancy, and a ſurpriſing quickneſs of invention. He had ſuch a perpetual flow of ſpirits, ſuch a ready wit, and variety of humour, that I have often heard his acquaintance ſay, it was impoſſible for the moſt ſplenetic man not to be cheerful in his company. Imagine what a treaſure this muſt be to Swift, in that gloomy ſtate of mind, into which the diſappointment of all his views, upon the Queen's death had thrown him; and in which we find from his letters, he continued ſo many years. Deſpair of doing any good, had turned his thoughts wholly from public affairs, which before had ingroſſed ſo much of his time; and he was not in a diſpoſition to ſet about any work that would require much thought, or labour of the brain; he therefore gave himſelf wholly up to the *bagatelle*, and to writing nothing but *jeux d'eſprit*; in which no one was better qualified to keep up the ball than Sheridan. For one whole year it was agreed that they ſhould write to each other in verſe every day, and were to be upon honour that they would take up no more than five minutes in compoſing each letter. Numbers of Riddles, Anglo-Latin Letters, and other whims of fancy were produced in the ſame way. But as theſe were only intended for private amuſement, moſt of them, when they had ſerved their turn, were committed to the flames. Some few, however, have eſcaped, and are printed in his Works; which may ſerve to gratify the curioſity of ſuch Readers, as may be deſirous to have a private peep, as it were, at the fancy of

this great genius, when frolickſome and unreſtrained ſhe was playing her ſportive gambols *en deſhabille*.

With all theſe good qualities and pleaſing talents, Swift ſaw ſome weakneſſes and infirmities in his friend, which he in vain endeavoured to cure. However ſkilled he might be in books, he was a perfect child as to the knowledge of the world. Being wholly void of artifice and deſign himſelf, he never ſuſpected any in others; and thus became the dupe of all artful men with whom he had any connection. As he knew not how to ſet a true value on money, he had no regard to œconomy; and his purſe was always open to the indigent, without conſidering whether he could afford it or not. In converſation, his fancy was not always under the direction of diſcretion, and he frequently gave offence by ſudden ſallies, without intending it. Swift acted the part of a true friend on theſe occaſions, and was not ſparing of his admonitions and advice as opportunities offered; but he found the Doctor too opinionated to be guided by the judgment of others, though his own was too weak to reſtrain his natural propenſities. In this caſe the beſt ſervice to be done, was, to increaſe his income in proportion to the largeneſs of his ſpirit, as his ſpirit was not to be confined within the bounds of his income. With this view Swift was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the flouriſhing ſtate of his ſchool. He recommended him to all as the ableſt Maſter of the age; and publiſhed a Copy of Latin Verſes in his praiſe as ſuch; he deſcended even at times to act as his Uſher; and frequently attended at ſchool to hear a claſs; when the Doctor was ill, or abſent in the country, he ſupplied his place; and was always one of the Examiners at the Public Quarterly Examinations. Such attention paid by one of Swift's high character, could not fail of raiſing the reputation of the ſchool; and accordingly it

increaſed

increaſed ſo rapidly, that in a few years the number of ſcholars far exceeded that of any other ſeminary ever known in that kingdom. But Swift ſaw with concern that his expences kept pace with his income, and increaſed in the ſame proportion. Indulging his natural diſpoſition, he made frequent coſtly entertainments, and on certain days when he was freed from the afternoon attendance on ſchool, his table was open to all *bons vivans*, jovial companions, *&c.* And where mirth and good wine circulated ſo briſkly, it is to be ſuppoſed there was no lack of gueſts. Swift ſaw there was no likelihood of any change in his conduct, while he continued in the ſame place, and aſſociated with the ſame ſets. In compaſſion therefore to his young and yearly increaſing family, he formed the deſign of having him removed, upon very advantageous terms, to a diſtant part of the kingdom, where he would have no ſuch temptation to indulge the extravagance of his diſpoſition. It happened at that time that the ſchoolmaſter of Armagh was in a declining ſtate of health. That ſchool was richly endowed with lands, whoſe clear rent amounted to four hundred pounds a year, a conſiderable income in thoſe days, and fully equal to double that ſum at preſent. Swift wrote to a friend in Armagh to ſend off an expreſs to him inſtantly on the death of the incumbent. Immediately on the receipt of this, he waited on Primate Lindſay (to whoſe advancement Lindſay himſelf acknowledges in one of his letters, Swift had chiefly contributed) ſaying he had a favour to beg of him. That he was going to turn ſchoolmaſter, and deſired he would give him the ſchool of Armagh. It is not vacant, ſaid the Primate. Yes but it is, ſaid Swift, ſhewing him the letter he had received by expreſs. After ſome raillery from the Primate on the Dean's turning ſchoolmaſter, Swift at laſt ſaid, Well, my Lord,

let me have the diſpoſal of the ſchool, and I'll engage to fill it up to your mind; I mean to place Sheridan in it. The Primate conſented without heſitation. Swift immediately went to the Doctor with the news, who had not the leaſt previous intimation of the affair from the Dean. After due acknowledgments of his kindneſs on this occaſion, Sheridan ſaid that he muſt take ſome time to conſider of it, and that he could not take a ſtep, upon which the whole colour of his future life depended, without conſulting his friends. Your friends, ſaid Swift, you will ever be a blockhead as to the world: becauſe they are pleaſed with your company, and gratify themſelves in paſſing many happy hours with you in ſocial mirth, you ſuppoſe them to be your friends. Believe me there is little true friendſhip in the world; and it is not impoſſible but the very men who now hug you to their boſoms, may hereafter turn out to be your inveterate enemies. Take my advice; conſult none of them; but accept without heſitation of an offer which will ſecure you a handſome income for life, independent of caſualties. Beſides, your ſchool will probably flouriſh as much there as here, as the high reputation you have gained in Dublin will follow you to the North, and ſecure to you all the boys of that moſt populous and opulent part of the kingdom.

The Doctor ſtill perſiſted in his reſolution of conſulting his friends; and at a meeting of them for that purpoſe, chiefly compoſed of the Fellows of the College, they were unanimouſly of opinion that he ſhould by no means accept of the propoſed offer. They repreſented to him that his ſchool was in a moſt flouriſhing ſtate, and likely to increaſe daily. That he could not hope to have any thing like the number of pupils in a country town, as in the capital; and his income, even with the addition of the endowment, would probably

bably not be greater. That by reſiding in Dublin, he might make ſuch powerful connections, as would raiſe him to conſiderable church preferments, all expectation of which he muſt give up if he buried himſelf in an obſcure corner of the kingdom. By theſe, and other arguments of the like nature, the Doctor was eaſily perſuaded to follow the bent of his inclination. For it muſt have been with great reluctance that he would have quitted the ſociety of ſuch a number of learned, ingenious, and agreeable men, as then formed the circle of his acquaintance.

The Doctor had too much reaſon afterwards to repent of his not having followed Swift's advice, as what he had foretold, in a few years came to paſs. Thoſe very men, whom he conſidered as his beſt friends, ſet up another ſchool in oppoſition to his, which they ſupported with all their intereſt, of which the Doctor ſpeaks in the following manner in a letter to Swift: "As for my *quondam* friends, as you ſtile them, *quondam* them all. It is the moſt decent way I can curſe them; for they lulled me aſleep, till they ſtole my ſchool into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter part of my life to a diſagreeable ſolitude; where I have the miſery to reflect upon my folly in making ſuch a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to ſuſpect any foul upon earth." In anſwer to which Swift ſays—"I own you have too much reaſon to complain of ſome friends, who, next to yourſelf, have done you moſt hurt; whom I ſtill eſteem and frequent, although I confeſs I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the caſe was not merely perſonal malice to you (although it had the ſame effects) but a kind of I know not what jobb, which one of them hath often heartily repented."

Nothing could place Swift's friendſhip in a more conſpicuous or diſintereſted light, than this whole tranſac-

tion. To have parted with Sheridan at that period of life, when all was gloom about him, when he moſt wanted ſuch a friend to raiſe his drooping ſpirits, and ſuch an aſſociate in the only amuſements which he was then capable of reliſhing, would have been to him like the loſs of a limb. Yet when he thought that it was neceſſary for the intereſts of the Doctor and his family, that he ſhould remove from his ſettlement in town, to a more advantageous and ſecure one in the country, he himſelf planned the ſcheme of his removal, which was likely to end, with but few intervals, in a ſeparation for life. How different is this from the falſe repreſentation made of him by Lord Orrery. He had ſaid "The affection between Theſeus and Pirithous, was not greater than between Swift and Sheridan; but the friendſhip that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from thoſe which united the two modern Divines." His Lordſhip did not think proper to ſtate what thoſe motives were; and after having drawn Sheridan's character, with as little regard to truth, and in many points, as little reſemblance to the original as any of his other portraits, he aſſigns Swift's cloſe attachment to him to the meaneſt and moſt ſelfiſh motives; where he ſays "In this ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, Swift faſtened upon him as upon a prey, with which he intended to regale himſelf whenever his appetite ſhould prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept conſtantly within his reach; and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was, to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of Corke, which had been beſtowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

For many years after this fruitleſs attempt to ſerve his friend, Swift had it not in his power to promote his intereſts

intereſts in any other way, being the moſt obnoxious of any man living to thoſe who were then in power. But on the appointment of Lord Carteret to the Government of Ireland, who had been one of his old friends, Doctor Sheridan was the firſt he recommended to his protection. He got him appointed one of his domeſtic Chaplains, with a promiſe of making a proviſion for him in the Church. Lord Carteret, who was himſelf an excellent ſcholar, ſoon diſtinguiſhed the Doctor's merit in that line, nor was he leſs pleaſed with him as a companion, often inviting him to his private parties, and ſometimes, laying his ſtate aſide, he would ſteal out from the caſtle in a Hackney-chair, to paſs the evening at Sheridan's with Swift, and the ſelect ſet which uſed to meet there. By the deſire of the Lord Lieutenant, the Doctor had one of the tragedies of Sophocles performed by his ſcholars for his entertainment. Before the day of exhibition Lord Carteret appointed a morning to paſs with him in reading the play together, in order to refreſh his memory after ſo long an abſence from his Greek ſtudies. The Doctor was aſtoniſhed at the facility and accuracy with which he tranſlated this difficult Author, having ſcarce any opportunity of giving him aſſiſtance through the whole play. While he was expreſſing his ſurpriſe at this, and admiration at the wonderful knowledge which his Lordſhip ſhewed of the Greek language, Lord Carteret, with great candour, told him he would let him into the ſecret how he came to be ſo far maſter of this particular Author. He ſaid that when he was Envoy in Denmark, he had been for a long time confined to his chamber, partly by illneſs, and partly by the ſeverity of the weather; and having but few books with him, he had read Sophocles over and over ſo often, as to be able almoſt to repeat the whole verbatim, which im-

preſſed it ever after indelibly on his memory. This candid confeſſion was certainly the act of an ingenuous mind, above the vanity of gaining a character ſuperior to its merits; and I believe there are very few who would not have ſuffered the Doctor to go away in the full perſuaſion that he was one of the moſt complete ſcholars of the age in the whole of the Greek language, and accordingly ſpread this account of him, ſeemingly ſo well founded, to the world.

Not long after this the Lord Lieutenant beſtowed on the Doctor the firſt living that fell in the gift of Government, only as an earneſt of future favours; and from the countenance ſhewn him at the Caſtle, it was generally ſuppoſed that he might expect in time to riſe to ſome high dignities in the Church. But all this fair proſpect ſoon vaniſhed, by a concurrence of ſome very extraordinary accidents. When he went down to be inducted into his living, he was requeſted by Archdeacon Ruſſel of Cork, to ſupply his place in the pulpit on the following Sunday. The Doctor, who was a very abſent man, had forgot his engagement, and was ſitting quietly at his lodging *en deſhabille*, when a meſſage from the Pariſh Clerk, who ſaw no preacher arrive after the ſervice had begun, rouſed him from his reverie. He dreſſed himſelf with all ſpeed, and of two ſermons that he had brought with him, took the firſt that came to his hand, without looking into it. It happened that the firſt of Auguſt in that year fell on that very Sunday; and the firſt of Auguſt being the day on which Queen Anne died, was, in that time of party, a day of great celebrity, and much adverted to by the Whigs. But this circumſtance had not at all occurred to the Doctor, who looked on it only as a common Sunday, without conſidering the day of the month. The text of this led-ſermon happened to be, "Sufficient to the

day

day is the evil thereof." Such a text on ſuch a day, excited a general murmur through the whole congregation, to the great ſurpriſe of the preacher, who was the only perſon ignorant of the cauſe; of which he was not informed till after he had deſcended from the pulpit, when the affair was paſt remedy. There happened to be preſent in the Church a furious Whig, and one of the moſt violent party-men of the times. He immediately took poſt for Dublin, where, by his repreſentation of this matter, as Swift has obſerved in giving an account of this tranſaction, "Such a clamour was raiſed by the zeal of one man, of no large dimenſions either of body or mind, that we in Dublin could apprehend no leſs than an invaſion by the Pretender, who muſt be landed in the South." Such indeed was the violent clamour raiſed by the Whigs in general, that the Lord Lieutenant, in order to pacify them, was obliged to order the Doctor's name to be ſtruck out of the Liſt of Chaplains, and to forbid his appearance at the Caſtle; though he was perfectly ſatisfied of his innocence, as it appeared that in the whole ſermon there was not a ſyllable relating to Government or party, or to the ſubject of the day; and that he had often preached it before under the ſame text. And as Swift obſerves in one of his letters on this ſubject, "It is indeed againſt common ſenſe to think that you ſhould chooſe ſuch a time, when you had received a favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reaſon to expect more, to diſcover your diſloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? It is ſafer for a man's intereſt to blaſpheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought ſo; and ſince the laſt was the caſe, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in ſome manner preferred by Government, although in a poor way? I tell

tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potatoe and butter-milk to a reputed Tory." Swift's letters on this occaſion bear the ſtrongeſt marks of true friendſhip, by giving him the beſt advice how to conduct himſelf, and letting in ſome rays of hope, that he ſhould be able to ſettle matters with the Lord Lieutenant in London, on his ſhortly intended viſit to that city, and ſo clear the way for ſome future favour.

But though, as Swift expreſſes it, the Doctor had thus, by mere chance-medley, ſhot his own fortune dead with a ſingle text, yet it was the means of his receiving a conſiderable addition to his fortune, of more intrinſic value than the largeſt benefice he might have reaſon to expect. As this proceeded from an act of uncommon generoſity, it deſerves well to be recorded. Archdeacon Ruſſel, in whoſe pulpit the ſermon was preached, conſidered himſelf as inſtrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the Doctor's expectations. He was for ſome time uneaſy in his mind on this account, and at laſt determined to make him a noble compenſation. He had a great friendſhip for the Doctor, whom he ſaw loaded with a numerous offspring, upon a precarious income, while he himſelf was poſſeſſed of a conſiderable property, and without any family. Urged on by thoſe nice ſcruples in his mind before-mentioned, he thought he could not make a better uſe of his fortune, than to apply the ſuperfluity of it towards making the Doctor eaſy in his circumſtances, and thus enabling him to make a proviſion for his children. With this view he took a journey to Dublin in order to make over to him, by an irrevocable deed of gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane in the county of Cavan, a Biſhop's leaſe, which at that time produced a clear profit rent of two hundred and fifty pounds

pounds *per annum* *. An act of ſuch liberality, and ſeldom to be paralleled in this degenerate and ſelfiſh age, deſerves well to be reſcued from oblivion; nor could the Author of theſe Memoirs, without ingratitude, paſs it over in ſilence.

But unfortunately this noble benefaction did not anſwer the end propoſed by the bountiful donor. The Doctor now thought his fortune was made, and ſet no bounds to his prodigality: with what he poſſeſſed before in the county of Cavan, his landed property produced him full four hundred pounds a year; and his ſchool and living, eight hundred more. A large income indeed in thoſe days, but not equal to the profuſeneſs of his ſpirit. He was, as was before obſerved, the greateſt dupe in the world, and a conſtant prey to all the indigent of his acquaintance, as well as thoſe who were recommended to him by others. Not content with receiving ſeveral into his ſchool whom he taught without pay, he had always two or three whom he lodged and boarded in his houſe *gratis*; nay ſome he maintained in cloaths and every other neceſſary, and afterwards entered and ſupported them in the College at his own charge, as if they had been his ſons. To his daughters he gave the genteeleſt education, and dreſt them in the moſt faſhionable ſtyle. As he was an adept in Muſic both in the ſcientific and practical part, he had frequent private concerts at his houſe at no ſmall coſt, and the expences of his table were certainly not diminiſhed by his increaſe of fortune. While he was going on in this career, his ſchool gradually decreaſed, from the cauſe already mentioned, together with ſome other co-operating circumſtances; but as the diminution of his income made no change in his mode of liv-

* I have been well aſſured, that the leaſe produces at this day no leſs a ſum than eight hundred *per annum*, net profit to the preſent poſſeſſor,

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ing, it was not long before he had contracted ſuch debts as obliged him to mortgage his lands. He had exchanged his living in the county of Cork, for that of Dunboyne, within a few miles of Dublin; in which he was egregiouſly outwitted, as the latter fell very ſhort of the income of the former. In this declining ſtate of his affairs, his reſidence in Dublin grew extremely irkſome to him, and being determined to change the ſcene, he again exchanged his living for the free-ſchool of Cavan, though to another diminution of his income. All this was done without once conſulting the Dean, who had long been weary of offering fruitleſs advice.

When the Doctor was preparing to remove to Cavan, a little incident happened which at once ſhewed Swift's great affection for him, and the uncommon tenderneſs of his heart. He happened to call in juſt at the time that the workmen were taking down the pictures and other furniture in the parlour: that parlour where for ſuch a number of years, he had paſſed ſo many happy hours; ſtruck with the ſight he burſt into tears, and ruſhed into a dark cloſet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compoſe himſelf. When it is conſidered that he was at that time verging on ſeventy, an age in which the heart generally is callous, and almoſt dead to the fine affections, there cannot be a ſtronger confutation of the charge made againſt him of his want of feeling; as I believe the inſtances are very rare of perſons at that time of life, capable of being ſo much moved by ſuch an incident.

The Doctor had not been long ſettled at Cavan, when Swift, who at that time knew little comfort in life out of his ſociety, followed, in order to paſs the winter with him. I was there at his arrival, and during the whole time of his continuance there. It grieved me much to ſee ſuch a change in him. His perſon was quite emaciated,

ed, and bore the marks of many more years than had paſſed over his head. His memory greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline. His temper peeviſh, fretful, moroſe, and prone to ſudden fits of paſſion; and yet to me his behaviour was gentle, as it always had been from my early childhood, treating me with partial kindneſs and attention, as being his godſon; often giving me inſtruction, attended with frequent preſents and rewards when I did well. I loved him from my boyiſh days, and never ſtood in the leaſt awe before him, as I do not remember ever to have had a croſs look, or harſh expreſſion from him. I read to him two or three hours every day during this viſit, and often received both pleaſure and improvement from the obſervations he made. His intention was to have paſſed the whole winter there; but as the Doctor was called up to town upon buſineſs during the Chriſtmas vacation, Swift found the place deſolate without him, and followed him in a few days. During this viſit, it appeared by many inſtances that avarice had then taken poſſeſſion of him to a great degree. Doctor Sheridan had prevailed on the Burgeſſes of Cavan to meet the Dean, in a body, at a place four miles diſtant from the town to compliment him on his arrival. The Doctor told him, in return, he ought to invite them to an entertainment; with which the Dean, after ſome time, though not without manifeſt reluctance, complied. He gave them a very ſhabby dinner at the inn, and called for the bill, before the gueſts had got half enough of wine. He diſputed ſeveral articles, ſaid there were two bottles of wine more charged than were uſed, flew into a violent paſſion, and abuſed his ſervants groſsly for not keeping better count. The ſervants ran away, and Doctor Sheridan, without ſpeaking a word, went off and left him to himſelf. This was the manner in which they always treated him, at that time, when he was in one of

thoſe

thoſe fits, for the leaſt oppoſition, or even the preſence of thoſe with whom he was angry, ſerved but to increaſe his paſſion almoſt to frenzy. But when he had time to cool, he always expreſſed deep concern at his infirmity.

Of the peeviſhneſs of his temper at that time, among many other inſtances, he gave a remarkable one, at the inn of Virginy, his laſt ſtage before his arrival at Cavan. In paſſing to his chamber, he ſaw the maid employed in ſcraping a piece of beef, and ſtopped to aſk her, how many maggots ſhe had got out of it. The wench ſmartly anſwered, "Not ſo many as there are in your head." This repartee, which, at another period of his life would have pleaſed him much, and probably produced half a crown to the maid for her wit, now threw him into a paſſion, in which he was ſo weak as to complain of her to her miſtreſs, and inſiſt on her being diſcharged for her ſaucineſs.

When the Burgeſſes of Cavan went out to meet him, one of them addreſſed him in a complimentary ſpeech on the occaſion, which was but ill delivered, as he had a remarkable thickneſs of utterance. When he had done, Swift aſked him, pray Sir, are you the Town-Serjeant? (a low office, and ſcarcely above the rank of a common Conſtable) No, Mr. Dean, anſwered Doctor Sheridan, that is Mr. Brooks the apothecary, our eldeſt Burgeſs. I thought ſo, ſaid Swift, for he ſpoke as if his mouth was full of drugs. How muſt his diſpoſition have been changed, when the higheſt civilities that could be ſhewn him, and which formerly were received with the greateſt pleaſure, and returned with the utmoſt politeneſs, now produced nothing but marks of diſguſt.

From this time all his infirmities increaſed faſt upon him, particularly his avarice, to a high degree. Doctor Sheridan, who ſtill continued to paſs great part of his vacations at the Deanery, ſaw many flagrant inſtances of this,

this, whereof he thought himſelf bound both by friendſhip, and a ſolemn engagement he had entered into, to give him information. This alludes to a converſation that had paſſed between Swift and Doctor Sheridan, as they were riding together on the Strand, ſome years before the Doctor left Dublin. The topic happened to be that of old age, which Swift ſaid he found coming faſt upon him, and he ſuppoſed he ſhould not be exempt from its attendant infirmities. "But there is one vice its uſual concomitant, the moſt deteſtable of all others, and which therefore I would moſt endeavour to guard againſt, I mean avarice: I do not know any way ſo effectual for this purpoſe, as to engage ſome true friend to give me warning when he ſees any approaches of that ſort, and thus put me upon my guard. This office I expect from you, and hope you will give me a ſolemn aſſurance that you will moſt punctually fulfil it." The Doctor very readily entered into the engagement; and now thought himſelf bound to diſcharge it. With this view, in one of his vacations paſſed at the Deanery, he ſet down daily in a journal kept for that purpoſe, all the inſtances he could perceive of the Dean's parſimony; which in a fortnight aroſe to a conſiderable amount. Armed with theſe proofs, he one day took an opportunity of aſking the Dean, Whether he recollected a diſcourſe which had paſſed between them on the Strand, relative to old age and avarice, and the ſolemn engagement he had made him enter into upon that occaſion. Swift, as one ſuddenly alarmed, anſwered with precipitation, "Yes, I remember it very well—Why—do you perceive any thing of that ſort in me?" You ſhall be judge yourſelf, ſaid the Doctor—read over that paper, and ſee whether it is not high time I ſhould now perform my promiſe. The Dean read over the articles with a countenance in which ſhame and deſpondency were blended.

When he had done, he leaned his head upon his hand, with his eyes caſt to the ground, and remained for ſome time buried in profound thought; at laſt he juſt lifted up his eyes, without changing his poſture, and caſting a ſide glance at the Doctor, with a moſt ſignificant look, aſked him—"Doctor—did you never read Gil Blas?" alluding to the famous ſtory of a ſimilar conduct of his towards the Archbiſhop, when he was his Secretary, which loſt him his poſt. After ſuch a ſcene, the reader will eaſily conclude, that the diſeaſe was paſt remedy; and that the Doctor, like poor Gil Blas, would probably not continue long in favour. Thus was Lord Bolingbroke's obſervation upon a paſſage in one of Swift's Letters fully verified; where he ſays, he had made a maxim which ought to be written in letters of diamond, "That a wiſe man ſhould have money in his head, but not in his heart." To which his Lordſhip replies, "That a wiſe man ſhould take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would moſt aſſuredly deſcend to the heart, the ſeat of the paſſions."

And yet this vice, which daily increaſed, and made him act grudgingly and ſordidly in all other articles of expence, had no effect upon his charities, which were continued as uſual. I had a remarkable inſtance given me of this by Mrs. Sican, two years after this period, when his avarice was at the height. She had called on him one morning, and upon the uſual queſtion being aſked of, "What news?" ſaid, a very melancholy affair had happened the night before to an acquaintance of hers, one Mr. Ellis, a cabinet maker, whoſe houſe and goods were deſtroyed by fire; and as he was a young man juſt beginning the world, newly married, ſhe was afraid it would prove his ruin, unleſs he was relieved by charitable contributions. Swift aſked what character he bore? She ſaid an exceeding good one, for ſobriety, induſtry, and

and integrity. The Dean then went to his deſk, and brought out five broad Portugal pieces, which paſſed at that time in Dublin for four pounds each, and gave them to her as his ſubſcription.

Dr. Sheridan, finding himſelf diſappointed in all his expectations on his removal, continued at Cavan but little more than two years; when he ſold his ſchool and returned to Dublin. While a houſe was preparing for him, he took up his abode as uſual at the Deanery, where he was ſeized with a fit of illneſs, which confined him for ſome weeks to his chamber. The Dean was not in a condition at that time to afford him any conſolation, nor in a diſpoſition of mind to be troubled with a ſick gueſt. A longer fit than uſual of his old complaint, had deprived him of all ſociety, and left him a prey to the horror of his own thoughts. He had long been weary of the world, and all that was in it. He had no proſpect of relief but from death, for which he moſt ardently wiſhed, even when his ſtate was not ſo bad. For ſome years before, he never took leave of a friend in an evening, but he conſtantly added, "Well, God bleſs you, and I hope I ſhall never ſee you again *." In this hopeleſs ſtate, deprived of all the comforts of life, no wonder if he was dead alſo to the feelings of friendſhip. When the Doctor had ſufficiently recovered to be able to go a-

* That he was weary of life, appears in many paſſages of his letters, and the following anecdote will ſhew how much he wiſhed for death. In the year 1739, three years after his memory had firſt declined, he had been ſtanding with a Clergyman under a very large heavy pier glaſs, which, juſt as they had moved to another part of the room, fell down ſuddenly, and broke to pieces. The Clergyman, ſtruck with a ſenſe of the danger they had eſcaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we did, for if we had not, we ſhould certainly have been both killed. Swift replied, "Had you been out of the caſe, I ſhould have been happy to have remained there."

broad, he was apologiſing to the Dean for the trouble he had given him; ſaying, "I fear, Mr. Dean, I have been an expenſive lodger to you this bout." Upon which Mrs. W——, a relation of the Dean's, who then chiefly managed his affairs, and who happened to be preſent, briſkly ſaid, it is in your power, Doctor, eaſily to remedy this, by removing to another lodging. Swift was ſilent. The poor Doctor was quite thunder-ſtruck. As this Lady had always profeſſed great friendſhip for him, and lay under conſiderable obligations to him, he quickly ſaw that this muſt have been done by Swift's direction; in which he was confirmed by his ſilence on the occaſion. He immediately left the houſe, in all that anguiſh of mind, which a heart poſſeſſed of the warmeſt friendſhip muſt feel, upon the abrupt breach of one of ſo long a ſtanding, and ſo ſincere on his part; nor did he ever enter it again *. He lived but a ſhort time after this. His friend and phyſician, Dr. Helſham, foretold the manner, and almoſt the very time of his death. He ſaid his diſorder was a polypus in the heart, which was ſo far advanced, that it would probably put an end to his exiſtence in a ſhort time, and ſo ſuddenly, as to give him no warning of it; and therefore recommended it to him to ſettle his affairs. The Doctor upon this, retired to a houſe of one of his ſcholars, Mr. O'Callaghan, at Rathfarnham, three miles from Dublin. In a few days he ſent for his friend and nameſake, Counſellor Sheridan, to

* The ſtory told by a lying biographer, in a work publiſhed under the name of Theophilus Cibber, and ſince transferred into a note on the Dean's Works is utterly falſe. It is there related, that the Doctor being in fear of his creditors, had retired for refuge to the Deanery, and one evening requeſting a bottle of wine, the Dean grudgingly anſwered, though he had given him a lodging, he had not promiſed to furniſh him with wine;" for the Doctor, at that time, did not owe a ſhilling in the world; having ſold a great part of his landed property to pay his debts.

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draw his will; and when that was done, he ſeemed cheerful and in good ſpirits. The Counſellor, and a brother of Mr. O'Callaghan's, who had lent him his houſe, upon being called away to another part of the kingdom, dined with him that day. Soon after dinner, the converſation happened to turn on the weather, and one of them obſerved, that the wind was eaſterly. The Doctor upon this, ſaid, "let it blow Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South, the immortal ſoul will take its flight to the deſtined point." Theſe were the laſt words he ever ſpoke, for he immediately ſunk back in his chair, and expired without a groan, or the ſmalleſt ſtruggle. His friends thought he had fallen aſleep, and in that belief retired to the garden, that they might not diſturb his repoſe; but on their return, after an hours walk, to their great aſtoniſhment, they found he was dead. Upon opening the body, Doctor Helſham's ſagacious prognoſtic proved to be true, as the polypus in the heart was diſcovered to be the immediate cauſe of his death. I know not whether it is worth mentioning, that the ſurgeon ſaid, he never ſaw ſo large a heart in any human body.

It is with reluctance I have dwelt ſo long on this part of Swift's life; but as many repreſentations of his conduct at that juncture, founded on truth too, had got abroad, much to the diſadvantage of his character, I thought it neceſſary to draw at full length a picture of his ſtate of mind at that time, to ſhew how unreaſonable it is to impute faults to the ſound and perfect man, which were the natural conſequence of the decay of his faculties, the infirmities of age, and cruel diſeaſe; by which ſo total a change was made in him, that ſcarce any thing of his former ſelf remained. Among the charges againſt him, none bore more hard than his latter behaviour to Dr. Sheridan, for which I have already accounted. In their whole intercourſe, previous to that period, I have

ſhewn how ſincere a friend he had always proved himſelf to be; and afterwards, when his underſtanding was gone, and his memory failed, when ſome former feelings of the heart only remained, I had a ſtrong inſtance given me by his ſervant William, how deep an impreſſion the Doctor had made there; who told me that when he was in that ſtate, the Dean, every day, for a long time, conſtantly aſked him the ſame queſtion—"William, did you know Doctor Sheridan?" Yes, Sir, very well—and then, with a heavy ſigh, Oh I loſt my right hand when I loſt him.

SECTION VII.

HAVING thus finiſhed the Life of Swift, and related in a regular ſeries all that I thought moſt worthy to be recorded, I have purpoſely reſerved to a ſeparate part of the Work, ſuch Anecdotes, Memoirs, and detached Pieces, as could not have been interwoven into the hiſtory, without much interruption. This was the method purſued by that great Biographer Plutarch, and that is the part of his Work, which, in general, is read with moſt pleaſure. There is a wonderful curioſity in mankind to pry into the ſecret actions of men, who have made a diſtinguiſhed figure in public, as it is from private Anecdotes alone that a true eſtimate can be formed of their real characters, ſince the other may be aſſumed only to anſwer the purpoſes of ambition. Even circumſtances in themſelves trifling, often lead to this, and on that account are regiſtered with care, and read with avidity. I ſhall, therefore, without farther preface, relate ſuch Anecdotes of Swift, as have come to my knowledge, and have not hitherto been made known to the world, as they riſe in my memory; but ſhall ſet down none which I have not good reaſon to believe authentic; as I received moſt of them from my father; others from his

and

and the Dean's intimate friends; and ſome came within my own knowledge.

We have already ſeen that ſoon after the Dean's acquaintance with Doctor Sheridan commenced, being both equally fond of the *bagatelle*, they were laying themſelves out for various contrivances to create innocent ſport. There happened to arrive in town at this time, one Gibbons, who had been a contemporary of the Doctor's in the College, but had been abſent in the country for ſome years. On his arrival he renewed his acquaintance with Doctor Sheridan. He had a great ſimplicity of character, which made it eaſy to impoſe on him, and certain oddities and peculiarities, which rendered him a proper ſubject for a practical joke. A plan was immediately concerted between them, that Swift ſhould perſonate the character of a diſtreſſed Clergyman, under the name of Jodrel, applying to Doctor Sheridan to be made one of his Uſhers. A time was appointed for their meeting at the Doctor's an hour before dinner, and ſeveral of their ſet were invited to be preſent at the ſport. When they were aſſembled, Swift as Jodrel, entered the room in an old ruſty gown, and lank ſhabby perriwig, which were provided at the Doctor's for the purpoſe. As he was an excellent mimick, he perſonated the character of an aukward Country Parſon to the life. Gibbons was requeſted by the Doctor to examine him, in order to ſee whether he was fit for the poſt; and Jodrel gave ſuch anſwers to the queſtions aſked by Gibbons, as afforded high entertainment to all preſent. One of his queſtions was, "What is Chriſt's Church?" To which Jodrel replied, "A great pile of building near the four Courts."—For ſo that church is called. On which Gibbons exclaimed, "Was there ever ſuch a blockhead? Who the devil put you in orders?" The ſport occaſioned by this was too

rich to be ſuddenly given up. Gibbons, Jodrel, and the other gueſts met ſeveral times at dinner, where Jodrel's behaviour was always aukward and abſurd. One time he held out his plate with both his hands, ſtretching it in the moſt ridiculous poſture quite acroſs the table, which provoked Gibbons to call him fool! dunce! and even to give him a ſlap on the wriſt with the flat of his knife; at the ſame time ſhewing him how he ought to hold his plate, or that he ſhould ſend it by one of the ſervants. When this ſort of amuſement was adjudged to have continued long enough, Doctor Sheridan delivered a meſſage to Gibbons from the Dean, inviting him to dine with him. Gibbons, who had expreſſed a great ambition to be known to Swift, received the meſſage with tranſport, but ſaid, ſure he won't aſk that fool Jodrel. Sheridan told him he might ſet his heart at reſt, for that the Dean never had, nor never would aſk him as long as he lived. When the appointed day came, Gibbons went with the Doctor to the Deanery, who placed him at a window from which he could ſee the Dean returning from prayers. He was dreſſed that day in as high a ſtyle as the clerical function will allow; in a paduaſoy gown, ſquare velvet cap, *&c.* Gibbons looked at him with great attention, and turning to Sheridan with much perturbation of countenance, cried out, why Doctor, that is Jodrel. Peace, fool, ſaid the Doctor, I was very near loſing the Dean's acquaintance, by happening to ſay that Jodrel had ſome reſemblance to him. When the Dean entered the chamber where they were, Gibbons changed colour, and in great confuſion ſaid to Sheridan, by my ſoul it is Jodrel—What ſhall I do? Sheridan then ſmiled; ſo did the Dean, and opened the matter to Gibbons in ſuch a way as to ſet him at eaſe, and make him paſs the remainder of the day very pleaſantly. But Swift had not

yet

yet done with him. He had perceived that though Gibbons had no pretenſions to ſcholarſhip, he had a good deal of vanity on that ſcore, and was reſolved to mortify him. He had before-hand prepared Mrs. Johnſon in a paſſage of Lucretius, wherein are theſe lines:

——— *Medioque in fonte leporum,*
Surgit amari aliquid.

Among their evening amuſements, Mrs. Johnſon called for Lucretius, as an Author ſhe was well acquainted with, and requeſted of Gibbons to explain that paſſage to her. Why, ſays he, there can be nothing more eaſy, and began immediately to conſtrue it in the ſchool-boys faſhion, "*Que* and *medio in fonte*, in the middle of a fountain, *leporum*, of hares.—No, Mr. Gibbons, interrupted Mrs. Johnſon, if that word ſignifies hares, it would be a falſe quantity in the verſe, the *o* being neceſſarily long in the laſt foot of the line, whereas the *o* in leporum, when it ſignifies hares, is ſhort. Poor Gibbons was quite confounded, acknowledged his error, and did not chooſe to give any farther proofs of his erudition, before a Lady ſo profoundly ſkilled in Latin.

As Swift was fond of ſcenes in low life, he miſſed no opportunity of being preſent at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was reſolved not to miſs the opportunity of ſeeing ſo curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, propoſed to Dr. Sheridan that he ſhould go thither diſguiſed as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the ſcene of action, where the

blind fidler was received with joyful ſhouts. They had plenty of meet and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding ſeen. They ſung, they danced, told their ſtories, cracked jokes, *&c.* in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two gueſts, than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occaſion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handſomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their uſual dreſs, and found their companions of the preceding evening, ſcattered about in different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful ſtrains, and telling diſmal ſtories of their diſtreſs. Among theſe, they found ſome upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others ſtone blind, who were perfectly clear ſighted at the feaſt. The Doctor diſtributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated thoſe ſturdy vagrants, rated them ſoundly; told them in what manner he had been preſent at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and aſſured them, if they did not immediately apply to honeſt labour, he would have them taken up, and ſent to jail. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, ſo as to make a very precipitate retreat.

When the Dean was at Quilca, a country ſeat of Dr. Sheridan's, on a ſmall eſtate which he poſſeſſed in the county of Cavan, during the Doctor's abſence, who could only paſs his ſchool vacations there, he acted as Bailiff, in ſuperintending the Works then carrying on. He had a mind to ſurpriſe the Doctor, on his next viſit, with ſome improvements made at his own expence.

Accordingly

Accordingly he had a canal cut of ſome extent, and at the end of it, by tranſplanting ſome young trees, formed an arbour, which he called Stella's bower, and ſurrounded ſome acres of land about it with a dry ſtone wall (for the country afforded no lime) the materials of which were taken from the ſurface of the ground, which was very ſtony. The Dean had given ſtrict charge to all about him to keep this ſecret in order to ſurpriſe the Doctor on his arrival; but he had in the mean time received intelligence of all that was going forward. On his coming to Quilca, the Dean took an early opportunity of walking with him careleſsly towards this new ſcene. The Doctor ſeemed not to take the leaſt notice of any alteration, and with a moſt inflexible countenance continued to talk of indifferent matters. Confound your ſtupidity, ſaid Swift, in a rage, why you blockhead don't you ſee the great improvements I have been making here? Improvements, Mr. Dean; why I ſee a long bog-hole out of which I ſuppoſe you have cut the turf; you have removed ſome of the young trees I think to a worſe ſituation; as to taking the ſtones from the ſurface of the ground, I allow that is a uſeful work, as the graſs will grow the better for it; and placing them about the field in that form, will make it more eaſy to carry them off. Plague on your Iriſh taſte, ſays Swift; this is juſt what I ought to have expected from you; but neither you nor your forefathers ever made ſuch an improvement; nor will you be able while you live to do any thing like it.

The Doctor was reſolved to retaliate on the Dean the firſt opportunity. It happened when he was down there in one of his vacations, that the Dean was abſent for a few days on a viſit elſewhere. He took this opportunity of employing a great number of hands to make an iſland in the middle of the lake, where the

water

water was twenty feet deep; an arduous work in appearance, but not hard to be executed in a place abounding with large ſtones upon the ſurface of the ground, and where long heath grew every where in great plenty; for by placing quantities of thoſe ſtones in large bundles of heath, the ſpace was ſoon filled up, and a large iſland formed. To cover this a ſufficient quantity of earth and green ſods were brought, and ſeveral well grown oſiers, and other aquatics, were removed to it. The Doctor's ſecret was better kept than Swift's; who, on his return, walked towards the lake, and ſeeing the New Iſland, cried out in aſtoniſhment, "Heigh! how the water of the lake is ſunk in this ſhort time to diſcover that iſland of which there was no trace before! Greatly ſunk indeed, obſerved the Doctor with a ſneer, if it covered the tops of thoſe oziers. Swift then ſaw he had been fairly taken in, and acknowledged the Doctor had got the better of him, both in his ſtratagem, and the beauty of his improvement.

Many were their contrivances to play tricks on each other as occaſions offered, and it ſeldom happened but that where one ſucceeded, a ſpeedy retaliation enſued. The Dean, the Doctor, another Gentleman, and the Biſhop of Meath, once ſet out together from Dublin, to paſs ſome days at a friend's houſe in the country. The Biſhop had ſaid that he ſhould not be able to viſit his dioceſe for ſome time, as his houſe was rebuilding; upon which Swift made him a tender of his houſe at Laracor, till his own ſhould be ready for him. The diſcourſe naturally fell upon country ſeats; and Sheridan enlarged a good deal upon the beauties of Quilca; which though at that time in a very rude ſtate, to uſe a modern phraſe, had certainly great capabilities. Swift exclaimed, my Lord, do you hear that vapouring

ſcab?

ſcab? I will ſhew you an exact picture of that place which he has painted in ſuch fine colours. Upon which he put his hand in his pocket, and, for the firſt time, produced that ludicrous copy of verſes on Quilca, ſince printed in his Works. This occaſioned a good deal of laughter at the Doctor's expence, who bore it patiently for ſome time, but meditated ſpeedy revenge. He then pretended to be weary of the coach, and ſaid he would mount his horſe, which was led, and go before to prepare breakfaſt for them at the inn. He made what ſpeed he could, and upon his arrival there, inſtantly called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the Poem, deſcribing the Dean's goods at Laracor. Upon ſeeing a beggar at the door, the thought ſtruck him to have this preſented to the Biſhop by way of petition. He accordingly folded it up in that form, and gave the beggar his leſſon when and how he was to preſent it. When breakfaſt was over, and they had all got into the coach, the beggar with much importunity, ſtretched his hand out with the petition to the Biſhop. Swift, always at enmity with theſe vagrants, begged of his Lordſhip not to receive it, and was calling out to the coachman to drive on, when the Biſhop, who had been let into the ſecret by Sheridan, ſtopped him, and opening the petition, kept it cloſe to his eyes, ſo that no one elſe might ſee its contents, and for ſome time ſeemed to read it with attention. He then gave the poor man a ſhilling, and ſaid he would examine into the truth of what was there ſet down, when he returned. Swift for a long time after indulged himſelf on his uſual topic, inveighing ſtrongly againſt giving encouragement to ſuch ſturdy vagabonds, who were the peſts of ſociety, &c. &c. The Biſhop at laſt interrupting him ſaid, "Indeed, Mr. Dean, if what is here ſet forth be true, the man is a real object of compaſſion, as you ſhall ſee."

Upon which he read aloud the following contents of the paper.

A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Doctor Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon his offering to lend his houſe to the Biſhop of Meath, untill his own was built.

An oaken, broken, elbow-chair;
A caudle cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, ſhatter'd, aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-ſword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd acroſs, around;
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig with hanging, quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A diſh which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewiſe is a copper ſkillet;
Which runs as faſt out, as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all,
And thus his houſehold goods you have all.
Theſe to your Lordſhip, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll ſerve your Lordſhip for a ſhift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

Thus were the tables turned upon the Dean, and a good deal of mirth indulged at his expence.

When

When he was at Quilca he went one Sunday to a church at the diſtance of more than two hours ride. The Parſon of the pariſh invited him to dinner, but Swift excuſed himſelf by ſaying that it was too far to ride home afterwards; no, I ſhall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home. Reilly, who was what is called there a Gentleman Farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of ſo extraordinary a gueſt. She dreſſed herſelf out in her beſt apparel; the ſon put on his new ſuit, and his ſilver laced hat adorned his head. When the Lady was introduced to the Dean, he ſaluted her with the ſame reſpect as if ſhe had been a Ducheſs, making ſeveral *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her ſeat. After ſome high flown compliments, he addreſſed his hoſt—"Mr. Reilly, I ſuppoſe you have a conſiderable eſtate here; let us go and look over your demeſne." Eſtate, ſays Reilly! Devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good leaſe here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come. "Well—but when am I to ſee Mrs. Reilly?" "Why don't you ſee her there before you?" "That Mrs. Reilly! impoſſible! I have heard ſhe is a prudent woman, and as ſuch would never dreſs herſelf out in ſilks, and other ornaments, fit only for Ladies of faſhion. No—Mrs. Reilly the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain ſtuff, with other things ſuitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good ſenſe, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dreſs as ſpeedily as poſſible, and in a ſhort time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift ſaluted her in the moſt friendly manner,

taking

taking her by the hand and ſaying, "I am heartily glad to ſee you Mrs. Reilly. This huſband of your's would fain have palmed a fine Lady upon me, all dreſſed out in ſilks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in ſo." He then laid hold of young maſter's fine laced hat; with his pen-knife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in ſeveral papers, thruſt it into the fire. When it was ſufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in freſh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be ſuppoſed that the family was put into no ſmall confuſion at this ſtrange proceeding; but they did not dare to ſhew that they took any umbrage at it, as the preſence of Swift ſtruck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

However as he ſoon reſumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleaſantries to their taſte (for no man knew better how to adapt his converſation to all claſſes of people) they ſoon recovered their ſpirits, and the day was paſſed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he ſaid, I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly; I ſhall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your ſon's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bleſs you, and thanks for your good entertainment.

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas incloſed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he ſtayed in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his leſſons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more conſonant to their ſituation in life. In conſequence of which, one of the firſt things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a viſit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's leaſe; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's ſupport.

During

During his reſidence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his Gulliver's Travels, and prepared the whole for the preſs. While he was upon the ſubject of the Brobdingnaggs, he uſed frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighbourhood to dine with him. He was of a gigantic ſtature; and ſuppoſed to be the ſtrongeſt man in Ireland, as well as the moſt active. Swift uſed to take great delight in ſeeing him perform ſeveral of his feats, ſome of which were of ſo extraordinary a nature, that I ſhould be afraid to relate them, leſt it ſhould impeach my credibility. Among theſe, Swift aſked him whether he could carry on his back a mank's horſe which happened to be in the court-yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his ſhoulders, with the ſame eaſe that another man would lift a ſheep, and walked about with him for a long time without ſhrinking at all under his burthen. It happened one day that a Gentleman of that neighbourhood, well known in the country by the name of Killbuck Tuite, dined with the Dean at Quilca when Doughty was there. He was a blunt free-ſpoken man, no reſpecter of perſons, and ſtood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner, Swift aſked him whether he could direct him the road to Market-hill. Tuite ſaid he did not know it. That is the way, ſaid Swift, with all you Iriſh blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill. Why, anſwered Tuite, I never was at Market-hill; have not you been there Mr. Dean? He acknowledged he had. Then what a damned Engliſh blockhead are you, replied Killbuck, to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourſelf, who have been there. Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror,

immediately

immediately roſe and changed ſeats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him againſt that wild man, and ſkulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no ſmall entertainment of the company; who, however, were not ſorry that the Dean had met with his match. And the fame of Killbuck for this bold retort on the Dean, of whom all the world ſtood in awe, was ſpread through the country.

Swift had got the character of a moroſe, ill-natured man, chiefly from a practice of his to which he conſtantly adhered. Whenever he fell into the company of any perſon for the firſt time, it was his cuſtom to try their tempers and diſpoſition, by ſome abrupt queſtion that bore the appearance of rudeneſs. If this were well taken, and anſwered with good humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he ſaw any marks of reſentment from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all farther intercourſe with the party. This will be illuſtrated by an anecdote of that ſort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After ſupper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glaſs, and ſeeing it was muddy, preſented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," ſaid he, "I always keep ſome poor parſon to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glaſs at any rate." "Why then," ſaid the Dean, "you ſhan't, for I'll drink it myſelf. Why p—x take you, you are wiſer than a paltry Curate, whom I aſked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon my making the ſame ſpeech to him, he ſaid, he did not underſtand ſuch uſage, and ſo walked off without his dinner. By the ſame token, I told the Gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

Captain

Captain Hamilton, of Caſtle Hamilton, in the County of Cavan, gave me the following account of his firſt acquaintance with Swift. The Captain was poſſeſſed of one of the largeſt eſtates and beſt houſes in the County, where he conſtantly reſided and lived in a moſt hoſpitable way. He had a good natural underſtanding, but utterly unimproved through a neglect in his education. He was cheerful, good natured, and generous in the higheſt degree. A long friendſhip had ſubſiſted between Sir Arthur Acheſon and him, and they uſually paſſed two months in the year at each others houſe alternately. It happened that Captain Hamilton paid one of theſe viſits when Swift was there. Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The Captain, who did not ſee the Dean, as it was in the duſk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the houſe, exclaimed, that he was very ſorry he was ſo unfortunate to chooſe that time for his viſit—Why ſo?—Becauſe I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great ſcholar, a wit; a plain Country 'Squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at. Swift then ſtepped up to the Captain, from behind Sir Arthur, where he had ſtood, and ſaid to him, "Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to ſay yes or no properly?" Yes, I think I have underſtanding enough for that. "Then give me your hand—depend upon it you and I will agree very well." The Captain told me he never paſſed two months ſo pleaſantly in his life, nor had ever met with ſo agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time. Inſomuch, that at parting he preſſed him moſt cordially to paſs the next ſummer with him at Caſtle-Hamilton.

There lived at that time in Ireland a Gentleman of the name of Mathew, whoſe hiſtory is well worth re-

cording, although in a great part it may appear digreſſive. He was poſſeſſed of a large eſtate in the fineſt county of that kingdom, Tipperary: which produced a clear rent of eight thouſand a year. As he delighted in a country life, he reſolved to build a large commodious houſe for the reception of gueſts, ſurrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choiceſt land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of Engliſh gardening (which had ſupplanted the bad Dutch taſte brought in by King William) and of which he was the firſt who ſet the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that ſort then in England, which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this deſign was formed early in life, in order to accompliſh his point, without incurring any debt on his eſtate, he retired to the Continent for ſeven years, and lived upon ſix hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his eſtate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed, he returned to his native country; and after ſome time paſſed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance, he retired to his ſeat at Thomas-town to paſs the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the fineſt Gentlemen of the age, and poſſeſſed of ſo large a property, he found no difficulty during his reſidence in Dublin, to get acceſs to all, whoſe character for talents, or probity, made him deſirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of theſe, he ſelected ſuch as were moſt conformable to his taſte, inviting them to paſs ſuch leiſure time as they might have upon their hands, at Thomas-town. As there was ſomething uncommonly ſingular in his mode of living, ſuch as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before, in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not

be

be diſpleaſed with an account of the particulars of it, though it may appear foreign to the ſubject in hand.

His houſe had been chiefly contrived to anſwer the noble purpoſe of that conſtant hoſpitality, which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for gueſts, with ſuitable accommodations to their ſervants. Each apartment was completely furniſhed with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minuteſt article. When a gueſt arrived, he ſhewed him his apartment, ſaying, this is your Caſtle, here you are to command as abſolutely as in your own houſe; you may breakfaſt, dine and ſup here whenever you pleaſe, and invite ſuch of the gueſts to accompany you as may be moſt agreeable to you. He then ſhewed him the common parlour, where he ſaid a daily ordinary was kept at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in ſociety; but from this moment you are never to know me as maſter of the houſe, and only to conſider me as one of the gueſts. In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal-time, he took his place at random at the table, and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aſide, the gueſts ſeated themſelves promiſcuouſly, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a Coffee-houſe, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furniſh refreſhments at all times of the day. Here, ſuch as choſe it, breakfaſted at their own hour. It was furniſhed with Cheſs-boards, Back-gammon Tables, Newſpapers, Pamphlets, *&c.* in all the forms of a City Coffee-houſe. But the moſt extraordinary circumſtance in his whole domeſtic arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the houſe, called the Tavern. As he was himſelf a very temperate man, and many of his gueſts were of the ſame diſpoſition, the quantity of

wine for the uſe of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in faſhion in thoſe days, in order to gratify ſuch of his gueſts as had indulged themſelves in that cuſtom, he had recourſe to the above-mentioned contrivance; and it was the cuſtom of all who loved a cheerful glaſs, to adjourn to the tavern ſoon after dinner, and leave the more ſober folks to themſelves. Here a waiter in a blue apron attended (as was the faſhion then) and all things in the room were contrived ſo as to humour the illuſion. Here, every one called for what liquor they liked, with as little reſtraint as if they were really in a public-houſe, and to pay their ſhare of the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the ſame noiſy mirth as is cuſtomary in his City Temples, without in the leaſt diſturbing the repoſe of the more ſober part of the family. Games of all ſorts were allowed, but under ſuch reſtrictions as to prevent gambling; and ſo as to anſwer their true end, that of amuſement, without injury to the purſe of the players. There were two Billiard-tables, and a large bowling-green; ample proviſion was made for all ſuch as delighted in country ſports; fiſhing tackle of all ſorts; variety of guns with proper ammunition; a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers. He conſtantly kept twenty choice hunters in his ſtables for the uſe of thoſe who were not properly mounted for the chace. It may be thought that his income was not ſufficient to ſupport ſo expenſive an eſtabliſhment; but when it is conſidered that eight thouſand a year at that time was fully equal to double that ſum at preſent; that his large demeſne, in ſome of the richeſt ſoil of Ireland, furniſhed the houſe with every neceſſary except groceries and wine; it may be ſuppoſed to be eaſily practicable if under the regulation of a ſtrict

a ſtrict œconomy; of which no man was a greater maſter. I am told his plan was ſo well formed, and he had ſuch checks upon all his domeſtics, that it was impoſſible there could be any waſte, or that any article from the larder, or a ſingle bottle of wine from the cellar could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful Stewards, and Clerks of approved integrity; but chiefly by his own ſuperintendance of the whole, as not a day paſſed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early riſing; and the buſineſs being finiſhed before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the moſt diſengaged man in the houſe, and ſeemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the gueſts. And indeed to a ſtranger he might eaſily paſs for ſuch, as he made it a point that no one ſhould conſider him in the light of maſter of the houſe, nor pay him the leaſt civilities on that ſcore; which he carried ſo far, that he ſometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and ſtaid away ſeveral days, while things went on as uſual at home; and on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been abſent during that time. The arrangements of every ſort were ſo prudently made, that no multiplicity of gueſts or their domeſtics, ever occaſioned any diſorder, and all things were conducted with the ſame eaſe and regularity, as in a private family. There was one point which ſeemed of great difficulty, that of eſtabliſhing certain ſignals, by which each ſervant might know when he was ſummoned to his maſter's apartment. For this purpoſe there was a great hall appropriated to their uſe, where they always aſſembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells were

ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; ſo that when any one of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and ſee what ſervant was called. He was the firſt who put an end to that inhoſpitable cuſtom of giving vales to ſervants, by making a ſuitable addition to their wages; at the ſame time aſſuring them, that if they ever took any afterwards, they ſhould be diſcharged with diſgrace; and to prevent temptation, the gueſts were informed that Mr. Mathew would conſider it as the higheſt affront, if any offer of that ſort were made. As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome gueſt there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being preceptor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew, he was deſirous of ſeeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requeſting the honour of a viſit in company with the Doctor, on his next ſchool vacation. They ſet out accordingly on horſeback, attended by a Gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had ſcarce reached the inn where they were to paſs the firſt night, and which, like moſt of the Iriſh inns at that time, afforded but miſerable entertainment, when a coach and ſix horſes arrived, ſent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomas-town; and at the ſame time bringing ſtore of the choiceſt viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreſhment. Swift was highly pleaſed with this uncommon mark of attention paid him, and the circumſtance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued

with

with his day's journey. When they came within ſight of the houſe, the Dean, aſtoniſhed at its magnitude, cried out, "What, in the name of God can be the uſe of ſuch a vaſt building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied their fellow-traveller before-mentioned, "there are no leſs than forty apartments for gueſts in that houſe, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reſerved for us." Swift, in his uſual manner, called out to the coachman to ſtop, and bade him turn about, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with ſuch a croud. "Well," ſaid he, afterwards ſuddenly, "there is no remedy, I muſt ſubmit; but I have loſt a fortnight of my life." Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of reſpect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after ſome compliments, made him his uſual ſpeech; acquainting him with the cuſtoms of the houſe, and retired, leaving him in poſſeſſion of his Caſtle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about ſupper, and the butler at the ſame time with a liſt of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really ſo," ſaid Swift, "and may I command here as in my own houſe?" The Gentleman before mentioned aſſured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that manſion, than that all under his roof ſhould live conformably to their own inclinations, without the leaſt reſtraint. "Well, then," ſaid Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my gueſts while I ſtay, for I think I ſhall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below." Three days were paſſed in riding over the demeſne, and viewing the ſeveral improvements, without ever ſeeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the gueſts; nor were the company below much concerned at his abſence, as his very name uſually inſpired thoſe who did not know him with

awe, and they were afraid his preſence would put an end to that eaſe and cheerfulneſs which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were aſſembled before dinner, and addreſſed Mr. Mathew in one of the fineſt complimental ſpeeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements, with the ſkill of an artiſt, and taſte of a connoiſſeur. He ſhewed that he had a full comprehenſion of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaption of the parts to the whole, and pointed out ſeveral articles which had eſcaped general obſervation. Such an addreſs, from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleaſing to the owner, who was at the ſame time the planner of theſe improvements; and ſo fine an eulogium from one who was ſuppoſed to deal more in ſatyr than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained againſt his character, and prepoſſeſs the reſt of the company in his favour. He concluded his ſpeech, by ſaying, "And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it ſhall be no fault of mine if we do not paſs our time agreeably." After dinner, being in high ſpirits, he entertained the company with various pleaſantries: Doctor Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gaiety was diffuſed through the whole company. In a ſhort time all conſtraint on his account diſappeared. He entered readily into all their little ſchemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the aſſiſtance of his Coadjutor, produced ſome new one, which afforded a good deal of ſport and merriment. Never were ſuch joyous ſcenes known there before; for, when to eaſe and cheerfulneſs, there is ſuperadded, at times, the higher zeſt of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour, nothing

can

can be wanting to the perfection of the ſocial pleaſures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his ſchool, the company were ſo delighted with the Dean, that they earneſtly intreated him to remain there ſome time longer; and Mr. Mathew himſelf for once broke through his rule of never ſoliciting the ſtay of any gueſt, (it being the eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the houſe that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave-taking) by joining in the requeſt. Swift found himſelf ſo happy in his ſituation there, that he readily yielded to their ſolicitations, and inſtead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, paſſed four months there much to his own ſatisfaction, and that of all thoſe who viſited the place during that time. Having gone ſomewhat out of my way to give an account of the owner of this happy manſion, I am tempted to digreſs a little farther by relating an adventure he was engaged in, of ſo ſingular a kind, as deſerves well to be recorded. It was towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long reſidence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with ſuch violence as in that City, inſomuch, that duels were every day fought there on that ſcore. There happened to be, at that time, two Gentlemen in London who valued themſelves highly on their ſkill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a Major, the latter a Captain in the army. Hearing of theſe daily exploits in Dublin, they reſolved, like two Knight-errants, to go over in queſt of adventures. Upon enquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the firſt ſwordſmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagoniſt worthy of him, reſolved the firſt opportunity to pick a

quarrel

quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the ſtreet in his chair, joſtled the fore-chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as ſuppoſing it to be accidental. But Pack afterwards boaſted of it in the public Coffee-houſe, ſaying, that he had purpoſely offered this inſult to that Gentleman, who had not the ſpirit to reſent it. There happened to be preſent a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the beſt fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and ſaid, he was ſure Mr. Mathew did not ſuppoſe the affront intended, otherwiſe he would have chaſtiſed him on the ſpot: but if the Major would let him know where he was to be found, he ſhould be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The Major ſaid that he ſhould be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companions vould wait their commands. Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had paſſed, went from the coffee-houſe to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being ſhewn into the room where the two Gentlemen were, after having ſecured the door, without any expoſtulation, Mathew and Park drew their ſwords; but Macnamara ſtopped them, ſaying, he had ſomething to propoſe before they proceeded to action. He ſaid, in caſes of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool ſpectator, ſo, Sir, (addreſſing himſelf to Creed) if you pleaſe, I ſhall have the honour of entertaining you in the ſame manner. Creed, who deſired no better ſport, made no other reply than that of inſtantly drawing his ſword; and to work the four champions fell, with the ſame compoſure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of ſome duration, and maintained with great obſtinacy by the two officers, notwithſtanding

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the great effuſion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhauſted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the ſuperior ſkill of their antagoniſts. Upon this occaſion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect compoſure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the firſt; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?" "Yes," ſaid Mathew, very compoſedly, "And you ſhall inſtantly *Pack* after him;" at the ſame time making a home thruſt quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquiſhed parties was very great; and what ſeems almoſt miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The ſurgeons, ſeeing the deſperate ſtate of their patients, would not ſuffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a ſtate of inſenſibility. When they came to themſelves, and ſaw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, ſaid to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were deſpaired of, but to the aſtoniſhment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to ſee company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a cloſe intimacy afterwards enſued, as they found them men of probity, and of the beſt diſpoſitions, except in this Quixotiſh idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

The Dean was often applied to, to redreſs private grievances, by perſons of whom he had no knowledge; and never failed to interpoſe his good offices, when the caſe was ſuch as merited his attention. Among theſe

he was particularly ſtruck with that of a young Gentleman in the College of the name of Fitzherbert; whoſe father, though a man of conſiderable eſtate, had treated him with great inhumanity, baniſhing him his houſe, and not affording him the common neceſſaries of life. The young man, driven almoſt to deſperation, though he had no other acquaintance with Swift than that of ſeeing him ſometimes at Dr. Sheridan's ſchool, where he was bred, drew up ſo affecting a narrative of his caſe, and in ſuch a maſterly ſtyle, in a letter to the Dean, as gave him a high opinion of his talents and genius, and rendered him an object well worthy of his protection. Accordingly he wrote to the father, who was a ſtranger to him, in very ſtrong terms; highly extolling his ſon's abilities, and recommending him to his favour *. He waited for an anſwer to this letter from the father, before he could make a ſatisfactory reply to that of the ſon; but after ſome days had elapſed, the young man growing impatient of the Dean's ſilence, reſolved to ſecond his firſt addreſs in proſe, by another in poetry, and ſent him the following copy of verſes.

To the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S.

Obſcure in garret vile I lay,
And ſlumber'd out the tedious day;
Or par'd my nails, or watch'd the cries
Of ſavoury ſauſages or pies;
Or ſtrove, with dexterous art, to hide
Chinks in my ſtockings gaping wide;
Or read old Authors o'er and o'er,
In number hardly half a ſcore;
Thoſe, duſty, tatter'd, full of holes;
The reſt were gone to purchaſe coals.

* This letter is to be found in the printed Collection.

* In

* In proſe I told how EPICTETUS,
Upon a pinch, the beſt of meat is;
On which I was compell'd to dine,
While gay PETRONIUS paid for wine.
How HORACE cater'd, PLUTARCH, pot—
Companion boon, diſcharg'd my ſhot.
How TULLY too the kennel thumps,
Converted to a pair of pumps.
I told how GULLIVER, with ſenſe
Enrich'd me firſt, and then with pence.
And ah! I might with tears relate
Poor metamorphos'd VIRGIL's fate;
Who, having erſt adorn'd my leg,
Now hangs and rots upon a peg.
Unable to diſmiſs a croud
Of Duns importunate and loud:
Tho' pinch'd with hunger, thirſt, and cold,
I yet diſdain'd to have it told.
Too proud for pity, I ſuppreſs'd
The ſighs that ſtruggl'd in my breaſt;
And while a vulture gnaw'd my heart,
Smiles in my face, conceal'd the ſmart.

Ye younger brothers, who inherit,
In lieu of fortune, the *bon* ſpirit;
For which, unleſs your father's bail,
You muſt for ever rot in jail;
Ye gameſters, who have loſt Codill,
Unpaid as yet your taylor's bill;
Ye thieves, detected on the top
Of houſes, or within a ſhop;
Ye tender damſels, who beſtow
Your virgin treaſures on a beau,
Forſaken of your fop, the ſcorn
Of bitter prudes, and quite forlorn;

* Alluding to his former proſe-letter to the Dean.

Say,

Say, did ye oftner wiſh to die,
Or feel ſincerer grief than I?
Now ripe with injuries and age,
My ſpirits kindle into rage;
Now viſionary projects roll,
And croud tumultuous on my ſoul.
So fire conceal'd from human eyes,
In Mount Veſuve or Ætna lies,
Till burſt at laſt, and finding vent,
Is to the clouds with fury ſent.
My ſtory to the Dean I wrote
With great expence of oil and thought;
Did he receive it with a nod,
Profeſs it was extremely odd?
Did he his ſhoulders ſhrug, or think
My cauſe unworthy of his ink?
Did he a ragged youth deſpiſe?
Ah! no, the Dean is juſt and wiſe;
And truth an eaſy paſſage finds,
Like a full tide, to generous minds.
Hail Bard and Patriot! could I hope
The Muſes would from thee elope,
To make me, by their mighty pow'r,
A Poet only for an hour;
Thy matchleſs virtues ſhould be known
In verſe as laſting as your own.
But I ne'er taſted of the ſpring
Which taught immortal Swift to ſing;
Nor e'er invok'd the tuneful nine
To help me with a ſingle line;
Then let your own Apollo praiſe
Your virtue, humour, wit, and eaſe.

Swift on receipt of this, returned a ſhort anſwer, and incloſed a bill for twenty pounds, telling him he ſhould ſoon hear from him again. He then went to his father,

and

and having rated him ſufficiently for want of manners in not anſwering his letter, proceeded to the affair of his ſon. The gentleman, who had nothing to offer in his excuſe, exceedingly alarmed at the reſentment ſhewn by Swift for his neglect, to make amends for this, immediately acquieſced in any meaſures that Swift might propoſe, with regard to the object of his viſit; and it was agreed upon the ſpot, that the young gentleman ſhould be ſent immediately to Leyden to ſtudy phyſic, with a ſuitable allowance for his ſupport.

In one of his rambles through the country of Ireland, he happened to ſtop at a ſmall village in ſome part of the Bog of Allen. The landlord of the houſe to which he was directed for entertainment, was quite unfurniſhed of every kind of proviſion that might refreſh either himſelf or his horſes. The Dean ſeeing a Church not far off, enquired who was the parſon, and where he lived; being informed in theſe points, he deſired the landlord to go in his name, and beg a little hay and oats for his horſes; who brought him back for anſwer, that the Vicar, Mr. Hervey, would ſend him none; but if the Dean would do him the honour to take ſhare of his dinner, which was near ready, he ſhould have as much as he pleaſed. The Dean readily accepted the invitation; and going immediately to Mr. Hervey's, aſked what he had for dinner? A ſhoulder of lamb and ſallad. And what have you got to drink? Some pretty good ale; and had I known of your coming, I would have had a bottle of wine. Wine! ſaid the Dean, what is your vicarage worth? About fourſcore pounds a year. And dares ſuch a little fellow as you pretend to drink wine? Only on extraordinary occaſions. The Dean was much pleaſed with his hoſt and his entertainment; and when he was going away, he called to his ſervant to take good notice of that Clergyman, "And be ſure remember, if ever he ſhould come to enquire

quire for me at the Deanery, to ſay I am not at home." Mr. Hervey underſtood his meaning well; and on his next viſit to Dublin, did not fail to pay his reſpects to the Dean; who received him very cordially, and entertained him with great kindneſs.

Once ſtopping at an inn at Dundalk, he ſent for a barber to ſhave him; who performed his office very dexterouſly, and being a prating fellow, amuſed the Dean during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean enquired of him who was the miniſter of his pariſh, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? The barber anſwered, that though the benefice was but ſmall, the incumbent was very rich. "How the plague can that be?" Why, pleaſe your Reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, ſtockings, ſhoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and ſells them at an advanced price to the pariſhioners, and ſo picks up a penny. The Dean was curious to ſee this Vicar, and diſmiſſing the barber with a ſhilling, deſired the landlord to go in his name, and aſk that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had beſpoke a yard of mutton (the name he uſually gave to the neck) for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to viſit ſome ſick pariſhioners. Why then, ſaid the Dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dreſſed out in his beſt apparel, came to the inn, firſt enquiring of the groom what the Clergyman's name was, who had ſo kindly invited him; what the vengeance, ſaid the ſervant, don't you know Dean Swift? At which the barber turned pale, ſaid his babling tongue had ruined him; then ran into the houſe, fell upon his knees, and intreated the Dean not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his Reverence put him into black and white, he ſhould loſe all his cuſtomers.

Swift

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's ſimplicity; bade him ſit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he aſſured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the Vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the hiſtory of the whole pariſh, he diſmiſſed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

One day Swift obſerved a great rabble aſſembled in a large ſpace before the Deanery-door in Kevin ſtreet, and upon enquiring the cauſe of this, was told it was to ſee the eclipſe. He immediately ſent for the beadle, and gave him his leſſon what he ſhould do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it ſome time among the croud, bawled out, O yes, O yes, all manner of perſons concerned, are deſired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleaſure, that the eclipſe be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God ſave the King, and his Reverence the Dean. The mob upon this notice immediately diſperſed; only ſome, more cunning than the reſt, ſwore they would not loſe another afternoon, for that the Dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipſe again, and ſo make fools of them a ſecond time.

Swift, once in a private conference between ſome of the Miniſtry and Monſieur Menage, acted as interpreter. Obſerving both parties uſing their utmoſt endeavours to deceive each other, and that the whole time was ſpent in diſguiſing their true deſigns, and finding artful evaſions, his impatience aroſe to that height, that forgetting his ſituation as interpreter, he took upon him to offer his advice to the Miniſters on both ſides; which was, in ſhort, to ſpeak plain truth and nothing elſe; adding, that if they followed that method, they would do as much buſineſs in an hour, as they then did in a week.

In one of his jaunts to Windſor with Lord Oxford, being employed full as idly as Horace ſays he was when

taking the air with Mæcenas, they were playing a ſort of game called Cocks and Hens; which conſiſted in each of them counting the poultry on his ſide of the road, and which-ever reckoned thirty-one firſt, or ſaw a cat, or an old woman in a certain poſture, won the game. It happened while they were thus engaged, Lord Bolingbroke's coach overtook them, who got into that of Lord Oxford, and immediately entered upon ſome political buſineſs. He had not talked long before Lord Oxford cried out, "Swift, I am up, there is a cat." Lord Bolingbroke, much offended at this, called to the coachman to ſtop, got out of the carriage, ſaying, "when his Lordſhip was diſpoſed to be ſerious, he would talk to him about buſineſs." This ſeems to have happened when things were tending towards that breach between them, which all the Dean's addreſs and influence were not able to cloſe.

Swift, like many who jeſt freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a public dinner of the Mayor and Corporation at Corke, he obſerved that Alderman Brown, father to the Biſhop of that dioceſe, fed very heartily without ſpeaking a word, and was ſo intent upon that buſineſs, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many ſucceſsful jeſts upon the Alderman, who fed on with the ſilence of the ſtill ſow, neither ſeeming to regard what the Dean ſaid, nor at all moved by the repeated burſts of laughter at his expence. Toward the latter end of the meal, Swift happened to be helped to ſome roaſted duck, and deſired to have ſome apple ſauce on the ſame plate; upon which the Alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a gooſe." This unexpected ſally threw the company into a long continued fit of laughter, and Swift was ſilent the reſt of the day.

One time going out of town, he ſaid to Mr. Cope, "will you write to me?" And without waiting for an

anſwer, continued, "No, I forgot, you are an idle man, and will never find time." He ſpent a good deal of time in the north at Mr. Robert Cope's, and was member of a club conſiſting of the neighbours who met periodically: one of the members was an old man remarkably ſtiff and ſurly; who valued himſelf much upon great plantations of fir-trees which he had raiſed about his houſe. Swift deſired to look at them; and having put a ruler in his pocket for the purpoſe, ſaid he would try whether they were planted at exact diſtances, and laying down his ruler, went obliquely on purpoſe from tree to tree, ſaying, he that planted them knew nothing of the matter. The old gentleman ſnatched up the rule in a great paſſion, ſwearing he never ſaw ſuch a fool of a meaſurer in all his life.

There was a trap laid for the ſame old gentleman by one of the merry members of the club, Dr. Tiſdal, who riding in company with Dr. Swift and others, near his houſe, laid a wager that he would make old Workman call himſelf Bruin the Bear. He had before-hand known that it was his day for brewing. They all rid up to the door, when Tiſdal accoſted the old gentleman with, "Pray, Mr. Workman, are not you brewing to-day?" Yes. "Are you brewing the barley, or brewing the beer?" "Brewing the barley," ſaid Workman, to Tiſdal's great diſappointment; who, beſide loſing his wager, had the laugh of the company againſt him.

A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift's company; and having heard much of the Dean's pleaſantries, was upon the titter at every thing he ſaid. "Where is the jeſt?" ſaid ſome one. "There," ſaid Swift, pointing at the laughing young gentleman.

One day travelling in England, he aſked a farmer which was the road to ſuch a place; the farmer ſaid it lay

ſtrait before him, he could not miſs it. Swift riding a little way, obſerved a by-road to the left, and turned into it. The farmer called out to him that he was going wrong. "Why," ſaid Swift, "did not you tell me I could not miſs it?" "No more you could," ſaid the farmer, "if you had not been a fool."

Another time ſeeing a man fall from his horſe in a ſlough, he rode up to him, enquiring whether he was hurt? "No," replied the farmer, "but I am woundily bemired." "You make good the old proverb," ſaid Swift, "The more dirt, the leſs hurt." The man ſeemed much comforted with the old ſaying, but ſaid he had never heard of that proverb before; and no wonder, for Swift had made it on the occaſion. He uſed often to coin proverbs of that ſort, and paſs them for old.

One day walking in the garden of a ſtingy old gentleman, with many others in company, he ſaw a quantity of fine fruit, of which the owner never offered them a taſte; Swift ſtopt at a peach-tree loaded with tempting fruit, and addreſſed the company with—"It was an old ſaying of my grandmother's, always pull a peach, when it lies in your reach:" he accordingly plucked one; and his example was immediately followed by all the reſt, under the ſanction of that good old ſaying.

He had many uſeful rules which he threw into rhime for the more eaſy recollection of them. One of them I remember was a direction to thoſe who ride together through the water.

When thro' the water you do ride,
Keep very cloſe, or very wide.

Another related to the decanting of wine.

Firſt rack ſlow, and then rack quick,
Then rack ſlow, till you come to the thick.

In

In a converſation with Dr. Ellwood, the Doctor happened to ſpeak of ſome one, as a fine old gentleman; what, ſaid Swift, have you kept company with me theſe twenty years, and have not the common ſenſe to know that there is no ſuch thing as a fine old gentleman; becauſe, if the perſons to whom that title is given, had been poſſeſſed either of a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn them out before they arrived at that age.

Dining one day at Mr. B—— his ſon, the preſent Mr. B—— then very young, was ſent into the parlour after dinner to pay his compliments to the Dean. His mother, Lady B——, had always kept him dreſt in the niceſt manner. After drinking a glaſs of wine, and ſtaying a little while with the company, he returned to his father, who was confined to his chamber with the gout. "Well, Will, what did the Dean ſay to you?" I heard him ſay, as I was leaving the room, "*Enfant gaté.*" His father laughed, and told it Lady Betty. This came round to the Dean before he left the houſe; who ſaid upon it—"What a confounded blockhead was I, to think there could be ſuch a thing as a ſpoiled child who had not learned French."

In the purſuit of the *Bagatelle*, he often deſcended to puerilities. Paſſing ſome time in the country, where Dan Jackſon was one of the company (he whoſe long noſe furniſhed a ſubject for ſeveral humourous copies of verſes to be found in the collection) Swift uſed to try many practical jokes on him. One day he pretended to lay hold of a creeper on Dan's neck, and put himſelf in the poſture of cracking it on the table with his thumb nail, at the ſame time making a noiſe ſimilar to it with the joint of his finger; a common ſchool-boy's trick. He had ſerved him in this manner more than once, when Dan reſolved to be prepared for him if he ever attempted it again.

With this view he procured a louſe of the largeſt ſize he could get, and ſtopping it up in a quill, kept it in his pocket. It was not long before Swift repeated the trick; when Dan Jackſon took an opportunity, while the Dean was looking another way, of unſtopping the quill, and dropping the louſe juſt before him, calling out Mr. Dean—Mr. Dean—you have miſſed killing it this time, there it is crawling juſt before you. This turned the laugh againſt Swift, and put an end to that and ſome other of his pranks, as he found Dan was not ſo patient a butt as he had taken him for, and knew how to retaliate with advantage.

Among other *jeux d'eſprit*, he was fond of punning, and uſed to ſay that none diſliked it but thoſe who could not make one. The old Lord Pembroke was a remarkable punſter, and when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, delighted much in Swift's company on that account. One day being at the Caſtle when a learned phyſician was reading a long lecture to his Excellency on the nature and qualities of bees, calling them on every occaſion, a nation, and a commonwealth; "Yes, my Lord," ſaid Swift, "they a very ancient nation; you know, my Lord, Moſes takes notice of them; he numbers the *Hivites* among thoſe nations which Joſhua was appointed to conquer."

Lord Pembroke had brought over with him, as his firſt Chaplain, one Dr. Mills, a man remarkable for a large Roman noſe, againſt whom Swift had taken a particular diſlike. After dining one day with a private party at the Caſtle, of which Mills was one, Swift began to rail at the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over ſuch blockheads for Chaplains as they uſually did. Lord Pembroke ſaid, that cenſure could not be applied to him, as his firſt Chaplain preſent had been a profeſſor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent ſcholar. "He a ſcholar," ſaid Swift! "I dare ſay he does not know how to conſtrue a line

a line of Virgil." Lord Pembroke, who expected ſome ſport from this, took part with his Chaplain, ſaying, "he was ſure there was no paſſage in Virgil which he could not perfectly explain." "Let the book be brought," ſaid Swift. Accordingly a Virgil was ſent for, and Swift opening the book, pitched upon the following line. *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.* Mills immediately tranſlated it very properly in the uſual way. "There," ſays Swift, "I knew he could not do it—he has not conſtrued one word of it right." "Why, pray how would you conſtrue it?" Thus—*Romanos*—you've a Roman noſe—*rerum*—you're a rare rum—*dominos*—damn your noſe—*gentemque togatam*, and the whole race of Chaplains. Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving Lord Pembroke and the reſt of the party laughing heartily at the droll ſcene which had juſt paſſed.

Now I am upon the ſubject of his punning, I cannot refrain from mentioning an excellent one which he made at my father's, in a happy application of one of Virgil's lines. It happened that a Lady whiſking about her long train, which was then the faſhion, threw down and broke a fine Cremona fiddle belonging to him; upon which Swift cried out—

Mantua væ miſer nimium vicina Cremonæ!

Once in the country he was making enquiries about a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom the others did not ſeem to aſſociate, and aſked the reaſon of it. They ſaid he was a very ſtupid fellow. Swift ſome time after, in one of his rides, overtook him, and entered into converſation with him by praiſing his horſe, ſaying, among other things, that he carried a very fine tail; to which the gentleman replied, "and

your's carries the beſt head in Ireland." The Dean, on his return, related this as a very clever ſaying, and wondered how they could account the author of it ſtupid. One of the company, when he next ſaw the gentleman, told him how much the Dean was pleaſed with what he had ſaid to him. "Why, what was it," ſaid the other? "You told him that his horſe carried the beſt head in Ireland." "And ſo he does," replied the gentleman, (utterly unconſcious of his having ſaid a good thing) "I think I never ſaw a horſe with a finer forehand."

When George Faulkner the printer returned from London, where he had been ſoliciting ſubſcriptions for his edition of the Dean's Works, he went to pay his reſpects to him, dreſt in a laced waiſtcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would ſhew to a perfect ſtranger. "Pray, Sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, Sir, who are you?" George Faulkner the printer. "You George Faulkner the printer! why, thou art the moſt impudent barefaced impoſtor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a ſober ſedate citizen, and would never trick himſelf out in lace, and other fopperies. Get about your buſineſs, and thank your ſtars that I do not ſend you to the Houſe of Correction." Poor George hobbled away as faſt as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the Deanery. Swift, on ſeeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, ſhook him familiarly by the hand, ſaying, my good friend, George, I am heartily glad to ſee you ſafe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a lace waiſtcoat, who would feign have paſſed for you; but I ſoon ſent him packing with a flea in his ear.

He

He could not bear to have any lies told him, which he never failed to detect; and when the party endeavoured to palliate them, his uſual expreſſion was—"Come, come, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs." It was a ſaying of his, that an excuſe was worſe than a lie, becauſe an excuſe was a lie guarded.

There was a violent quarrel between the Dean and Serjeant Betteſworth, which for ſome time made a great noiſe in Dublin. It was occaſioned by the following verſes in one of Swift's Poems.

So at the bar the booby Betteſworth,
Tho' half a crown outpays his ſweats---worth,
Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother Serjeant.

The animoſity of the Dean againſt the Serjeant, did not ariſe from any perſonal pique, but on account of his being an avowed enemy of the clergy, and taking the lead in the Houſe of Commons in procuring one of the moſt unjuſt and arbitrary votes ever made by that body, by which the clergy were deprived of a conſiderable part of their tythes, which they had enjoyed time immemorial.

The Poem was ſent to Betteſworth when he was in company with ſome of his friends, from one of whom then preſent, I had the following account. He read it aloud till he had finiſhed the lines relative to himſelf. He then flung it down with great violence, he trembled and turned pale; and after ſome pauſe, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his pen-knife, and opening it, vehemently ſwore, with this very pen-knife, by G---d, will I cut off his ears. Soon after he went to ſeek the Dean at his houſe, and not finding him at home, followed him to Mr. Worral's, where

he

he had an interview with him, which has been deſcribed by Swift in a letter to the Duke of Dorſet, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. But as there are ſome paſſages omitted in that narrative, which he related to Dr. Sheridan, immediately after the ſcene had paſſed, I ſhall here inſert ſuch part of them as I recollect. Upon enquiring for Swift, the Serjeant was ſhewn into the ſtreet parlour, and the Dean called out to him from the back room, where he was ſitting after dinner with Worral and his wife. Upon entering the room, Swift deſired to know his commands. "Sir," ſays he, "I am Serjeant Bet-teſ-worth," (which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his own name in three diſtinct ſyllables) "Of what regiment, pray?" ſays Swift. "O, Mr. Dean we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of his Majeſty's Serjeants at Law." What then, Sir? "Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are the author of this Poem (producing it) and theſe villainous lines on me." At the ſame time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphaſis, and much geſticulation. "Sir," ſaid Swift, "It was a piece of advice given me in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or diſown any writing laid to my charge; becauſe if I did this in ſome caſes, whatever I did not diſown afterwards, would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, Sir, I take this to have been a very wiſe maxim, and as ſuch have followed it ever ſince; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great a maſter as you are of it, to make me ſwerve from that rule." Many other things paſſed as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Betteſworth was going away, he ſaid, "Well, ſince you will give me no ſatisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the ſanction of which, like one

of

of your own Yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you ſit ſecure, and ſquirt your filth round on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this laſt circumſtance, at the ſame time ſaying, "that the fellow ſhewed more wit in this than he thought him poſſeſſed of." After this, as Betteſworth ſtill continued to utter furious threats againſt the Dean, there was an aſſociation formed and ſigned by all the principal inhabitants of that quarter, to ſtand by one another with their lives and fortunes, in ſupport of their general benefactor, againſt any one who ſhould attempt to offer the leaſt injury to his perſon or fortune. Beſide which, the publick indignation was kindled againſt him for this treatment of their great favourite, and the reſentment of all the wits was poured out upon him in a vaſt effuſion of libels, pointed with ridicule, or edged with ſatyr, which placed his character in a contemptible, or an odious light; ſo that the unfortunate Serjeant, who had before made a conſiderable figure at the bar, in a ſhort time loſt his buſineſs, and was ſeldom employed in any ſuit afterwards; ſo dangerous was it to attack this idol of the people.

He was always attended by two ſervants when he rode out, but he walked through the ſtreets, and did not put on his ſpatterdaſhes (which he always wore inſtead of boots) and ſpurs, till he came to the place of mounting. One day, being detained longer than uſual, and enquiring into the cauſe, he found it was owing to a diſpute between the two ſervants, to which of their offices it belonged to carry the ſpatterdaſhes and ſpurs. Swift ſoon ſettled the matter, by making each of them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the ſtreets. The blackguards of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humour, ſoon ſmoked the deſign, and ridiculed the fellows as they paſſed along in

ſuch

ſuch a way as made them quite aſhamed of themſelves, and willing to come to a compromiſe. But Swift, to puniſh them, made them continue their progreſs in the ſame way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they paſſed; till at their earneſt entreaty afterwards they were allowed to take it turn about.

He had often ſome whimſical contrivance to puniſh his ſervants for any neglect of his orders, ſo as to make them more attentive for the future. The hiring of the maid-ſervants he left to his houſe-keeper; and when that ceremony was over, he uſed to ſend for them, ſaying, he had but two commands to give them; one was, to ſhut the door after them whenever they came into a room; the other, to ſhut the door after them when they went out of a room; and bade them be very punctual in executing theſe orders. One of theſe maids went to him on a particular occaſion, to requeſt that ſhe might be allowed to go to her ſiſter's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place diſtant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only conſented, but ſaid he would lend her one of his horſes, with a ſervant to ride before her; and gave his directions accordingly. The maid in the midſt of her joy for this favour, forgot to ſhut the door after her when ſhe left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after ſhe was gone, the Dean ordered a ſervant to ſaddle another horſe, and make what ſpeed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them, to oblige them to return immediately. They had not got much above half way, when he came up with them, and told them it was the Dean's poſitive commands that they ſhould return inſtantly; with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. When ſhe came into Swift's preſence, with a moſt mortified countenance, ſhe begged to know his Reverence's commands. "Nothing, child," ſaid

he,

he, "only you forgot to ſhut the door after you." But not to carry the puniſhment too far, he then permitted her to purſue her journey.

There was nothing Swift diſliked more than applications from witlings and poetaſters to look over their pieces, and he generally had ſome whimſical contrivance to make them repent of this, which, being told, might alſo deter others from the like. Among theſe, there was a poor author of my acquaintance, who had written a very indifferent tragedy, and got himſelf introduced to the Dean, in order to have his opinion of it. In about a fortnight after the delivery, he called at the Deanery to know how he approved of it. Swift returned the play carefully folded up, telling him he had read it, and taken ſome pains with it; and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults in it that it had when it came into his hands. Poor Davy, after a thouſand acknowledgments to the Dean for the trouble he had taken, retired in company with the gentleman who had firſt introduced him, and was ſo impatient to ſee what corrections Swift had made, that he would not wait till he got home, but got under a gateway in the next ſtreet, and, to his utter aſtoniſhment and confuſion, ſaw that the Dean had taken the pains to blot out every ſecond line throughout the whole play, ſo carefully, as to render them utterly illegible. Nor was it in the power of the unfortunate author to conceal his diſgrace, as his friend, from whom I had the ſtory, thought it too good a joke to be loſt.

Swift, whatever maſtery he had gained over the greater paſſions, had no command of his temper. He was of a very irritable make, prone to ſudden ſtarts of paſſion, in which his expreſſions of courſe were not very guarded. His friends made all due allowance for this, knowing it to be an infirmity often attendant on the beſt

natures,

natures, and never took any thing amiſs that he ſaid or did on ſuch occaſions. But Dr. Sheridan, when he ſaw one of theſe fits coming on him, uſed to divert its courſe, by ſome whimſical ſtroke of fancy that would ſet him a laughing, and give his humour another bent. And in this he was ſo ſucceſsful, that one of their common friends uſed to ſay, that he was the David, who alone could play the evil ſpirit out of Saul. Among the many off-hand poems, which they daily writ to each other, there was one came to my hands, which, though negligently written, is ſo deſcriptive of the mode of their living together, and ſo characteriſtic of Swift's manner, that I am tempted to lay it before the Public. When he was diſengaged, the Dean uſed often to call in at the Doctor's about the hour of dining, and their cuſtom was to ſit in a ſmall back parlour *tête à tête*, and have ſlices ſent them upon plates from the common room of whatever was for the family-dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the beſt repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the houſe was ſeldom without twenty; but was preferred by the Dean as being more ſnug than the ſtate parlour, which was uſed only when there was company. The ſubject of the Poem, is an account of one of theſe caſual viſits.

When to my houſe you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Thro' dirt and mire along the ſtreet,
You find no ſcraper for your feet;
At which you ſtamp and ſtorm and ſwell,
Which ſerves to clean your feet as well.
By ſteps aſcending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With ſcatter'd fragments on the floor;
A ſad uneaſy parlour door,
Beſmear'd with chalk, and carv'd with knives,
(A plague upon all careleſs wives)

Are

Are the next ſights you muſt expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that theſe evils were the worſt!
The parlour ſtill is farther curſt.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"let me—no—let me try—
"This turn will open it I'll engage"—
You puſh me from it in a rage.
Turning, twiſting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, ſtaring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it ſo!
Conqueſts thro' pains and dangers pleaſe,
Much more than thoſe attain'd with eaſe.
Are you diſpos'd to take a ſeat;
The inſtant that it feels your weight,
Out go its legs and down you come
Upon your reverend Deanſhip's bum.
Betwixt two ſtools 'tis often ſaid,
The ſitter on the ground is laid;
What praiſe then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if ſuch there be,
At preſent nought but ſmoke we ſee.
Come, ſtir it up—ho—Mr. Joker,
How can I ſtir it without poker?
The bellows take, their batter'd noſe
Will ſerve for poker, I ſuppoſe.
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, Sir—I'll run and call the maid;
"She'll make the fire again complete—
"She knows the humour of the grate."
Pox take your maid, and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather.
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly rais'd as ſoon decays.

Once

Once more apply the bellows—" So—
" Theſe bellows were not made to blow—
" Their leathern lungs are in decay,
" They can't even puff the ſmoke away."
And is your Reverence vext at that?
Get up in God's name, take your hat;
Hang them, ſay I, that have no ſhift;
Come, blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
If trifles ſuch as theſe can teaſe you,
Plague take thoſe fools that ſtrive to pleaſe you.
Therefore no longer be a quarr'ler
Either with me, Sir, or my parlour.
If you can reliſh ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glaſs of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you ſhall fare
As well as dining with the Mayor.
" You ſaucy ſcab—you tell me ſo—
" Why booby-face, I'd have you know
" I'd rather ſee your things in order,
" Than dine in ſtate with the Recorder.
" For water I muſt keep a clutter,
" Or chide your wife for ſtinking butter.
" Or getting ſuch a deal of meat,
" As if you'd half the town to eat.
" That wife of your's, the Devil's in her,
" I've told her of this way of dinner,
" Five hundred times, but all in vain—
" Here comes a rump of beef again:
" Oh that that wife of your's would burſt—
" Get out, and ſerve the boarders firſt.
" Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
" So much, I ſhall not eat my meat—
" You know I'd rather have a ſlice."
I know, dear Sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and ſlices in it—
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll ſay grace.

MEMOIRS and ANECDOTES of SWIFT, extracted from the *former Publications*, by Dr. DELANY, and *others*.

AS Swift had been charged by many with want of religion, Voltaire, and other Free-thinkers, wiſhing to have a man of his genius inrolled in their claſs; Doctor Delany enters into a juſtification of him in that reſpect. Among other paſſages to this effect, are the following: As to his religion, I myſelf have obſerved many ſtrong indications and proofs of his ſincerity in it, beſide thoſe now mentioned. His ſaying Grace, both before and after meat, was very remarkable. It was always in the feweſt words that could be uttered on the occaſion, but with an emphaſis and fervour which every one around him ſaw and felt, and with his hands claſped into one another, and lifted up to his breaſt, but never higher. The Religious and Chriſtian form of his laſt will, and the many prayers compoſed, and conſtantly offered up by him in Mrs. Johnſon's ſickneſs, are ſtrong proofs to the ſame purpoſe.

There was no vice in the world he ſo much abhorred as hypocriſy; and of conſequence nothing he dreaded ſo much as to be ſuſpected of it. This naturally led, to make him verge ſometimes too much to the other extreme; and made him often conceal his piety with more care, than others take to conceal their vices. I have been aſſured by Doctor Delany, who lived for a conſiderable time in his houſe, that he reſided with him for more than ſix months, before he knew, or ſo much as ſuſpected that he ever read prayers to his family. Which nevertheleſs he conſtantly did, at a fixed hour every night in his own bed-chamber, to which the ſer-

vants regularly and ſilently reſorted, at the time appointed, without any notice from a bell, or audible call of any kind, except the ſtriking of a clock. And I am well aſſured, that when he lived in London, his conſtant way was to go to early prayers, and ſacrament; which he thought made him leſs diſtinguiſhed in his devotions. But though in his private capacity he indulged himſelf in his own method of paying his devotions, yet when his duty called on him either as a pariſh Prieſt, or Dean, no one performed all the functions of that ſacred office in a more exemplary manner, becauſe in this caſe nothing of oſtentation could be imputed to him. Of this Doctor Delany gives ſeveral inſtances, and concludes with a very remarkable one, where he ſays, after a good deal of meditation upon Swift's character, as a man of true religion, I think I have found out one proof of it ſo clear and inconteſtable, as may well ſuperſede the neceſſity of any other. His Cathedral of St. Patrick's, is the only church in that city, wherein the primitive practice of receiving the ſacrament every Lord's day, was renewed, and is ſtill continued; and to the beſt of my remembrance and belief, renewed in his time. At leaſt, as he was Ordinary there, it could not be continued without his conſent; and it is moſt certain that he conſtantly attended that holy office; conſecrated and adminiſtered the Sacrament in perſon. Nor do I believe he ever once failed to do ſo, when it was in his power; I mean when he was not ſick, or abſent at too great a diſtance.

His attention to the œconomy of his Cathedral was ſuch, that he would not ſuffer a ſhilling of its revenues to be alienated from its proper uſe, even for the purpoſes of charity. If any thing of that kind was propoſed, his anſwer was, that this money was appropriated; but he would give out of his own pocket, in proportion

proportion to his income, as much towards any charitable purpoſe, as any of them would in proportion to theirs. Then turning to the perſon who made the propoſal, "You, Sir, declare, upon your conſcience, that the perſon you now ſolicit for, is a proper object of Chriſtian Charity. My Deanery is worth ſeven hundred pounds a year; your Prebend, worth two; if you will give two ſhillings to this charity, I will give ſeven, or any greater ſum in the ſame proportion.

His ſtrict religious attention to the revenues of the Deanery, was ſo great, that he never failed to ſacrifice his own preſent emoluments, to the reaſonable proſpects of a future ſufficient maintenance for his ſucceſſors and chapter. One inſtance of this appeared moſt remarkably in the great decline, and almoſt total decay of his underſtanding. He had reſolved many years before, never to renew a certain leaſe of lands belonging to the Deanery, without raiſing the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often applied to him for a renewal upon other terms, but to no purpoſe. And finding now that Swift's underſtanding was in the decay, and his avarice remarkably predominant; he thought this the proper ſeaſon to make his laſt effort for a renewal, and tempt him with ſuch a fine, as he was ſure the Dean could not reſiſt in thoſe circumſtances. Accordingly he made his attempt; but to as little purpoſe as ever he had done before, the Dean remaining immoveable. He refuſed a large fine, at a time when he loved money incomparably beyond any thing elſe in the world, and raiſed the rent, as he had long ſince reſolved to do. I viſited him the next day after the renewal of this leaſe, and enquiring after his health, he told me in a tone of heavy complaint, that his memory was almoſt totally gone, and his underſtanding going; but that he had yeſterday done ſomething for the benefit of his ſucceſſor, but he had forgot what; but Doc-

tor Wilſon (who then lived in the houſe with him) would tell me. I enquired, and was informed of this renewal, as I have now related it.

As an Eccleſiaſtic, he was ſcrupulouſly exact in the exerciſe of his function, as well with regard to temporal, as ſpiritual things. He expended more money to ſupport and adorn his Cathedral, than had been applied to the ſame uſe in any period ſince it was firſt built. He was extremely exact and conſcientious in promoting the Members of the Choir according to their merit, and never advanced any perſon to a Vicarage, who was not qualified for it in all reſpects, whatever their intereſt, or however recommended. He once refuſed a Vicarage to a perſon for whom Lady Carteret was very importunate; at the ſame time declaring to her Ladyſhip, that, if it had been in his power to have made the Gentleman a Dean, or a Biſhop, he would have obliged her willingly, becauſe, he ſaid, Deaneries and Biſhopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern; but the merit of a Vicar would be brought to the teſt every day.

It happened that a young Gentleman of his Choir being abroad with his gun, ſuffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the Dean heard of it he expreſſed great concern, and having pauſed a little, "well," ſaid he, "this will be a good opportunity at once to reward merit, and alleviate diſtreſs; I will make him a Vicar;" which he did accordingly the ſame hour.

The poor in the liberty of his Cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their diſtrict. For ſome of theſe he built and furniſhed a little almſhouſe, being aſſiſted in this by ſome voluntary contributions; and preſerved among them uncommon cleanlineſs and decency, by conſtantly viſiting them in perſon.

In

In the diſtribution of his charity, that he might proportion his bounty to the neceſſities and merits of the different objects he met with, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he conſtantly kept a pocket full of all ſorts of coin, from a ſilver three-pence to a crown piece.

He was a ſtrenuous ſupporter of all the rights and privileges belonging to his Deanery, againſt all incroachments attempted by his powerful neighbour the Archbiſhop of Dublin; in oppoſition to whom he determined to aſſert his right of abſence without his Grace's permiſſion, at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he ſhould ever again claim the privilege for himſelf; but becauſe he would not endanger the liberty of his ſucceſſor by an injurious precedent.

In contradiction to the account given of the great decorum and ſolemnity with which Swift performed all religious duties, there are two ſtories told by Lord Orrery, to which I can give no credit. The firſt is thus related by his Lordſhip: "As ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of his two livings, he went to reſide at Laracor, and gave public notice to his pariſhioners, that he would read prayers every Wedneſday and Friday. Upon the ſubſequent Wedneſday the bell was rung, and the Rector attended in his deſk; when after having ſate ſome time, and finding the congregation to conſiſt only of himſelf, and his Clerk Roger, he began with great compoſure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himſelf, "Dearly beloved Roger —the Scripture moveth you and me in ſundry places," *&c.*—And then proceeded regularly through the whole ſervice. I mention this trifling circumſtance only to ſhew you, that he could not reſiſt a vein of humour, whenever he had an opportunity of exerting it."

Now to ſuppoſe that a man of Swift's religious turn, ſhould have made ſuch a mockery of this ſolemn act of worſhip, and afterwards go through the whole ſervice,

notwithſtanding the many abſurdities that would follow in the courſe of it, from there being no congregation preſent, merely for the ſake of a paltry jeſt, is too groſs an impoſition to be eaſily ſwallowed. It is not indeed improbable, that Swift afterwards, in relating this circumſtance, might have ſaid, he had a mind to begin the ſervice with—"Dearly beloved Roger," *&c.* and they who heard this, as is frequently the caſe on ſuch occaſions, thought it would improve the ſtory much by making him carry it into execution, and related it accordingly. The other ſtory is thus told by his Lordſhip. "His humourous diſpoſition tempted him to actions inconſiſtent with the dignity of a Clergyman; and ſuch flights drew upon him the general character of an irreligious man: I remember to have heard a ſtory of him, that fully ſhews how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be obſerved with reſpect. Soon after he had been made Dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the houſe of Doctor Raymond, with whom he had dined at Trim (a ſmall town near Laracor) of which the Doctor was Vicar. The bell had rung, and the people were aſſembled for Evening Prayers. Doctor Raymond was preparing to go to the Church, which was ſcarce two hundred yards from his houſe. "Raymond," ſaid the Dean, "I will lay you a crown, I will begin the Prayers before you this afternoon," "I accept the wager," replied Dr. Raymond; and immediately they both ran as faſt as they could towards the Church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived firſt at the door; and when he entered the Church, walked decently towards the reading deſk. Swift never ſlackened his pace, but running up the aiſle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and ſtepping into the reading deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the Prayer Book, began the Liturgy in an audible voice, and continued

nued to repeat the ſervice ſufficiently long to win the wager." Now it is very poſſible that ſuch an adventure might have happened at that time between two Clergymen, and nothing more probable than that it would immediately be transferred to Swift and his neighbour. We ſee it every day practiſed, that witty Sayings, Blunders, and things of Humour, are conſtantly fathered upon the moſt remarkable Wit, Blunderer, or Humouriſt of the times, whether they belong to them or not.

As his Lordſhip has given no ſort of authority for the truth of the above ſtories, nor indeed for that of any others that he has related to the prejudice of Swift, except hear-ſay; we may judge to what degree of credit they are intitled.

Among the many falſe repreſentations made by his Lordſhip, he has been attacked for one of them with great ſpirit, by Doctor Delany, in the following paſſage. A friend of mine, turning over the Index to your Letters, ſhewed me theſe words—*Swift*'s *Seraglio*—Surpriſed at this, I immediately turned to the place; where, to my much greater ſurpriſe, I found the following paragraph. "You ſee the command which Swift had over all his females; and you would have ſmiled to have found his houſe a conſtant Seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity, that are ſeldom paid to the richeſt, or the moſt powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Seignior himſelf." This paragragh, my Lord, gives me great concern, upon many accounts; though I ſhall mention only this one; that it ſeems to be written in the ſtyle of a man, who knew what he ſaid to be truth; which yet moſt certainly was not, could not, be your caſe; and therefore I conclude you wrote it in the ſtyle in which it was delivered to you, by your monſtrous miſinformers.

My Lord, the intercourſe in which my ſtation engaged me, for many years, with the Dean; my long intimacy with his moſt intimate friends, and the frequent viſits to him which my love and gratitude exacted; enable me to aſſure your Lordſhip and the world, (as I do in the moſt ſolemn and ſincere manner) that nothing ever was more falſe, than the informations you received upon this point; and that in fact, females were rarely admitted into his houſe; and never came thither but upon very particular invitations, not excepting even Mrs. Johnſon. The truth is, not one of thoſe you are pleaſed to call his Senators, ever preſumed to approach him, till he very particularly ſignified his pleaſure that they ſhould, except his near kinſwoman, Mrs. Whiteway, who was often with him, but not until the latter part of his life.

And yet, my Lord, as the honour I bear you ſtrongly inclines me to aſſent to your poſitions, wherever I can; I muſt own, that if keeping a great number of profeſſed nominal miſtreſſes, conſtitutes the complete idea of a Seraglio, Swift kept a greater, and a much more extended one than the Grand Seignior. And I have had the honour to be admitted, more than once, to bear him company in his viſits to them. But this I muſt add, in ſupport of the credit of your judgment of his conſtitution, that his viſits were always by day-light; and for the moſt part, in the moſt open and public places of the City. But yet truth obliges me to own, that he alſo viſited ſome of them in bye-allies, and under arches; places of long ſuſpected fame. Let me add, that he kept ſtrictly to that Turkiſh principle, of honouring none, but ſuch as were bred up and occupied in ſome employment. One of theſe miſtreſſes ſold plumbs; another, hob-nails; a third, tapes; a fourth, gingerbread; a fifth, knitted; a ſixth, darned ſtockings; and a ſeventh, cobbled ſhoes; and ſo on, beyond my counting. And in all this detail of his amours,

amours, I take upon me to ſay, that the ſingularity of his taſte, was as remarkably diſtinguiſhed, as his genius was, in any, or all of his compoſitions. One of theſe miſtreſſes wanted an eye; another, a noſe; a third, an arm; a fourth, a foot; a fifth, had all the attractions of *Agnas Polypus*; and a ſixth, more than all thoſe of Æſop's hump; and all of them as old at leaſt as ſome of *Louis* the XIVth's miſtreſſes; and many of them much older. He ſaluted them with all becoming kindneſs; aſked them how they did; how they throve; what ſtock they had, *&c.*; and as miſtreſſes, all the world owns, are expenſive things, it is certain he never ſaw his, but to his coſt. If any of their ware were ſuch as he could poſſibly make uſe of, or pretend to make uſe of, he always bought ſome; and paid for every half-pennyworth, at leaſt ſix-pence, and for every pennyworth, a ſhilling. If their ſaleables were of another nature, he added ſomething to their ſtock; with ſtrict charges of induſtry and honeſty. And I muſt once more own, for truth exacts it of me, that theſe miſtreſſes were very numerous; inſomuch, that there was ſcarce one ſtreet, or alley, or lane in Dublin, its ſuburbs, and its environs, that had not at leaſt one or more of them. Some of theſe he named thus for diſtinction's ſake, and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpa-Nympha, Pullagowna, Futterilla, Flora, Stumpantha, *&c.* Pray, my Lord, are Horace's Pyrrhas and Lydias to be named in a day with theſe? And yet I cannot ſay that any, or all of them, ever influenced him, either in the compoſition or publication of any of his Poems; though I cannot tell whether they might not have occaſioned a very celebrated Love Epiſtle, from a blind man, to one of Swift's favourite miſtreſſes, called Stumpy, from the fame of her wooden leg.

What

What a glorious ſcene is here diſplayed of Swift's beneficence! to ſeek out objects in all quarters of the town, from which the bulk of mankind turn with loathing; to place them in a way of gaining an honeſt livelihood, inſtead of being publick nuiſances in the ſtreet; to keep them ſteady in a courſe of induſtry, by frequent viſits in ſuch places as the faſtidious rich would diſdain to enter; to ſupply their wants when buſineſs was ſlack, and encourage the ſucceſsful by farther bounties—Theſe are inſtances of ſuch truly Chriſtian Charity, as are rarely to be found. And after this ſhall it be a doubt whether Swift had a heart ſuſceptible of the ſoft feelings of humanity?

He had a ſervant well known to all his friends by the name of Saunders; an appellation given him by the Dean. He was remarkably kind to him during a courſe of ſeveral years ſpent in his ſervice; but more particularly throughout a long illneſs, under which he laboured for many months before he died. He had him buried in the South aiſle of his Cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a ſmall piece of ſtatuary marble, with this inſcription.

Here lieth the Body of
ALEXANDER MAGEE, Servant to Doctor
SWIFT, Dean of *St. Patrick*'s.
His grateful Maſter cauſed this Monument to be
erected in Memory of his Diſcretion, Fidelity,
and Diligence, in that humble Station.
Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, Ætat. 29.

In the original draught, which I ſaw in the Dean's own hand-writing, it ſtood thus:

His grateful *Friend*, and Maſter, *&c.*

A Gentle-

A Gentleman of the Dean's acquaintance, much more diſtinguiſhed for vanity than wiſdom, prevailed upon him to leave out the word *friend*, and only write his grateful maſter; and this in contradiction to a known maxim of his own.—"That an affectionate and faithful ſervant, ſhould always be conſidered in the character of an humble friend." He performed the burial ſervice himſelf on the occaſion, and in the courſe of it was obſerved to ſhed tears.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his ſervants when he hired them by ſome teſt of their humility. Among other qualities, he always aſked whether they underſtood cleaning ſhoes, becauſe, ſaid he, my kitchen wench has a ſcullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the buſineſs of my groom and footman is conſtantly to clean her ſhoes by turns: if they ſcrupled this, their treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing. His kitchen wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large ſize, robuſt conſtitution, and coarſe features; her face very much ſeamed with the ſmall-pox, and furrowed by age; this woman he always diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Sweetheart*.

It happened one day that *Sweetheart* greatly over roaſted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he ſent for her up, and with great coolneſs and gravity, "*Sweetheart*," ſays he, "take this down into the kitchen, and do it leſs." She replied, "that was impoſſible." "Pray, then," ſaid he, "if you had roaſted it too little, could you not have done it more?" "Yes, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could eaſily have done that;" "Why then, *Sweetheart*, if you muſt commit a fault, let me adviſe you to commit one that can be mended."

To the reſt of the ſervants, indeed, he appeared to be churliſh and auſtere, but, in reality, was one of the

beſt maſters in the world. He allowed them board wages at the higheſt rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary courſe of their ſervice, he always paid them to the full value of their work, as he would have paid another. With theſe emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they ſhould find themſelves in victuals, and all other neceſſaries, except the liveries which he gave them. If in this ſituation their expences were greater than their income, it was judged a ſufficient reaſon to diſcharge them; but on the contrary, as ſoon as they had ſaved a full year's wages, he conſtantly paid them legal intereſt for it, and took great pleaſure in ſeeing it accumulate to a ſum, which might ſettle them in ſome employment if he ſhould die; or if they found it adviſeable to quit his ſervice, which was ſeldom the caſe; and he with whom his ſervants live long, has undubitable witneſſes that he is a good maſter. Beſide the motives already aſſigned for wiſhing to continue in his ſervice, their pride was highly gratified while they remained in that ſtation; it was thought an honour to belong to the Dean in any ſhape; they had more reſpect paid them by the people in general than is uſually ſhewn to any others of this fraternity; and the Dean's plain livery was a badge of greater diſtinction, than that of the Lord Lieutenant's with all its finery.

He was one of the cleanlieſt men in his perſon that ever lived. His hands were not only waſhed, as thoſe of other men, with the utmoſt care, but his nails were conſtantly kept pared to the quick, to guard againſt the leaſt appearance of a ſpeck upon them. And as he walked much, he rarely dreſſed himſelf without a baſon of water by his ſide, in which he dipt a towel and cleanſed his feet with the utmoſt exactneſs.

In company, he neither wrapped himſelf up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his

his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engroſs the converſation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His general rule was, never to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at leaſt as long for others to take up the converſation; after which he had a right to ſpeak again. His colloquial ſtyle, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and conciſe. He alſo excelled greatly in telling a ſtory; and though in the latter part of his life he was apt to repeat his ſtories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always ſuperior to the wretched expedients of thoſe deſpicable bablers, who are perpetually attempting to put off *double entendre* and profaneneſs, for humour and wit. His converſation was in the higheſt degree chaſte, and wholly free from the leaſt tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preſerve all the delicacies of converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed when ſome of the company were Ladies; and in his letter to Lord Oxford, he ſays, ſince women have been left out of all our meetings, except parties of play, or where worſe deſigns are carried on, our converſation has very much degenerated. And in this inſtance, his example is a reproof to thoſe pedants, who ſuppoſe that women are never in their proper ſphere, but in the dreſſing-room or nurſery.

The cuſtom of Dublin in his time was, that the Ladies ſhould withdraw immediately after the firſt glaſs had gone round; but he never permitted this either when he had parties at home, or was invited to any abroad; always inſiſting upon their ſtaying till the Gentlemen had nearly done with their wine; and then after a decent allowance of time, they joined companies again at tea and coffee, as is the cuſtom of France, and paſſed the remainder of the evening together. But the Gentlemen at that time were too fond of the bottle,

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and of their own diſcourſe over it, to ſuffer that cuſtom to become general.

If the converſation turned upon ſerious ſubjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the iſſue. He would liſten with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a diſputant himſelf, he would recapitulate what had been ſaid, ſtate the queſtion with great clearneſs and preciſion, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of ſome neutral perſon, or of the majority.

Lord Orrery had ſaid of him, that he was open to adulation, and could not, or would not, diſtinguiſh between low flattery and juſt applauſe. From which charge he has been defended by Doctor Delany, in the following manner:

My Lord, the charge of Swift's delighting in low adulation, has lain ſo heavy upon my mind, that I have revolved it with utmoſt attention for many hours, yet can find no juſt foundation for it. His heart was ſo thoroughly averſe from flattery, that he took all occaſions, not only to expreſs his utter contempt and deteſtation of it, but alſo to diſſuade others from it. How it might have been with him in the decline of his underſtanding, when he made haſty approaches to a ſecond childhood, I cannot ſay; he might then poſſibly, be fed by thoſe about him, as children often are, with plumbs and ſweetmeats, inſtead of ſalutary food.

In confirmation of the above account given by Doctor Delany, I remember, when his Lordſhip's book firſt came out, to have read this paſſage to Mrs. Sican, an intimate friend of the Dean's; upon which ſhe expreſſed herſelf thus: "I never yet knew any mortal who durſt flatter him except his Lordſhip himſelf." Indeed the only way of paying court to him, was not

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by words, but a very reſpectful behaviour towards him, which he expected ſo much, that moſt of his acquaintance, except his intimate friends, ſtood in ſome degree of awe before him. On the contrary, he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it were offered without arrogance, and by perſons of whoſe ability and candour he had no doubt. In his Poem of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, which does not conſiſt quite of two hundred verſes, Swift himſelf related, that Mr. Addiſon made him blot out fourſcore, add fourſcore, and alter fourſcore.

I remember a remarkable inſtance of this kind, told me by one of his Chapter, which deſerves to be recorded as a uſeful leſſon to ſuch opinionated authors, as cannot bear to be told of any faults in their Writings. That Gentleman happened to viſit him at a time when the Dean was about to ſend a newly written Pamphlet to the preſs; which he put into his friend's hands, deſiring that he would point out freely any faults he might find in it. The Gentleman ſtuck at two paſſages, and propoſed an amendment of them; which Swift inſtantly complied with. When the work came out, the Gentleman, upon a ſecond reading, found he had been wrong in his objections, and that the paſſages had been altered for the worſe. Upon his next viſit to the Dean, he expreſſed ſome concern at this, and no ſmall degree of ſurpriſe, upon recollecting that the other had ſo readily acquieſced in the change, without making the ſlighteſt objection, though he muſt have been conſcious it was wrong. "Sir, ſaid Swift, I "conſidered that the paſſages were of no great conſequence, and I made the alterations you deſired without heſitation, leſt, had I ſtood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance,

pliance, I hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more free in your remarks." Though he had no ſkill in muſic, nor ear for its beauties, yet he had ſufficient for a moſt ridiculous and droll imitation of it; of which Doctor Delany gives the following inſtance in a ſcene at which he was preſent one evening, together with ſome others of the Dean's friends.

Tom Roſeingrave was juſt returned from Italy; and Doctor Pratt, then Provoſt of the College, who was not long come back from the ſame place, and was far gone in the Italian taſte of muſick, had been that morning at St. Patrick's, to hear him play a voluntary, and was in high rapture in praiſe of it. Upon which ſome of the company wiſhed they had been preſent to have heard it. "Do you," ſaid Swift? "Then you ſhall hear it ſtill;" and immediately he ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over; except one old Gentleman, who ſate with great compoſure, and though he liſtened, yet it ſeemed to make little or no impreſſion on him; and being aſked how he could hear ſuch a fine piece of muſic without being at all affected by it, made anſwer, "that he had heard Mr. Roſeingrave himſelf play it before." An anſwer which, it may well be imagined, did not leſſen the mirth.

Swift had a peculiar knack of conveying fine praiſe under cover of very rough words. When Lord Carteret was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Swift happened to have a little diſpute with him about the grievances that kingdom ſuffered from England, and the folly, nonſenſe, and injuſtice of their government in that reſpect; for he ſpared no hard words on that ſubject. The Lord Lieutenant replied with a maſtery and ſtrength of reaſoning, for which he was ſo remarkable, and which

Swift

Swift not well liking at that time, cried out in a violent paſſion—"What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you back—Get you back—Pray God Almighty ſend us our boobies again."

Being one day at a Sheriff's feaſt, who, among other toaſts, called out to him, Mr. Dean, The Trade of *Ireland*. He anſwered quick *,—Sir, *I drink no memories*.

He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton, as the Duke did his; who one day dining with the Dean, and recounting ſeveral wild frolics he had run through; "My Lord," ſaid Swift, "let me recommend one more to you—Take a frolic to be good—rely upon it, you will find it the *pleaſanteſt* frolic you ever was engaged in †."

Happening to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himſelf in ſaying pert things to the Dean, and at laſt getting up with ſome conceited geſticulations, ſaid, with a confident air—"You muſt know, Mr. Dean, I ſet up for a Wit." "Do you ſo," ſays the Dean, "then take my advice, and ſit down again."

Being one day at a Viſitation-dinner, a Clergyman, who valued himſelf more upon his wit than he ought, and often miſtook a rough kind of abuſe for keen raillery; took it into his head to exerciſe his talents upon the Dean, and that very licentiouſly. Swift ſate with all the compoſure of a deaf man, not ſeeming to hear

* To take the force of this anſwer, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that it was made ſoon after Biſhop Brown's book had come out againſt Drinking the Memories of the Dead; which at that time made ſome noiſe.

† Doctor Delany has wonderfully marred this tale in the telling, as he has entirely miſſed the point, concluding it thus—Take my word for it, that one will do you more *honour*, than all the other frolicks of your life. To annex the idea of honour to frolicks, is nonſenſe; they can only be conſidered as pleaſant.

a word that he had ſaid, nor making any kind of anſwer. At length the Biſhop interpoſed, and checked the petulance of the Snarl; which was the name he went by. The Dean immediately got up, and begged that no reſtraint may be laid on the Gentleman—"*Momus*, my Lord, was always admitted to the feaſts of the Gods, and privileged to ſay whatever he pleaſed there." From that time, inſtead of Snarl, the Gentleman was called by no other name but that of Momus.

Sitting one evening with Mr. Addiſon, the converſation happened to turn upon the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; in which, Swift preferred and ſupported that of Joſeph; and Addiſon that of Jonathan; and after they had urged their reaſons on both ſides, with much zeal for a conſiderable time; Mr. Addiſon ſmiled, and ſaid, he was glad no third perſon was witneſs to their diſpute; juſt recollecting that he was aſſerting the hero of Swift's name, Jonathan; and Swift the hero of his, Joſeph; which might have been interpreted by a ſtander-by, as an intended compliment of each to the other.

A young Clergyman, the ſon of a Biſhop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refuſed to ſee him. The Dean being in company with him ſome time after, ſaid he would tell him a ſtory. "When I was a ſchool-boy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horſe of my own to ride on. One day I ſaw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horſe out of the town to kill him for the ſkin. I aſked the man if he would ſell him, which he readily conſented to upon my offering him ſomewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of ſome of my ſchool-fellows, and to the ridicule

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of others, and rode him about the town. The horſe ſoon tired and laid down. As I had no ſtable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his ſuſtenance, I began to find out what a fooliſh bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loſs of my caſh; but the horſe dying ſoon after upon the ſpot, gave me ſome relief." To this the young Clergyman anſwered—"Sir, your ſtory is very good, and applicable to my caſe; I own I deſerve ſuch rebukes,"—and then burſt into a flood of tears. The Dean made no reply, but went the next day to the Lord Lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young Gentleman a ſmall living then vacant, for his immediate ſupport; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him.

The following anecdote is given by Dr. Goldſmith, in his Life of Parnell. The Scriblerus Club, when the Members were in town, were ſeldom aſunder, and they often made excurſions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was uſually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the ſufferer. The whole party once ſet out to walk down to the houſe of Lord B—— about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the beſt of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, ſoon left all the reſt behind; fully reſolved, upon his arrival, to chooſe the very beſt bed for himſelf, as was his cuſtom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions; and taking horſe, arrived at Lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having appriſed his Lordſhip of Swift's deſign, it was reſolved at any rate to keep him out of the houſe; but how to do this, was the queſtion. Swift never had the ſmall-pox, and was much afraid of catching it; as ſoon, therefore, as he appeared ſtriding along at ſome diſtance from the houſe, one of his Lordſhip's ſervants

was diſpatched, to inform him that the ſmall-pox was then making great ravage in the family; but that there was a ſummer-houſe at the end of the garden, with a field-bed at his ſervice. There the diſappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold ſupper that was ſent him, while the reſt were feaſting within. However at laſt they took compaſſion on him; and upon his promiſing never to chooſe the beſt bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

During his laſt deplorable ſtate, the following circumſtances are all that are recorded. In the beginning of the year 1741, his underſtanding was ſo much impaired, and his paſſions ſo greatly increaſed, that he was utterly incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians appointed of his perſon and eſtate. Early in the year 1742, his reaſon was wholly ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. The laſt perſon whom he knew, was Mrs. Whiteway; and the ſight of her, when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage ſo violent and dreadful, that ſhe was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindneſs that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the Deanery, inquire after his health, and ſee that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes ſhe would ſteal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his ſight. He would neither eat nor drink while the ſervant who brought him his proviſions ſtayed in the room. His meat, which was ſerved up ready cut, he would ſometimes ſuffer to ſtand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at laſt he would eat it walking; for during this miſerable ſtate of his mind, it was his conſtant cuſtom to walk ten hours a day.

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In October 1742, after this phrenzy had continued ſeveral months, his left eye ſwelled to the ſize of an egg, and the lid appeared to be ſo much inflamed and diſcoloured, that the ſurgeon expected it would mortify; ſeveral large boils alſo broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five perſons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Juſt before the tumour perfectly ſubſided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and ſpoke to her with his former kindneſs: that day, and the following, he knew his phyſician and ſurgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have ſo far recovered his underſtanding and temper, that the ſurgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy ſociety, and be amuſed with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of ſhort duration; for, a few days afterwards, he ſunk into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, ſlept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk acroſs the room. This was the effect of another bodily diſeaſe, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious Clergyman of his Chapter, pronounced this to be the caſe during his illneſs, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not miſtaken: but though he often intreated the Dean's friends and phyſicians that his ſkull might be trepanned and the water diſcharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

After the Dean had continued ſilent a whole year in this helpleſs ſtate of idiocy, his houſekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as uſual; to this he immediately replied—"It is all folly, they had better let it alone."

Some other inſtances of ſhort intervals of ſenſibility and reaſon, after his madneſs had ended in ſtupor, ſeem to prove that his diſorder, whatever it was, had not deſtroyed, but only ſuſpended the powers of his mind.

He was ſometimes viſited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Chriſtmas, 1743, he ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway the houſekeeper immediately ſaid, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glaſs of wine, Sir?" To this he made no anſwer, but ſhewed he underſtood the queſtion, by ſhrugging up his ſhoulders as he had been uſed to do when he had a mind a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him, and which was as much as to ſay, "You will ruin me in wine." Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at laſt, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep ſigh, and was afterwards ſilent. A few months after this, upon his houſekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, "I am what I am;" and, in about ſix minutes, repeated the ſame words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his ſervant by his name, and once attempting to ſpeak to him, but not being able to expreſs his meaning, he ſhewed ſigns of much uneaſineſs, and at laſt ſaid, "I am a fool." Once afterwards, as his ſervant was taking away his watch, he ſaid, "bring it here;" and when the ſame ſervant was breaking a hard large coal, he ſaid, "that is a ſtone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly ſilent till the latter end of October, 1745, and then died without the leaſt pang or convulſion, in the ſeventy-eighth year of his age.

Some PARTICULARS *concerning* Dr. SWIFT. *Taken from* Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs.

MRS. PILKINGTON's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from ſending him ſome Verſes on his Birth-day. Theſe the Dean received very kindly, and ſaid, he would ſee her whenever ſhe pleaſed.

A few days after, ſhe was introduced to the Dean in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He ſaluted her, and aſked the Lady, if ſhe was her daughter? The Lady ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," ſays he, "this poor little child married! married! Gold help her, ſhe is very early engaged in trouble." The Dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the Cathedral next Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to ſee with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that Holy Service, which he had ſo much at heart, that he wanted not the aſſiſtance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it, without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was cenſured, as ſavouring of Popery. But this circumſtance may vindicate him from the wicked aſperſion of being deemed an unbeliever, ſince it is plain he had the utmoſt reverence for the Euchariſt. Service being ended, the Dean was ſurrounded at the Church-door, by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her very gravely, that though ſhe was a beggar, water was not ſo ſcarce but ſhe might have waſhed her hands. When they came to the Deanery, the Dean very kindly ſaluted Mrs. Pilkington, and without allowing her time to ſit down,

bad her come and ſee his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not deſire his company. "Well," ſaid he to her, "I have brought you here to ſhew you all the money I got when I was in the Miniſtry; but don't ſteal any of it." "I will not indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe. So opening a cabinet, he ſhewed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bleſs me," ſays he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, ſome of which were preſented to him by the Earl and Counteſs of Oxford, Lady Maſham, and Lady Betty Germaine. At laſt coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chooſe two for herſelf; but he could not help ſmiling, when ſhe began to poize them in her hands, chooſing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the Dean's behaviour was very humourous. He placed himſelf at the head of his table, oppoſite to a great pier glaſs, ſo that he could ſee in the glaſs whatever the ſervants did behind him. He was ſerved entirely in plate, with great elegance, but the beef being over-roaſted, put the company all in confuſion. The Dean called for the cook-maid, and ordered her to take the beef down ſtairs, and do it leſs. She anſwered very innocently, that ſhe could not. "Why, what ſort of a creature are you," ſays he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amended?" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington, he ſaid very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he ſhould, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's time, to convince her ſhe had better ſend up the meat too little than too much done;" charging the men-ſervants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they ſhould take it, ſpit and all, and bring it up by force, promiſing to aid them in caſe the cook reſiſted.

Having

Having aſked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington if they could ſmoke? and being anſwered, that they did not; "It is a ſign," ſaid he, "you were neither of you bred in the Univerſity of Oxford; for drinking and ſmoking are the firſt rudiments of learning taught there; and in thoſe two arts no Univerſity in Europe can outdo them." Having aſked Mrs. Pilkington if ſhe had any faults? "Pray, Mr. Dean," ſaid Dr. Delany, "why will you be ſo unpolite as to ſuppoſe Mrs. Pilkington has any faults?" "I'll tell you," replied the Dean; "whenever I ſee a number of agreeable qualities in any perſon, I am always ſure they have bad ones ſufficient to poize the ſcale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed, and told him, he did her great honour; in that copying Biſhop Berkeley, whom ſhe had frequently heard declare, that when any ſpeech was made to him, which might be conſtrued either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the beſt.

The Dean then aſked Mrs. Pilkington, if ſhe were a Queen, what ſhe would chooſe to have after dinner? She anſwered, "your converſation, Sir." "Pooh," "ſaid he, "I mean, what regale." "A diſh of coffee, Sir," anſwered ſhe. "Why then," ſaid he, "I will ſo far make you as happy as a Queen; you ſhall have ſome in perfection: for, when I was Chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was ſo poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee houſe, and all the Nobility reſorted to it to talk treaſon." The Dean then ſet about making the coffee: but the fire ſcorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffee-pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly ſhe did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himſelf with, and

acting

acting in character of a prudiſh Lady, he ſaid, "Well, I don't know what to think; women may be honeſt that do ſuch things; but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's fleſh—except my huſband's; whom, perhaps," (ſaid he), "ſhe wiſhed at the Devil."

"Mr. Pilkington," ſaid he, "you would not tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her out to be a d——n'd inſolent, proud, unmannerly ſlut." "What hath ſhe done now?" ſaid Mr. Pilkington. "Done," ſaid the Dean; "why nothing but ſat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; whereas a Lady of modern good breeding would have ſtruggled with me for the coffee-pot, until ſhe had made me ſcald myſelf and her, and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps at her head, rather than permit me to take ſo much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington ſtaid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon's ſervice; and he made her read his Hiſtory of the laſt Seſſion of Parliament, and the Peace of Utrecht, written at Windſor in 1713, aſking her at the concluſion of every period, whether ſhe underſtood it? "for I would," ſaid he, "have it intelligible to the meaneſt capacity; and, if you comprehend it, it is poſſible every body may."

She accompanied the Dean to Evening prayer; and on their return to the Deanery, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, that he gave them leave to ſtay to ſupper; which from him was a ſufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine; and the laſt glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," ſaid he, "I always keep ſome poor parſon to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glaſs of wine at any rate. "Why then," ſaid the Dean, "you

ſhant; for I'll drink it myſelf. Why p—x take you, you are wiſer than a paltry Curate whom I aſked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon my making the ſame ſpeech to him, he told me he did not underſtand ſuch uſage; and ſo walked off without his dinner. By the ſame token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

The Dean then miſſing his golden bottle-ſcrew, told Mrs. Pilkington very ſternly, he was ſure ſhe had ſtolen it. She affirmed very ſeriouſly, ſhe had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it: "It is well for you," ſaid he, "that I have got it, or I would have charged you with theft." "Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould I be ſuſpected more than any other perſon in the company?" "For a very good reaſon," ſaid he, "becauſe you are the pooreſt."

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the ſteps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the ſame time ſlipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and ſhe had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire alſo; which ſhe durſt not refuſe, leſt ſhe ſhould have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parſon who refuſed thick wine.

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafneſs, he ſent for Mrs. Pilkington; who having come, he brought out a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handſomely gilt: "This," ſaid he, "is the Tranſlation of the Epiſtles of Horace, a preſent to me from the Author; it is a ſpecial good cover; but I have a mind there ſhould be ſomething valuable within ſide of it." So, taking out his pen-knife, he cut out all the leaves cloſe to the inner margin. "Now," ſaid he,

he, "I will give theſe what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. "Your taſk, Madam, is to paſte in theſe letters, in this cover, in the order I ſhall give them to you: I intended to do it myſelf, but that I thought it might be a pretty amuſement for a child; ſo I ſent for you." She told him, ſhe was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requeſted to have leave to read the letters as ſhe went on. "Why," ſaid the Dean, "provided you will acknowledge yourſelf amply rewarded for your trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you ſo far."

In reading the letters, ſhe could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithſtanding the friendſhip Mr. Pope profeſſed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if ſhe might be allowed to ſay ſo, envious remarks on the ſucceſs of the Beggar's Opera *. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was ſo candid to the merit of other Writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to aſk the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addreſſed him with in the beginning of the Dunciad, were any compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear.

"I believe," ſaid he, "they were meant as ſuch, but they are very ſtiff." "Indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe, he is ſo perfectly a maſter of harmonious numbers, that had his heart been the leaſt affected with his ſubject, he muſt have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, compared with your's to him!

Hail, happy Pope! whoſe generous mind, *&c.*

* All this account of Pope, and his letters relative to Gay, is pure invention, he had refuſed to give any countenance to this abandoned woman in the ſubſcription for her Poems, and this was the method ſhe took of avenging herſelf.

Here

Here we ſee the maſterly Poet, and the warm, ſincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr. Addiſon, *damns with faint praiſe.*—"Well," replied the Dean, "I'll ſhew you a late letter of his." He did ſo; and Mrs. Pilkington was ſurpriſed to find it filled with low and un-gentleman-like reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble perſons who honoured him with their patronage after his diſappointment at Court. "Well, Madam," ſaid the Dean, "what do you think of that letter?" (ſeeing ſhe had gone quite through it.) "Indeed, Sir," replied ſhe, "I am ſorry I have read it; for it gives me reaſon to think there is no ſuch thing as a ſincere friend to be met with in the world."—"Why," replied he, "Authors are as jealous of their prerogative as Kings; and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a Monarch could in his dominions." Mrs. Pilkington then obſerving a Latin ſentence writ in Italics, deſired the Dean to explain it. "No," replied he, ſmiling, "I'll leave that for your huſband to do. I'll ſend for him to dine with us, and in the mean time we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's Vineyard."—"Where may that be, Sir?" ſaid ſhe. "Why, a garden," ſaid the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was ſquare, and encloſed with a ſtone wall, the Dean aſked her, how ſhe liked it? "Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "where is the garden?" "Look behind you," ſaid he. She did ſo; and obſerved the South wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted againſt it, which being then in bloſſom, looked very beautiful. "What are you ſo intent on?" ſaid the Dean. "The opening bloom," replied ſhe; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance,

Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime.

"Oh!"

"Oh!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall. It is the beſt in Ireland. When the maſons were building it, (as moſt tradeſmen are rogues), I watched them very cloſe, and as often as they could, they put in a rotten ſtone; of which however I took no notice, until they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an abſolute Monarch in the Liberties, and King of the Rabble, my way with them was, to have the wall thrown down to the place where I obſerved the rotten ſtone; and, by doing ſo five or ſix times, the workmen were at laſt convinced it was their intereſt to be honeſt:"—"or elſe, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Pilkington, "your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night." "Well," anſwered the Dean, "I find you have poetry for every occaſion; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would have you ſit down on that little bank, 'till you are reſted, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She ſeated herſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help ſmiling at his odd gait; for ſhe thought to herſelf, he had written ſo much in praiſe of horſes, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As ſhe was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a ſtrong confirmation of his partiality to thoſe animals. "I have been conſidering, Madam, as I walked," ſaid he, "what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to marry you; for he could have afforded to keep a horſe for leſs money than you coſt him; and that you muſt confeſs, would have given him better exerciſe and more pleaſure than a wife—Why, you laugh, and don't anſwer me—is it not truth?"—"I muſt anſwer you, Sir" replied ſhe, "with

another

another queſtion: Pray how can a batchelor judge of this matter? "I find," ſaid he, "you are vain enough to give yourſelf the preference." "I do, Sir," replied ſhe, "to that ſpecies here; to a Houynhnm I would, as becomes me, give preference. But, Sir, it is going to rain."---"I hope not," ſaid he, "for that will coſt me ſix-pence for a coach for you," (the garden being at ſome diſtance from the houſe.) "Come, haſte; O how the teſter trembles in my pocket!" She obeyed; and they got home juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy ſhower. "Thank God," ſaid the Dean, "I have ſaved my money. Here, you fellow, (to the ſervant) carry this ſix-pence to the lame old man that ſells gingerbread at the corner, becauſe he tries to do ſomething, and does not beg."

Mrs. Pilkington was ſhewed into a little ſtreet-parlour, in which was Mrs. Brent, his houſe-keeper. "Here," ſays he, "Mrs. Brent, take care of this child, while I take my walk out within doors." The Dean then ran up the great ſtairs, down one pair of back-ſtairs, up another, in ſo violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expreſſing her uneaſineſs to Mrs. Brent, leſt he ſhould fall and be hurted. Mrs. Brent ſaid, it was a cuſtomary exerciſe with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington of the Dean's charity; of his giving about half of his yearly income in private penſions to decayed families; and keeping five hundred pounds in the conſtant ſervice of induſtrious poor, which he lent out five pounds at a time, and took the payment back at two ſhillings a-week; which, ſhe obſerved, did them more ſervice than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the ſame time kept up this charitable fund for the aſſiſtance of many. "You cannot imagine," ſaid

ſhe,

ſhe, what numbers of poor tradeſmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, by this ſmall loan, been put into a proſperous way, and brought up their families in credit. The Dean," added ſhe, "hath found out a new method of being charitable, in which, however, I believe, he will have but few followers, which is, to debar himſelf of what he calls ſuperfluities of life, in order to adminiſter to the neceſſities of the diſtreſſed. You juſt now ſaw an inſtance of it; the money a coach would have coſt him, he gave to a poor man unable to walk. When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the price of a pint of wine. And thus he acts in numberleſs inſtances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at the Lilliputian Palace, as he called it; and who could have thought it? He juſt looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bed-chamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the houſe being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that was his cuſtom; and that it was from the cleanlineſs of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good houſewifery of the miſtreſs of the houſe; for no doubt but a ſlut may have the room clean where the gueſts are to be entertained.

He was ſometimes very free, even to his ſuperiors; of which the following ſtory, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himſelf, may ſerve as one inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

The laſt time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis ſuppoſed, to have ſome diverſion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, ſaid the Dean,

" Lady

"Lady Burlington, I hear you can ſing; ſing me a ſong." The Lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour with diſtaſte, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, ſhe ſhould ſing, or he would make her. "Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe you take me for one of your poor Engliſh hedge parſons; ſing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the Lady was ſo vexed, that ſhe burſt into tears, and retired.

His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again, was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I ſaw you laſt?" To which ſhe anſwered with great good humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll ſing for you, if you pleaſe." From which time he conceived great eſteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntneſs?

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit, he could fear no rival.

It has been often obſerved, that where great talents are beſtowed, there the ſtrongeſt paſſions are likewiſe given. This great man ſometimes let them have dominion over him, and that on trifling occaſions, eſpecially at meal-times: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his gueſts rich amends for any pain he had given them. For then,

> Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl,
> The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul.
>
> POPE.

Yet he preſerved ſtrict temperance: for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glaſs of which he mixed water and ſugar: yet, if he liked his company, would ſit many hours over it, unlocking all the

ſprings of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following ſtory the Dean told to Mrs. Pilkington.

A Clergyman *, who was a moſt learned fine gentleman, but, under the ſofteſt and politeſt appearance, concealed the moſt turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his Lordſhip was a native of Ireland, and had now a ſeat in the Houſe of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the ſervice of his diſtreſſed country. The Prelate told him, the Biſhoprick was but a very ſmall one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the Court. "Very well," ſays Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honeſt man." "Aye, that I will, Mr. Dean," ſays he. "'Till then, my Lord, farewell," anſwered Swift. This Prelate was twice tranſlated to richer Sees; and, on every tranſlation, Dr. Swift waited on him to remind him of his promiſe; but to no purpoſe; there was now an Archbiſhoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a ſhort time likewiſe got this, he then waited on the Dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment; for I well know that no Iriſhman will ever be made Primate; therefore as I can riſe no higher in fortune or ſtation, I will zealouſly promote the good of my country." And from that time became a moſt zealous Patriot.

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton, promoted to the Biſhoprick of Clonfert, tranſlated from thence to Elphin, and afterwards to the Archbiſhoprick of Caſhell.

CONCLUSION.

FROM the foregoing Memoirs may be drawn the true character of Swift; not on the ſlender ground of opinion, but the ſolid foundation of facts.

He was, from his earlieſt days, as he deſcribes himſelf in one of his poems,

Addicted to no ſort of vice.

Wine, women, and gaming, the three great ſeducers of youth, had never the leaſt influence over him. He has been often heard to ſay, that he never was drunk in his life: there have been ſtrong reaſons aſſigned for ſuppoſing that he never had any criminal commerce with the fair ſex: and though for a ſhort time, during his reſidence in London, he fell in with the faſhion of playing for trifles, yet he wholly left it off when he appeared in Ireland in the character of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Virtus eſt vitium fugere—

is an old adage; and the boſom that is free from Vice, is finely prepared for the reception of Virtue. The ſoil in which no weeds ſprout up, will reward the cultivator with plenteous crops of uſeful grain. Accordingly we find, from his firſt appearance in the world, he was poſſeſſed of three of the Cardinal Virtues, Juſtice, Temperance, and Fortitude, in an eminent degree. His prudence, indeed, with regard to worldly views, might often be called in queſtion; and ſometimes he might be hurried away from liſtening to her ſober dictates, by the

impetuoſity of a warm imagination, or allured by the ſportiveneſs of fancy: yet on all important occaſions, he ſhewed that he had no common ſhare of that virtue, ſo neceſſary to the right direction of all the others. In the practice of theſe higher virtues, did he conſtantly live, even with a ſtoical ſeverity; and none of the great characters of antiquity, were, on that account, more entitled to our eſteem and admiration.

But to conciliate the good-will and love of mankind, qualities of a gentler ſort are neceſſary, the virtues of humanity; ſuch as friendſhip, liberality, charity, good-nature, &c. all which he was known to poſſeſs in a high degree by his intimate friends, though an oppoſite character of him prevailed in the world. I have already accounted for this in the Preface, from a peculiar caſt of his mind, which made him not only conceal theſe qualities from the public eye, but often diſguiſe them under the appearance of their contraries. I ſhall now ſhew how this peculiarity firſt grew upon him. We have already ſeen during what a length of years his proud ſpirit groaned under a ſtate of dependance on his relations for a ſcanty and precarious ſupport. Upon enquiring into the hiſtory of his progenitors, he found that his grandfather had been reduced from a ſtate of affluence, to extreme poverty, by the moſt cruel perſecution of the Fanatics in the time of Cromwell. To this he imputed all his own ſufferings, as well as thoſe of his family; which fixed ſuch a rooted hatred in him to them and their principles, as he took every opportunity of manifeſting by his writings, whenever occaſion offered, during the whole courſe of his life. This it was which gave him ſuch a deteſtation of hypocriſy, a vice generally laid to their charge, as to make him run into the oppoſite extreme. In which reſpect he was certainly highly blameable, as he was himſelf

ſelf a teacher of that religion, which enjoins its profeſſors to *Let their light ſo ſhine before men, that they might ſee their good works*, &c. Eſpecially as he ſtood in ſo conſpicuous a point of view, from the ſuperiority of his talents, that his example might have been of the greateſt benefit, towards ſupporting the cauſe of religion and virtue; as, on the other hand, infidelity and vice gloried not a little, on the ſuppoſed enliſtment of ſo great a name under their banner. It was this ſtrangely aſſumed character, this new ſpecies of *hypocriſy reverſed*, as Lord Bolingbroke juſtly termed it, which prevented his appearing in that amiable light, to which he was entitled from the benevolence of his heart, except to a choſen few. In his friendſhips he was warm, zealous, conſtant: and perhaps no man ever contracted ſuch a number with ſo judicious and happy a ſelection. We find him every where extolled for his pre-eminence in this firſt and rareſt of virtues, by his numerous correſpondents; among whom were many the moſt diſtinguiſhed of that age for talents and worth. Mr. Pope, in his Preface to Homer, acknowledges in the ſtrongeſt terms his obligation to him for his uncommon zeal in promoting the ſubſcription to that work: and well he might, as there is good reaſon to believe that the ſum procured by his ſolicitation was not leſs than a thouſand pounds. We have ſeen with what ardour he engaged in a ſimilar office for his friend Prior; for though he had at that time little intereſt in Ireland, yet, by the utmoſt exertion of that little, he remitted to him between two and three hundred pounds, collected by him for ſubſcriptions to his Works; as appears by receipts in my poſſeſſion. Many inſtances of a ſimilar kind have been caſually brought to light, in ſpite of his endeavours to conceal them. His conſtancy in friendſhip was ſuch, that he was never known

to break any connection of that ſort, till his faculties were impaired in the decline of life, except in the caſe of Steele; wherein he was perfectly juſtified from the ingratitude and inſolence of his behaviour towards him. Indeed his notions of friendſhip were ſo exalted, that he wiſhed it might not be confined to the preſent life; for he ſays in one of his letters to Pope,—"I have often wiſhed that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes."

To his good-nature and tenderneſs of heart, many teſtimonies have been given by thoſe who beſt knew him, in the ſeveral quotations already made from the letters of Addiſon, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and many others. Addiſon in particular ſays, that he honoured him more for that one good quality, than all his more ſhining talents. Captain Charlton, in his letter to him, ſays, "I am ſenſible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which expoſes you to the forwardneſs of thoſe that love you; I mean *good-nature*. From which, *though I did not always ſuſpect you guilty of it*, I now promiſe myſelf an eaſy pardon." I have here quoted this paſſage, the rather, becauſe the latter part of it is a confirmation of what I have advanced with regard to the pains he took to hide thoſe good qualities he poſſeſſed, which were diſcoverable only on a cloſer intimacy. But as the quality of good nature is that part of his character leaſt likely to gain credit, on account of the general prevalence of the contrary opinion, I ſhall here enumerate ſome of the more ſtriking inſtances of his great ſenſibility and tenderneſs of heart, which have been diſperſed in different parts of this Work. Of this the moſt unequivocal proofs have been

given in his letters to Stella, giving an account of the ſtabbing of Mr. Harley by Guiſcard: in his behaviour to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, on the fatal event of her Lord's death: in his affecting account of the illneſs and death of poor Harriſon: in his weeping at the funeral of his ſervant Magee: in his burſting into tears upon ſeeing the furniture taken down in Dr. Sheridan's parlour previous to his removal into the country: in all his letters to the Doctor when Stella's life was deſpaired of: and in all the tender expreſſions of the warmeſt affection diſperſed throughout his Journal to Stella, which are manifeſtly the effuſions of a moſt feeling heart. Many more inſtances, were it neceſſary, might be adduced to the ſame effect, but I ſhall add only one, from an authority which cannot be doubted; I mean Miſs Vanhomrigh's. Who, in the midſt of that bitterneſs of ſoul occaſioned by his great neglect of her, begins one of her letters in the following manner. "Believe me it is with the utmoſt regret that I now complain to you, *becauſe I know your good nature ſuch, that you cannot ſee any human creature miſerable, without being ſenſibly touched.*

Nor was it in theſe articles only that the world were ſo miſtaken in his character; from the ſame cauſe proceeded many other charges againſt him, all equally ill founded. He has been repreſented as a man of great ambition, pride, avarice, and miſanthropy. Now let us ſee what foundation there was for any of theſe charges. And firſt as to ambition.

This is generally conſidered as ſo powerful a paſſion, that it impels thoſe who are under its dominion, to ſeek its gratification by all means, juſt or unjuſt. From this ſpecies of ambition, never mortal was more free than Swift. How little he was inclined to make uſe even of the common allowable modes of riſing in the

world, or to gain preferment by any ſolicitation on his part, may be ſeen by the following extracts from his letters to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, written at a time when he was in the higheſt favour with the people then in power. "I humbly thank your Grace for the good opinion you are pleaſed to have of me, and for your advice, which ſeemeth to be wholly grounded on it. As to the firſt which relateth to my fortune, I ſhall never be able to make myſelf believed how indifferent I am about it. I ſometimes have the pleaſure of making that of others, and I fear it is too great a pleaſure to be a virtue, at leaſt in me..... It is my maxim to leave great Miniſters to do as they pleaſe; and if I cannot diſtinguiſh myſelf enough, by being uſeful in ſuch a way, as becometh a man of conſcience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will ſolicit for myſelf, though I often do for others." And in another place he ſays, "I know nothing of promiſes of any thing intended for myſelf, but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know Courts too well, to be ſurpriſed at diſappointments; which, however, I ſhould have no great reaſon to fear, if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way; which, without affectation, I do not, although I cannot expect to be believed when I ſay ſo?"

Governed as he was by ſuch maxims as theſe, is there any one at all acquainted with the world, who could ſuppoſe that he ſhould riſe to any high rank in it? Nay did he himſelf ever ſeem to expect it? Perhaps there was no man of his time who had ſo many, and ſuch fair opportunities of advancing himſelf to the higheſt dignities of the Church, could he in the leaſt relax from his principles. Upon his return to Sir William Temple, after having reſigned his living in Ireland, in order to attend his ſummons, he had the ſtrongeſt

ſtrongeſt claim upon him for immediate preferment; and there can be no doubt, had he preſſed it, that the promiſe made to Sir William by the King, would have been performed. But he had too much generoſity of ſoul, to urge this at a time, when the ill ſtate of his friend's health, required the conſtant attendance of ſuch a companion to alleviate his ſufferings: and when his death had releaſed him from the benevolent taſk, we have ſeen how coldly he purſued the claim he had on King William, and how ſoon he quitted the purſuit, as his high ſpirit could not brook the attendance neceſſary to ſucceed at Court. When he went over to Ireland with Lord Berkeley, though he had then no fortune, nor proſpect of proviſion from any other quarter, yet, upon his breach of promiſe, he broke from him with marks of the higheſt reſentment. He was afterwards in high favour with the leading men in the Whiggiſh Miniſtry, who made overtures to him of the moſt advantageous kind, if he would aſſiſt them in their deſigns; but when he found their plan was to undermine the Church, which he juſtly conſidered as one main pillar of the State; and to promote the private intereſts of a Junto, at the expence of the community; he not only quitted them entirely, but publiſhed ſeveral pieces written expreſsly to counteract their meaſures; and this too, long before he was even perſonally known to any leaders of the other party: ſo that his conduct could have proceeded only from diſintereſted motives.

During the laſt years of Queen Anne, from the authentic account given of the part he ſuſtained in the political drama of that time, ſure never man had a more clear open way before him to the ſummit of preferment. He was the prop and pillar of that Adminiſtration; the ſole confidential man, without whoſe participation

ticipation and advice, nothing of moment was undertaken, and the chief inſtrument in carrying their deliberations into execution. The boſom friend of Oxford, and equally beloved by his rival Bolingbroke. Had he been a man of intrigue, what fairer opportunities could he have wiſhed for? Nay, had he only been ſilent with regard to certain points; had he followed the lead of the Miniſtry themſelves, by acquieſcing in thoſe meaſures of the Queen, which they found they could not prevail on her to change, his ſucceſs had been infallible. But, during that critical time, he ſeems to have left all idea of *ſelf* out of the queſtion. He took a decided part in purſuing ſuch meaſures as he thought moſt conducive to the public intereſts, let who would be diſobliged at it; and accordingly incurred the Queen's diſpleaſure to ſuch a degree, as to render hopeleſs all expectations of favours from her. He foreſaw the conſequences of ſuch a conduct, and ſays, in his Journal to Stella, he knew it was the ſure way to ſend him back to his willows, adding, with great indifference,—"But I care not."

From all this it appears, that he never was in the ſmalleſt degree infected with that ſpecies of ambition, which ſeeks to attain its end *per fas et nefas:* on the contrary, it has been ſhewn that he declined taking the fair and honeſt ſteps, conſiſtent with the niceſt principles, which lay before him to promotion; nor would he even ſacrifice to it the ſmalleſt part of his delicacy, ſo far as to aſk any favour for himſelf, from thoſe on whom he had conferred the higheſt obligations. But on no occaſion did he ſhew more clearly, how little ſway ambition had over his mind, when it interfered even with the moſt refined delicacy of ſentiment, than by accepting of Lord Oxford's invitation to accompany him in his retirement after his fall, and refuſing the preſſing

preſſing ſolicitations of the new Miniſter, backed by the Queen's favourite, to aſſiſt them in carrying their new meaſures into effect; though, at the ſame time, they were the very meaſures that had been the object of all his views, from the time that he had entered into the political line.

And yet he had ambition to a high degree, but it was of the pureſt and nobleſt kind. He was ambitious of forming a diſtinguiſhed character in life, by exerting to the utmoſt thoſe talents that God had beſtowed on him, for the good of mankind, and by a pre-eminence in virtue. To anſwer this end, conſcious of his ſtrength, he relied ſolely upon himſelf, and was little ſolicitous about external aid. In one of his letters to Pope, he ſays,—"Becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*; I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me, by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them." How ſucceſsful he was in attaining his end, has been already ſhewn. We have ſeen in what a high point of light he ſtood, during the latter years of Queen Anne; and what homage was paid him by all the Great, of both ſexes, when he was only a petty Vicar of Laracor. But this was nothing in compariſon of the honours that afterwards awaited him, when a whole kingdom looked up to him as their firſt and greateſt man; when the humble title of Dean, dignified by his wearing it, with a * *The* before it, conferred by the general voice, made all other titles ſink degraded: when at a meeting of all the Nobles, with the Viceroy on his throne, Earls, Viſcounts, Barons, Archbiſhops, Biſhops, and Judges, ſhrunk into pigmies, like the aſſembly deſcribed by Milton in the Pandemonium, upon

* He was never mentioned by any other title but that of *The* Dean; in the ſame manner as Ariſtotle was called *The* Stagyrite, and Homer *The* Poet.

the

the entrance of *The* Dean; all eyes being turned on him alone, all voices employed in his praiſe: and when that kingdom itſelf, by nature great, but rendered little by oppreſſion, was ſcarce heard of in Europe, but as the place of his nativity and reſidence. What titles, what dignities conferred on him by the Monarchs of the earth, could have raiſed him to ſuch a height, as that true nobility of ſoul, beſtowed on him by the King of Kings?

To ſuppoſe that he was not conſcious of his pre-eminence over others, or that he was not pleaſed with the homage paid him on that account, would be to ſuppoſe him not to be a man. But whoever impute pride to him in conſequence of this, charge him unjuſtly. I mean when the word is taken in its bad ſenſe; for there is a virtuous pride, as well as a laudable ambition: and his pride, like his ambition, was of the nobleſt kind. That it was viewed in another light by the world, was owing to the wrong judgment formed by the bulk of mankind, who ſeldom penetrate farther than the ſurface, and are governed by appearances. But Swift looked deeply into the nature of things, and eſtimated their value, not by the ſtandard of opinion or faſhion, but that of right reaſon. The maxim he laid down, and always maintained in the face of the Great, was, "That a man of genius and talents, was a character ſuperior to that of a Lord; and the man of virtue, to that of the man of wealth. Is there any one who will diſpute the truth of this in theory, however different the practice may be, from the corruptions of mankind? But Swift was not content with vainly ſpeculating upon this point, in the manner of other Writers; he determined that his conduct ſhould be conformable to his principles. As he wanted not the aſſiſtance of the Noble or the Rich, he ſought not their acquaintance; and if any were deſirous of his, the firſt overtures muſt come from them, and their advances be in proportion

tion to their rank; expecting, as he himſelf expreſſes it, more from a Duke or a Ducheſs, than from thoſe of an inferior claſs. To this, numbers of the firſt order of Nobility conformed, acknowledging the juſtice of his claim; and ſo high was the reputation of Swift, and his character ſo diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the world, that ſome of the moſt lofty ones among them, ſacrificed their pride to the vanity of being numbered among his acquaintance. But it was only to the vain-glorious, who were proud of the accidental ſuperiority which their birth gave them, that he aſſumed this behaviour. To his equals, among which number he reckoned all men of genius and virtue, he put on no airs of ſuperiority, but lived with them on the moſt friendly and familiar footing. His inferiors, he always treated with complacency and good-humour, unleſs they happened to ſhew themſelves to be either knaves or fools, and to them he was not ſparing of his correction. In mixed ſocieties, according to his own principle, he expected the ſame reſpect to be ſhewn him, as is uſually paid to perſons of the higheſt rank: nor was he often diſappointed in this, as there was ſomething ſo commanding in his aſpect, expreſſive of the native ſuperiority of his mind, that it ſtruck the beholders with awe, and produced that reverence from the heart, which is only ſhewn by external ceremonies to artificial greatneſs. But among his intimates, this deportment was entirely thrown aſide; where he indulged the utmoſt familiarity, giving free ſcope to the vagaries of fancy, often to a childiſh playfulneſs of mirth. In ſhort his pride, if by that name it muſt be called, was of the ſame kind as that of Admiral Villars, deſcribed by Sully, as *ariſing from that inborn noble elevation of mind, which, in great ſouls, is only a perception of their own worth, without the leaſt mixture of mean vanity, or the intoxication of ſelf-love.*

The charge of avarice againſt him, is, if poſſible, leſs founded than any of the others; for never man was more free

free from that vice, till it came upon him with the other infirmities of old age, as appears by the whole tenor of his conduct. Many inſtances of his liberality, and unbounded charity, have been already produced; I ſhall now mention ſome others, which will ſhew how little place the love of money had in his heart. He allowed Mrs. Dingley a penſion of fifty-two pounds *per annum*, which with her own annuity of twenty-eight, made up a yearly income of eighty pounds; a very handſome ſupport for a ſingle woman in thoſe days. But this he inſiſted ſhould be kept an entire ſecret between themſelves, always pretending that he only acted as her agent for money which ſhe had in the funds. And the better to deceive thoſe about him, when ſhe has ſent for any part of this allowance, he would ſometimes pretend to be in a paſſion, and cry out, pox take this woman, ſhe is always plaguing me for money; tell her I have none to ſend her; I have had no remittances from London this half year. And then cooling by degrees, he would ſend her the money by way of advance, and take her receipt accordingly. By this way of proceeding, thoſe of his greateſt intimacy were deceived; nor was it till after his faculties were impaired, that they diſcovered by accident that theſe payments came out of his own purſe. Acting as he did with ſuch delicacy in conferring favours, it is to be ſuppoſed that many other inſtances of his liberality have never come to light.

Of all the trials of an avaricious diſpoſition, nothing is ſo likely to make it ſhew itſelf in the moſt glaring colours, as ſome conſiderable unexpected loſs. To this teſt was Swift ſeverely put in two remarkable occurrences in different periods of his life. The firſt was in 1712, before he was made Dean of St. Patrick's. He had depoſited near four hundred pounds in the hands of his friend Stratford, which was all the money he then poſſeſſed in the world. An account was brought him that Stratford was broke.

What

What effect this had on him he thus deſcribes in his Journal to Stella. "I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philoſophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my uſual time above a quarter of an hour."

Of the other he gives the following account, in a letter to Mr. Worral, dated Quilca, June 11, 1725.

"Your letter has informed me of what I did not expect, that I am juſt even with the world; for, if my debts were paid, I think I ſhould not have fifty pounds beſide my goods. I have not railed, nor fretted, nor loſt my ſleep, nor ſtomach, I thank God. My greateſt trouble is, that ſome friends, whom I intended to make eaſy during their lives, and the Public, to which I bequeathed the reverſion, will be diſappointed." And in another to Dr. Sheridan, of the ſame date, he ſays, "You are to know that by Mr. Pratt's ruin I loſe only twelve hundred and fifty pounds which he owes me. So that I am now, as near as I can compute, not worth one farthing but my goods. I am therefore juſt to begin the world. I ſhould value it leſs, if ſome friends and the Public were not to ſuffer; and I am aſhamed to ſee myſelf ſo little concerned on account of the two latter. For, as to myſelf, I have learned to conſider what is left, and not what is loſt.—But enough of this."

Such a perfect reſignation and compoſure of mind on ſuch trying occaſions, muſt ſurely clear him from all imputations of avarice; and it is evident from the above paſſages, that he valued money no farther than as it might enable him to be uſeful to others. For, with regard to all expences relative to himſelf, he was more than frugal; as he grudged every ſuperfluity in his domeſtic œconomy, in order that he might have it more in his power to gratify his charitable and liberal propenſities. And

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here we have a ſtrong proof given how far he had indulged himſelf in that way, when we find that in the year 1725, twelve years after his being in poſſeſſion of his Deanery, he had ſaved only ſo ſmall a ſum as 1250l. But nothing can demonſtrate more clearly, the little value he at all times ſet upon money, than his ſcorning to receive any payment for his Works, even when his circumſtances were at the loweſt. In theſe two great articles of preferment and fortune, he ſeems to have adopted the maxims, and followed the example of his noble diſintereſted friend, Sir William Temple; who never ſolicited any employment, nor received the ſmalleſt reward for all the great ſervices he did the nation. But this conduct was certainly more meritorious in Swift, as Sir William inherited an eaſy independent fortune, and Swift was born to no patrimony.

The laſt charge, as before mentioned, againſt Swift, and which has gained moſt general credit, is that of perfect miſanthropy; and this is chiefly founded upon his ſuppoſed ſatyr on human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the Yahoos. This opinion has been ſo univerſally adopted by almoſt all who have read Gulliver's Travels, that to controvert it would be ſuppoſed to act in oppoſition to the common ſenſe and reaſon of mankind. And yet I will undertake to overthrow it, by appealing to that very reaſon and common ſenſe, upon which they ſuppoſe it to be founded. I ſhall only beg of my reader that he would lay aſide for a while any prepoſſeſſion he may have entertained of that kind, and candidly examine what I ſhall advance in ſupport of the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion; and if he finds the arguments there laid down unanſwerable, that he will not obſtinately perſiſt in error, by whatever numbers it may be ſupported, but ingenuouſly yield to conviction. The poſition I mean to prove is, that the whole apologue of the Houyhnhnms and

Yahoos,

Yahoos, far from being intended as a debaſement of human nature, if rightly underſtood, is evidently deſigned to ſhew in what the true dignity and perfection of man's nature conſiſts, and to point out the way by which it may be attained.

In order to this, let us firſt ſee with what deſign the fourth book of the Travels was written. In the firſt three books he has given various views of the different vices, follies, and abſurdities of mankind, not without ſome mixture of good qualities, of virtue and wiſdom, though in a ſmall proportion to the others, as they are to be found in life. In his laſt book, he meant to exhibit two new portraits; one, of pure unmixed vice; the other, of perfect unadulterated virtue. In order that the native deformity of the one, might excite in us a deeper abhorrence of evil; and the reſplendent charms of the other, allure us to what is good. To repreſent theſe to us in ſenſible forms, he cloaths the one with the body of a man; the other, with that of a horſe. Between theſe two he divides the qualities of the human mind, taking away the rational ſoul from the Yahoo, and transferring it to the Houyhnhnm. To the Yahoo he leaves all the paſſions and evil propenſities of man's nature, to be exerted without any check or controul, as in the caſe of all other animals. The rational ſoul in the Houyhnhnm, acts unerringly as by inſtinct; it intuitively perceives what is right, and neceſſarily acts up to the dictates of reaſon. The Yahoo, as here deſcribed, is a creature of fancy, the product of the author's brain, which never had any thing ſimilar to it upon earth. It has no reſemblance to man, but in the make of its body, and the vicious propenſities of its nature. It differs from him wholly in all the characteriſtical marks which diſtinguiſh man from the reſt of the animal world. It has not a ray of reaſon, it has no ſpeech, and it goes, like other quadrupedes, upon all

four. Now, as reaſon, ſpeech, and walking upright on two legs, are the univerſal properties of the human race, even in the moſt ſavage nations, which peculiarly mark their ſuperiority over brutes, how, in the name of Heaven, has it come to paſs, that by almoſt all who have read Gulliver, the Yahoos have been conſidered as beings of the human ſpecies, and the odious picture drawn of them, as intended to vilify and debaſe our nature? But it is evident from the whole account given of this creature of his fancy, that the author intended it ſhould be conſidered as a mere beaſt, of a new ſpecies; for he has not only deprived it of all the characteriſtical diſtinctions of man before recited, but has ſuperadded ſome material differences even in his bodily organs and powers, ſufficient to diſtinguiſh it from the human race. He ſays,—"They climbed high trees as nimbly as a ſquirrel, for they had ſtrong extended claws before and behind, terminating in ſharp points, and hooked." Now it is well known, that the human nails, when ſuffered to grow to any conſiderable length, never aſſume that ſhape, and unleſs pared, diſable the hands from diſcharging their office *. He ſays in another place,—"They are prodigiouſly nimble from their infancy." This is directly oppoſite to the nature of the children of men, who are the moſt helpleſs in infancy, and the ſloweſt in arriving at any degree of ſtrength or agility, of all living creatures. Indeed it was neceſſary to the author's end, that of ſhewing the vicious qualities of man's nature in their pure unmixed ſtate, that the creature in whom they were placed ſhould be a mere brute, governed as all others are by an irreſiſtible inſtinct, without any controul from a ſuperior faculty; and ac-

* The Mandarines of China, from an abſurd cuſtom of letting their nails grow to their utmoſt extent, as a mark of diſtinction, are obliged to have all the common offices of life, even to that of feeding them, performed by their domeſtics.

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cordingly he ſeems to have thrown in theſe additional circumſtances to diſtinguiſh it from any thing human. At the ſame time it was alſo neceſſary to give this creature the human form, in order to bring the leſſon home to man, by having the vicious part of his nature reflected back to him from one in his own ſhape; for in the form of any other creature, he would not think himſelf at all concerned in it. Yet it is on account of its bodily form only, repreſented as it is in ſo hideous a light, that the pride of man was alarmed, and made him blind to the author's deſign, ſo as to charge him with an intention of degrading and vilifying the whole of human nature below that of brutes. I have already ſhewn that the whole of human nature has no concern in what is related of this creature, as he is entirely deprived of all the characteriſtic properties of man which diſtinguiſh him from, and elevate him above all other animals. I have alſo ſhewn, that even his body, however reſembling in outward form, is not the body of a man, but of a beaſt. In the firſt place it is prone, like all other beaſts, which never was the caſe in any human creature,

Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Juſſit.

In the next, he has long hooked claws, which enable him to climb the higheſt trees with the nimbleneſs of a ſquirrel, and to dig holes in the earth for his habitation. Their faces too, as in ſome other tribes of animals, were all alike, being thus deſcribed: "The face of this animal indeed was flat and broad, the noſe depreſſed, the lips large, and the mouth wide." When we conſider too, that theſe features were never enlivened by the rational ſoul, nor the countenance lighted up by the benevolent ſenſations in man, which conſtitute the chief beauty of

the human face, but on the contrary were continually diſtorted by a variety of malevolent paſſions, we muſt conclude with Gulliver, that ſuch a man-beaſt muſt be the moſt odious animal that ever crawled upon the face of the earth; and that his deſcription of it, diſguſting as it is, is not in the leaſt exaggerated. At firſt ſight they had ſo little reſemblance to any thing human, that Gulliver miſtook them for ſome new ſpecies of cattle belonging to the inhabitants. After having given a deſcription of them as they appeared to him when he firſt ſaw a number of them near him, where he lay concealed behind a thicket, in order to mark their form more diſtinctly, he ſays, "So that thinking I had ſeen enough, full of contempt and averſion, I got up and purſued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabbin of ſome Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of theſe creatures, full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monſter, when he ſaw me, diſtorted ſeveral ways every feature of his viſage, and ſtarted as at an object he had never ſeen before; then approaching nearer, *lifted up his fore-paw*, whether out of curioſity or miſchief, I could not tell: but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat ſide of it, for I durſt not ſtrike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked againſt me, if they ſhould come to know that I had killed or maimed any of *their cattle*." And it was not till afterwards, when he had an opportunity of examining one of them more cloſely in his kennel, that he perceived its reſemblance to the human figure. But it may be aſked, to what end has ſuch an odious animal been produced to view? The anſwer is obvious. The deſign of the author, in the whole of this apologue, is, to place before the eyes of man a picture of the two different parts of his frame, detached from each other, in order that he may the better eſtimate the true value of each,

each, and ſee the neceſſity there is that the one ſhould have an abſolute command over the other. In your merely animal capacity, ſays he to man, without reaſon to guide you, and actuated only by a blind inſtinct, I will ſhew you that you would be degraded below the beaſts of the field. That very form, that very body, you are now ſo proud of, as giving you ſuch a ſuperiority over all other animals, I will ſhew you owe all their beauty, and all their greateſt powers, to their being actuated by a rational ſoul. Let that be withdrawn, let the body be inhabited by the mind of a brute, let it be prone as their's are, and ſuffered like their's to take its natural courſe, without any aſſiſtance from art, you would in that caſe be the moſt deformed, as to your external appearance, the moſt deteſtable of all creatures. And with regard to your internal frame, filled with all the evil diſpoſitions, and malignant paſſions of mankind, you would be the moſt miſerable of beings, living in a continued ſtate of internal vexation, and of hatred and warfare with each other.

On the other hand, I will ſhew another picture of an animal endowed with a rational ſoul, and acting uniformly up to the dictates of right reaſon. Here you may ſee collected all the virtues, all the great qualities, which dignify man's nature, and conſtitute the happineſs of his life. What is the natural inference to be drawn from theſe two different repreſentations? Is it not evidently a leſſon to mankind, warning them not to ſuffer the animal part to be predominant in them, leſt they reſemble the vile Yahoo, and fall into vice and miſery; but to emulate the noble and generous Houyhnhnm, by cultivating the rational faculty to the utmoſt; which will lead them to a life of virtue and happineſs.

Is it not very extraordinary that mankind in general ſhould ſo readily acknowledge their reſemblance to the

Yahoo, whoſe ſimilitude to man conſiſts only in the make of its body, and the evil diſpoſitions of its mind; and that they ſhould ſee no reſemblance to themſelves, in a creature poſſeſſed of their chief characteriſtical marks, reaſon and ſpeech, and endowed with every virtue, with every noble quality, which conſtitute the dignity of man's nature, which diſtinguiſh and elevate the human above the brute ſpecies? Shall they arraign the author of writing a malignant ſatyr againſt human nature, when reduced to its moſt abject brutal ſtate, and wholly under the dominion of the paſſions; and ſhall they give him no credit for the exalted view in which he has placed the nobler part of our nature, when wholly under the direction of right reaſon? Or are mankind ſo ſtupid, as in an avowed fable, to ſtop at the outſide, the vehicle, without diving into the concealed moral, which is the object of all fable? Do they really take the Yahoo for a man, becauſe it has the form of a man; and the Houyhnhnm for a horſe, becauſe it has the form of a horſe? But we need not wonder that the bulk of mankind ſhould fall into this error, when we find men pretending to the utmoſt depths of wiſdom, avowing themſelves of the ſame mind. The learned Mr. Harris, in his Philological Enquiries, has the following paſſage. "Miſanthropy is ſo dangerous a thing, and goes ſo far in ſapping the very foundations of morality and religion, that I eſteem the laſt part of Swift's Gulliver, (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worſe book to peruſe, than thoſe which we are forbid, as the moſt flagitious and obſcene. One abſurdity in this author (a wretched Philoſopher though a great Wit) is well worth remarking—in order to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beaſts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beaſts, and beaſtly characters to his men: ſo that we are to admire the beaſts, not for being beaſts, but amiable

men;

men; and to deteſt the men, not for being men, but deteſtable beaſts." I believe ſo ſtrange an interpretation of an author's meaning, never fell from the pen of any commentator. He firſt aſſumes that the end propoſed by Swift in this fable, is, to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beaſts amiable. This ſurely was a moſt unaccountable deſign in any human creature; and before it can be admitted, it ought to be firſt proved that Swift was of a beaſtly diſpoſition, which engaged him on the ſide of his fellow brutes. And if this were his object, no mortal ever uſed more unlikely means to attain it, and no one ever more completely failed of his end. By repreſenting a beaſt in a human form, without any one characteriſtical mark of man, he could hardly expect to render human nature itſelf odious: and by exhibiting ſo ſtrange a phænomenon as the ſoul of man actuating a quadrupede, and regulating his conduct by the rules of right reaſon, he could as little hope to render the nature of irrational beaſts more amiable. And accordingly I believe no mortal ever had a worſe opinion of human nature, from his deſcription of the Yahoos; nor a better of the brute creation, from that of the Houyhnhnms. And all the ill effect produced by this fable, has been turned on the author himſelf, by raiſing the general indignation of mankind againſt him, from a miſtaken view of his intention: ſo that the Writer of the above remarks, need not have prohibited the reading of that part of Gulliver with ſuch ſolemnity, as it never did, nor never can make one proſelyte to Miſanthropy, whereof he ſeems ſo apprehenſive; but on the contrary may be productive of great good, from the moral ſo evidently to be deduced from it, as has already been made appear.

In one paragraph of the above quoted paſſage, the author, wrapped up in the pride of philoſophy, ſeems to look down upon Swift with ſovereign contempt; where

he ſays,—"One abſurdity in this author (a *wretched Philoſopher*, though a great Wit) is well worth remarking," *&c.* But it has been already ſhewn, that the abſurdity belongs to the commentator, not to the author; and it will be difficult to perſuade the world, that Swift is not one of the greateſt adepts in the firſt philoſophy, the ſcience of mankind; of which he has given ſuch ample proofs throughout his Works, and more particularly in this very book, ſo ſupercilioufly decried by this *ſoi diſant* Philoſopher; and which will be of more real benefit to mankind, than the labours of a thouſand ſuch Writers as the author of Philological Enquiries, employed about ſplendid trifles, and uſeleſs Metaphyſics.

Another Writer of no ſmall eminence has attacked Swift with great virulence on the ſame account. In a Pamphlet of Dr. Young's, entitled Conjectures on Original Compoſition, there is the following paſſage. "If ſo, O Gulliver! doſt thou not ſhudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering o'er thee? Shudder on! they cannot ſhock thee more, than decency has been ſhocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhnms thrown thy judgment from its ſeat, and laid thy imagination in the mire? In what ordure haſt thou dipt thy pencil? What a monſter haſt thou made of the

Human face divine? MILTON.

This Writer has ſo ſatyriſed human nature, as to give a demonſtration in himſelf, that it deſerves to be ſatyriſed." In anſwer to which I ſhall addreſs him in his own way—O Doctor Young, how has thy prejudice thrown thy judgment from its ſeat, and let thy imagination hurry thee beyond all bounds of common ſenſe! In what black compoſition of ſpleen and envy haſt thou dipt thy pen! What a monſtrous character haſt thou given of

One of the nobleſt men
That ever lived in the tide of times. SHAKESPEARE.

Thou

Thou haſt ſo ſatyriſed this great man, as to ſhew that thou thyſelf deſerveſt the utmoſt ſeverity of ſatyr." After ſuch a ſtring of poetical epiphonemas, what is the charge which he brings againſt Swift. It is all contained in theſe words —" What a monſter haſt thou made, of the human face divine!" Now as Dr. Young himſelf, and all the world muſt have allowed, that the human face can have no claim to the epithet of divine, unleſs when animated by the divine particle within us, how can he be ſaid to make a monſtrous repreſentation of the human face divine, who firſt ſuppoſes the divine part to be withdrawn, which entitles it to that appellation, and ſubſtitutes in its place the mind of a brute. Muſt not the human countenance in this caſe loſe all that beauty and expreſſion, which it derives from the ſoul's looking out at the eyes, and animating every feature? On the contrary, what more deformed or ſhocking object can be exhibited to view, than the human face diſtorted by all the vile and malevolent paſſions belonging to man's nature. Let any one reflect what ſenſations he has had on the ſight of an idiot, an outrageous mad-man, or one poſſeſſed by ungovernable fury, extreme hatred, or implacable revenge, and he muſt allow that the picture Swift gives of the Yahoo face, always expreſſive of ſome one or other of ſimilar paſſions, however hideous it may be, is yet a juſt likeneſs.

What then is the meaning of the general clamour raiſed againſt Swift, unleſs it be thought criminal in him to ſuppoſe it poſſible, even in a fable, that the human frame, upon which we value ourſelves ſo highly, might be the receptacle of a brutal ſoul? I ſhould not wonder if ſuch men ſhould arraign the Almighty alſo, for having really effected this in the caſe of Nebuchadnezzar; or exhibiting another inſtance of it to our view, without a miracle, in that of Peter the Wild Man, caught in the woods of Germany; in whom was to be found a perfect image of

that

that man-beaſt which Swift ſuppoſes in his Yahoo *. Nor ſhould I be ſurpriſed if they who value themſelves chiefly on their outward form, ſhould mutter complaints againſt their Creator, for giving certain animals ſo near a reſemblance to them, as is to be found in ſome ſpecies of baboons, but more particularly in the man-tyger; who not only is formed exactly like man in his bodily organs, but, like him too, often walks erect upon two legs, with a ſtaff in his hand, ſits down upon chairs, and has the ſame deportment in many other points.

But while they ſo ſqueamiſhly take offence at this nonentity, this chimæra of the brain, does it never occur to them that there really exiſts thouſands and ten thouſands of their own ſpecies, in different parts of this peopled earth, infinitely more deteſtable than the Yahoos. In whatever odious light their form has been pourtrayed, can it excite higher diſguſt than that of the Hottentot, decorated with guts, which are uſed for food when in a ſtate of putrefaction; and who loads his head with a mixture of ſtinking greaſe and ſoot, to make a ſecure lodgment for ſwarms of the moſt filthy vermin: or than thoſe ſavages, who ſlaſh, mangle, and deform, with a variety of horrid figures, the *human face divine*, in order to ſtrike a greater terror into their enemies? Are there any actions attributed to the miſerable Yahoo ſo diabolical as are conſtantly practiſed in ſome of theſe ſavage nations, by expoſing their children, murdering their parents in their old age, and roaſting and eating their captives taken in war, with many other abominations? In all which inſtances we ſee, that human reaſon, in its ſtate of depravity, is productive of infinitely worſe conſequences, than can proceed from a total deprivation of it. This leſſon Gulliver has taken

* It is ſaid the late Queen had the curioſity to ſee this wild man, but was ſo ſhocked at the appearance he made, that ſhe ordered him immediately out of her preſence.

care

care to inculcate, where his maſter Houyhnhnm, after having received an account from him of the manners and cuſtoms of the Europeans, makes the following obſervation: "That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a ſharp ſtone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reaſon, could be capable of ſuch enormities, he dreaded leſt the corruption of that faculty, might be worſe than brutality itſelf."

It may be ſaid that the inſtances of depravity above quoted, are only to be found among ſavages, whoſe minds, unenlightened by knowledge, are governed wholly by their brutal appetites and paſſions; and that a true picture of human nature is only to be taken from the more civilized States. Let us ſee, therefore, whether in our own dear country, while we boaſt ſo much of the extraordinary lights drawn from Philoſophy, and the divine illumination of the Goſpel, we do not abound in crimes more numerous, and more fatal to ſociety, even than thoſe of ſavages. Of theſe Swift has given us a long muſter-roll, where he deſcribes the happy life he led among the Houyhnhnms, free from the odious ſcenes of vice in his own country, in the following paſſage: "I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconſtancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a ſecret or open enemy. I had no occaſion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or his minion. I wanted no fence againſt fraud or oppreſſion; here was neither phyſician to deſtroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accuſations againſt me for hire: here were no gibers, cenſurers, backbiters,

pick-

pick-pockets, highwaymen, houſebreakers, attornies, bawds, buffoons, gameſters, politicians, wits, ſpleneticks, tedious talkers, controvertiſts, raviſhers, murderers, robbers, virtuoſos: no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice by ſeducement or example; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-poſts, or pillories; no cheating ſhopkeepers or mechanicks; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, ſtrolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expenſive wives; no ſtupid proud pedants; no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelſome, noiſy, roaring, empty, conceited, ſwearing companions; no ſcoundrels raiſed from the duſt upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no Lords, Fidlers, Judges, or Dancing-maſters."

In another place, after having brought the whole ſtate of affairs in England before the Judgment-ſeat of the King of Brobdingnag, he thus relates the ſentiments of that wiſe and virtuous Monarch on the occaſion: "He was perfectly aſtoniſhed with the hiſtorical account I gave him of our affairs during the laſt century, proteſting it was only a heap of conſpiracies, rebellions, murders, maſſacres, revolutions, baniſhments, the very worſt effects that avarice, faction, hypocriſy, perfidiouſneſs, cruelty, rage, madneſs, hatred, envy, luſt, malice, and ambition could produce. His Majeſty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the ſum of all I had ſpoken; compared the queſtions with the anſwers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and ſtroaking me gently, delivered himſelf in theſe words, which I ſhall never forget, nor the manner he ſpoke them in: "My little friend *Grildrig*, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the anſwers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from

from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the moſt pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever ſuffered to crawl on the ſurface of the earth."

Is it not ſtrange, that ſo bold a ſatyr on human nature, in its actual ſtate of exiſtence, ſhould excite no reſentment in mankind, and that they ſhould ſo readily take the alarm at an imaginary repreſentation of it? But in the former caſe men are ready enough to ſee and allow all manner of vices and bad qualities of the mind in others, though they are ſo blinded by ſelf-love as not to find the reſemblance to themſelves; but when their bodily form, common to all men, is vilified and debaſed, each individual brings the attack home to himſelf; his ſelf-love takes fire at the view, and kindles his indignation againſt the author, as an enemy to the whole human ſpecies. That this opinion, however ill-founded, became ſo general, is eaſily to be accounted for, as taking its riſe from two of the moſt prevailing paſſions in human nature, pride, and envy. The former called the univerſal paſſion by Dr. Young; and the latter partaking of its nature, as ſpringing from the ſame root. Their pride inſtantly took fire upon ſeeing that part of their frame, whereof in general men are moſt vain, repreſented in ſo odious a light; and Envy ſeized the occaſion of making ſo heavy a charge as that of Miſanthropy, againſt a man of ſuch uncommon talents. This broke forth chiefly among Authors, jealous of that high degree of fame obtained by the ſuperiority of his genius; and as he was unaſſailable on that ſide, they thought to bring him down more on a level with themſelves, by attributing ſome of the fineſt exertions of that genius to a malevolent diſpoſition: and as the prejudices of mankind were of their ſide, they cheaply purchaſed credit to themſelves, from appearing champions for the dignity of human nature.

Yet

Yet there were not wanting others of clearer diſcernment, and a more liberal turn of mind, who ſaw this whole affair in its true light. Among theſe the benevolent and judicious Dr. Hawkeſworth, ſteps forth as an advocate for Swift, and decidedly gives judgment in his favour. In one of his notes on Gulliver, he ſays, whoever is diſguſted with this picture of a *Yahoo*, would do well to reflect, that it becomes his own in exact proportion as he deviates from virtue; for virtue is the perfection of reaſon: the appetites of thoſe abandoned to vice, are not leſs brutal and ſordid than thoſe of a Yahoo, nor is their life a ſtate of leſs abject ſervility." And in another of his comments upon a paſſage wherein Swift had given a lively and true deſcription of the horrors of war, ſtripped of all the glare and falſe colouring thrown over it by vain-glory and ambition, he explains, juſtifies, and applauds the Author's motive, for exhibiting here, as well as in all other parts of this admirable work, ſuch true pictures of the vicious practices and habits of mankind, however ſanctified by cuſtom, or embelliſhed by faſhion. His words are theſe, —" It would perhaps be impoſſible, by the moſt laboured arguments, or forcible eloquence, to ſhew the abſurd injuſtice and horrid cruelty of war, ſo effectually, as by this ſimple exhibition of them in a new light: with war, including every ſpecies of iniquity, and every art of deſtruction, we become familiar by degrees, under ſpecious terms; which are ſeldom examined, becauſe they are learned at an age in which the mind receives and retains whatever is impreſt on it. Thus it happens, that when one man murders another to gratify his luſt, we ſhudder at it; but when one man murders a million to gratify his vanity, we approve and admire, we envy and applaud. If, when this and the preceding pages are read, we diſcover with aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, that when the ſame events have occurred in hiſtory, we felt no emotion, and acquieſced in wars which we could not but know to have been commenced for ſuch cauſes, and carried on by ſuch means; let not him be cenſured for too much debaſing his ſpecies, who has contributed to their felicity and preſervation, by ſtripping off the veil of cuſtom and prejudice, and holding up, in their native deformity, the vices by which they become wretched, and the arts by which they are deſtroyed."

Such is the conſtruction which will be put by all men of candour, taſte, and judgment, upon theſe, and all other paſſages in Swift of a ſimilar kind. But if there are ſtill any who will perſiſt in finding out their own reſemblance in the Yahoo, in the name of God, if the cap fits, let them wear it, and rail on. I ſhall only take my leave of them with an old Latin ſentence, *Qui capit ille facit.*

There is another Writer, at preſent of gigantic fame in theſe days of little men, who has pretended to ſcratch out a Life of Swift, but ſo miſerably executed, as only to reflect back on himſelf that diſgrace, which he meant to throw upon the character of the Dean. I promiſed in the Preface to make ſome ſtrictures on this work, which I ſhall now perform. At his ſetting out, Dr. Johnſon ſhews, which is ſcarcely credible, that he held this extraordinary man in very little eſtimation, and that he was not qualified to give any account of him with the leaſt degree of accuracy. He begins his relation thus: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account ſaid to be written by himſelf, the ſon of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667: according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leiceſter, the ſon of a Clergyman, who was miniſter of a pariſh

in Herefordſhire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Iriſhman by the Iriſh, but would occaſionally call himſelf an Engliſhman. The queſtion may, without much regret, be left in the obſcurity in which he delighted to involve it." Here we ſee how utterly careleſs he was about a fact of the greateſt notoriety, and eſtabliſhed by the moſt authentic proofs. "According to an account *ſaid to* be written by himſelf;" *&c.* Pray mark that expreſſion. Had he taken the trouble to inform himſelf, he would have found that this account *ſaid* to be written, is really in the Dean's own hand-writing, and lodged by his relation Deane Swift in the library of Dublin College, an account of which he has publiſhed in his Eſſay on the Life of Swift. In the 21ſt Section of theſe Memoirs, the Dean ſays, ſpeaking of himſelf, "*He was born in Dublin*, on St. Andrew's day." In oppoſition to this account given by himſelf, Dr. Johnſon quotes a report from a ſecond hand, communicated to him from Pope through Spence, "*During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined.*" On the contrary, I ſay that the place of his birth never admitted of any doubt, by thoſe who were deſirous of information on that head; and if the Doctor had ever looked into his correſpondence, he would have found that he acknowledged it in ſeveral of his letters. "*He was contented to be called an Iriſhman, by the Iriſh, but would occaſionally call himſelf an Engliſhman.*" In the ſame place, where he found that he would occaſionally call himſelf an Engliſhman, he might have ſeen the reaſon of his doing ſo; which was, that "though dropt in Ireland," as he himſelf expreſſes it, in a letter to Lord Oxford, he was deſcended from Engliſh progenitors on both ſides. But the Doctor ſeems to have thrown this matter into a ſtate of doubt, merely to introduce

troduce the laſt ſentence, in order to inſinuate the contemptible idea he had of Swift, where he ſays,—"The queſtion may, *without much regret*, be left in the obſcurity in which he delighted to involve it." Which in plain Engliſh would run thus—It is of very little moment where the fellow was born. As he has been very exact in ſtating the places of their birth in all the other Lives of his Poets, even thoſe of the lower claſs, his marked indifference here is the more ſtriking. But it will be ſaid,—Is there any man upon earth that can have a contemptible idea of Swift? Yes—ſuch is the high notion which the Doctor entertains of his own ſuperiority, that he always treated his name with contempt. His common expreſſion in talking of him, was, that Swift was a very ſhallow fellow.

Upon that paſſage in Swift's Life, where it is related that in the early part of it, he generally travelled on foot, and lay at waggoners inns, he has the following comment. "This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of groſſneſs and vulgarity: ſome may aſcribe it to his deſire of ſurveying human life thro' all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a paſſion which ſeems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a ſhilling." How little ground there was for ſuch a charge againſt Swift, has been amply ſhewn; but that it ſhould be authoriſed here, by the ſame Writer, who in another place ſays,—"With all this talk of his covetouſneſs and generoſity, it ſhould be remembered *that he was never rich*,"—can be imputed only to a ſpirit of detraction.

On another occaſion he relates the following anecdote: *Of his humour*, a ſtory told by Pope may afford a ſpecimen, thus related by Spence.

Doctor Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is miſtaken by ſtrangers for ill-nature.—'Tis ſo odd that there is no

deſcribing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that firſt comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to ſee him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Heyday, gentlemen, (ſays the Doctor) what's the meaning of this viſit! How came you to leave all the great Lords that you are ſo fond of, to come hither to ſee a poor Dean?" Becauſe we would rather ſee you than any of them. "Ay, any one that did not know ſo well as I do, might believe you. But ſince you are come, I muſt get ſome ſupper for you, I ſuppoſe."—No, Doctor, we have ſupped already.—"Supped already, that's impoſſible! why it is not eight o'clock yet.—That's very ſtrange! but, if you had not ſupped, I muſt have got ſomething for you.—Let me ſee, what ſhould I have had? A couple of lobſters; ay, that would have done very well; two ſhillings—tarts a ſhilling: but you will drink a glaſs of wine with me, though you ſupped ſo much before your uſual time only to ſpare my pocket."—No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.—"But if you had ſupped with me, as in all reaſon you ought to have done, you muſt then have drank with me.—A bottle of wine, two ſhillings—two and two is four, and one is five; juſt two and ſix-pence a piece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't ſave any thing by you, I am determined."—This was all ſaid and done with his uſual ſerioufneſs on ſuch occaſions; and in ſpite of every thing we could ſay to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

In all this account it is evident that Swift ſaw into his friends motive for not ſupping with him, which was the fear of putting him to expence. Their pretending to have ſupped at ſo unuſual an hour, and afterwards refuſing a glaſs of wine, even ſuppoſing they had ſupped,

ped, were full proofs of this. It was clear therefore to him that they had given credit to the common report of his covetouſneſs; and in order to ſhew that he was above ſuch ſordid thrift, and to puniſh them for ſuppoſing it, by this practical rebuke, he made them undergo the ſhame of putting into their pockets, what would otherwiſe have been ſpent in good fellowſhip. This was evidently Swift's view, though it does not ſeem to have occurred to Dr. Johnſon, who relates it only as an inſtance of his odd humour.

In his account of the Tale of a Tub, the Doctor ſays,—"That Swift was its author, though it be univerſally believed, was never owned by himſelf, nor very well proved by any evidence." Surely the Doctor has never ſeen the letters that paſſed between the Dean and Ben Tooke, publiſhed in the 11th volume of the laſt edition of his Works; wherein he not only acknowledges himſelf the author, but gives directions about the publication of another edition, with an Apology prefixed to it.

With regard to The Battle of the Books, he has revived the old charge of Plagiariſm againſt Swift, in the following paſſage. "The Battle of the Books is ſo like the *Combat des Livres*, which the ſame queſtion concerning the Ancients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of ſuch a coincidence of thoughts without communication, is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous proteſtation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily diſowned."

This charge was firſt made againſt Swift by Wotton, in the following words. "I have been aſſured, that the Battle in St. James's Library, is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entituled, *Combat des Livres*, if I miſremember not." Thus anſwered by

Swift. "In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable: *I have been aſſured*; and, *if I miſremember not.* I deſire firſt to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſehood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy Critic. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a Writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The Author is as much in the dark about this, as the Anſwerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paultry imitating Pedant; and the Anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch Treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before: and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two Writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis.* Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake, in the title; but let the Anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint, giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe."

Is it poſſible to conceive that Swift would have made ſo bold an appeal, if he were not conſcious of the truth of what he advanced, when he might have been ſo eaſily confuted? Or that Wotton would not have ſeized the opportunity, if he had it in his power, of ſupporting

porting his charge, to the utter diſgrace of his adverſary? But, ſince neither he, nor any one elſe, has ever made the attempt, is it not aſtoniſhing that the calumny ſhould ſtill remain? This is a ſtriking inſtance of that levelling principle in mankind, which ſwallows with avidity any ſlanders propagated to the diſadvantage of exalted characters; for though I have never yet met with any mortal who had ſeen ſuch a book, yet I have heard from the mouths of hundreds "that Swift's Battle of the Books was taken from a French book, called *Combat des Livres*." Now, though this might be expected from the bulk of mankind, on account of the principle above-mentioned, what ſhall we ſay when we find a profeſſed Biographer, bound by every principle of juſtice and humanity to guard the memory of the dead againſt falſe aſperſions, become himſelf a *particeps criminis*, by giving his ſanction to a charge, which in the very face of it carries not the leaſt air of truth. This charge is made by an avowed enemy, not from his own knowledge, but from hearſay; and that too in the moſt guarded manner; notwithſtanding which ſuſpicious circumſtances, Dr. Johnſon aſſumes it as a truth, and forms his deductions from it accordingly. The manner in which he invalidates the anſwer to it, is moſt curious, and well worthy of the reader's obſervation; where he ſays,—"That the improbability of ſuch a coincidence of thoughts, without communication, [ſtill you ſee taking the fact for granted] is not, in my opinion, balanced by the *anonymous* proteſtation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily diſowned." Now the only reaſon here aſſigned for not giving due credit to this proteſtation, is, that it is *anonymous*; and in that caſe we are never to give credit to any of Swift's publications, as they were all anonymous, except his letter to the Earl of

Oxford. But there is no one who has the leaſt knowledge of ſtyle, that is not as ſure that the Apology was written by Swift, as if he ſaw it in his own handwriting. Or, if there were any doubt, his letter to Tooke proves it beyond all contradiction. This is ſuch an inſtance of groſs prejudice, and want of candour, as ſhould make the reader cautious how he gives any credit to the many other miſrepreſentations of this great man's character, diſperſed throughout the Work.

In ſpeaking of Swift's political writings, he ſays,—"But he was now emerging into political controverſy; for the ſame year produced the *Examiner*, of which Swift wrote thirty-three Papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage, *&c.* but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's Papers will be found equal to thoſe *by which Addiſon oppoſed him.*"

Here he has ſhewn a moſt ſhameful ignorance of his ſubject, by ſaying that Swift was oppoſed by Addiſon; for had he only turned to the books, he would have found that Addiſon's laſt Whig Examiner, was publiſhed October 12, 1710; and Swift's firſt Examiner on the 10th of the following November. So that all this boaſted ſuperiority of Addiſon over Swift in this ſuppoſed conteſt, falls to the ground; and I believe the Doctor will find it hard to perſuade the world, that either Addiſon, or any man that ever lived, was ſuperior to Swift in wit.

On another ſhining part of Swift's character, he makes the following remark. "His diſintereſtedneſs has been likewiſe mentioned, *&c.* He refuſed, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford, but he accepted afterwards a draft of a thouſand upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death, and which he reſigned, as he ſays himſelf, *multa gemens, with many a groan.*"

groan." In what an invidious light has he placed this tranſaction. But this is a common artifice of malice, to relate bare facts, without any of the concomitant circumſtances, which may place thoſe facts in a very different point of view. As they are ſtated here, the inference to be drawn, is, that though Swift rejected the offer of ſo paltry a ſum as that of fifty pounds, he was not proof againſt ſo large a bribe as that of a thouſand; and this naturally follows from omitting the circumſtances of time and occaſion. When Lord Oxford preſented him with a bill for fifty pounds, it was at an early period of their acquaintance, when Swift engaged to employ his pen in behalf of the meaſures of that Miniſtry; and was to be conſidered only as an earneſt of future gratifications of the ſame kind, according to his future merits. We have ſeen with what indignation he rejected this intended favour, and what reſentment he ſhewed at his being thus put on the footing of a hireling Writer. He afterwards continued his ſervices for near three years without receiving or ſoliciting any reward; and when at laſt the Deanery of St. Patrick's was given him, he told Lord Oxford that he ought to have been put into the clear poſſeſſion of it, and not be obliged to borrow money, as he hated of all things to be in debt, for the neceſſary expences attending his induction to it. His claim was the ſtronger on the Miniſtry for this, as he was not at all indebted to them for his preferment, which he owed entirely to the friendſhip of the Duke of Ormond. I believe all the world will allow, that, had he received it, this would have been but a poor reward for all his long and important ſervices; and had he puſhed it, there can be no doubt but that it would have been obtained. But finding his firſt hint neglected by Lord Oxford, he ſcorned to preſs it any farther; and

the order on the Exchequer was made out without his participation, as has been ſhewn before, under the ſhort Adminiſtration of Lord Bolingbroke. The latter part of the ſentence—"and which he reſigned, as he ſays himſelf, *multa gemens, with many a groan*,"—is written in the ſame ſpirit with the reſt: for it is evident from the whole turn of the letter which contains this paſſage, that Swift uſed this phraſe jocoſely, which the Doctor chooſes to take in a ſerious light, and tranſlate literally. It was impoſſible indeed that he could have the leaſt ſolicitude about it at the time this letter was writ, in the year 1726, fourteen years after he had received the order, which he never thought of preſenting. For though it is highly probable, from the great favour which he then ſtood in with the Princeſs, and the civil reception he met with even at St. James's, that upon proper application he might have been paid the demand, to which he had an equitable right; yet he ſcorned to owe any obligation to a Miniſter, of whoſe meaſures he ſo entirely diſapproved. And that this was his way of thinking is fully proved by a letter written to Dr. Sheridan about the ſame time, where he ſays,—"Tell the Archdeacon that I never aſked for my thouſand pound, which he heard I have got; although I mentioned it to the Princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her, but I bid her tell Walpole I ſcorned to aſk him for it."

But of all the charges brought againſt Swift, there is one of the moſt malignant nature, which has never even been hinted at by any other Writer; and is utterly unſupported by any evidence. It is contained in the following paſſage. "Swift was popular a while by another mode of beneficence. He ſet aſide ſome hundreds to be lent in ſmall ſums to the poor, from five ſhillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no intereſt,

reſt, and only required that at repayment, a ſmall fee ſhould be given to the accomptant; but he required that the day of promiſed payment ſhould be exactly kept. A ſevere and punctilious temper is ill qualified for tranſactions with the poor; the day was often broken, and the loan was not repaid. This might have been eaſily foreſeen; but for this Swift had made no proviſion of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be ſued. A ſevere creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be ſaid of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity? The clamour againſt him was loud, and the reſentment of the populace outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his ſcheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor."

Now I do aſſert, from my own knowledge, that there is not one ſyllable of truth in this whole account, from the beginning to the end. I have before ſhewn what wiſe precautions Swift took to prevent any diminution of this fund; which were ſo effectual, that it held out entire to the laſt, and the circulation of it continued unimpaired, till he was deprived of his underſtanding; as numbers of families, who now live in credit, and who originally owed their eſtabliſhment to what was borrowed from that fund, can atteſt. From his firſt ſetting out in this paſſage, we ſee how willing the Doctor was to depreciate this noble charity, where he ſays,--- "He ſet aſide ſome hundreds to be lent in ſmall ſums to the poor, from five ſhillings, I think, to five pounds." Some hundreds, may mean two or three hundred; had he conſulted any of his Memoir Writers, he would have found that the ſum was five hundred pounds; and that it was lent out, not in ſmall ſums from five ſhillings to five pounds, but from five pounds to ten. And though the Doctor has guarded his paltry ſum of five ſhillings,

lings, with an—*I think*—what apology can be made for conjecture, where certainty was ſo eaſily to be obtained. As to the cruelty he is charged with to his poor debtors, whatever report of that ſort may have been raiſed in London, it certainly never was heard of in Dublin; but when he adds, that, on this account, "The clamour againſt him was loud, and the reſentment of the populace outrageous"—one cannot help being aſtoniſhed at ſo confident an aſſertion, againſt a fact of ſuch public notoriety: for even the worſt maligners of the Dean allow that no man ever poſſeſſed the love of the populace to ſo high a degree; and it is well known in Dublin, that no part of his conduct ever gained him ſo much popularity, as this well deviſed, well managed charity. If the Doctor had any authority for this groſs miſrepreſentation, he ought to have produced it; otherwiſe the ſcandal may be brought home to himſelf. The ſcandal not only of attempting to deprive Swift of the merit of ſuch a noble inſtitution, but by ſuch miſrepreſentation, to place his character in a moſt odious light.

But of all the inſtances that occur throughout this work, of the ſtrong bias in the Doctor's mind, to place every thing with regard to Swift in the worſt light, no one is more remarkable than the account he gives of the forged letters ſent to the Queen in the Dean's name, to be found in the following paſſage; where ſpeaking of the Queen, he ſays,—"I know not whether ſhe had not, in her turn, ſome reaſon for complaint. A letter was ſent her, not ſo much entreating, as requiring her patronage of Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Iriſhwoman, who was then begging ſubſcriptions for her Poems. To this letter was ſubſcribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and ſentiments*; but it was not written in his hand, and had

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ſome little improprieties. When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accuſation; but never denied it: he ſhuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he ſays nothing." In anſwer to which, I am tempted to lay before the reader Swift's defence of himſelf, though ſet down in a former place, leſt it might have eſcaped his obſervation. To a letter from his friend Pope, incloſing one of thoſe forged ones, he makes the following reply. "As for thoſe three letters you mention, ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the Queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name, I can only ſay that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs; and God knows who is free from playing the fool ſometime or other. But in ſuch a degree, as to write to the Queen, who hath uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and to have ſuch a zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman, as to preſer her before all mankind; and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her Majeſty hath not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe hath a knack of verſifying; was, to ſuppoſe, or fear, a folly ſo tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand, and why I ſhould diſguiſe, and yet ſign my name, is unaccountable.—If the Queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb," &c. And in his letter to Mrs. Howard upon the ſame ſubject, he thus expreſſes himſelf. "I find, from ſeveral inſtances, that I am under the Queen's diſ-

pleaſure; and, as it is uſual among Princes, without any manner of reaſon. I am told there were three letters ſent to her Majeſty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and ſoliciting for a ſubſcription to her Poems. It ſeems the Queen thinks that theſe letters were written by me; and I ſcorn to defend myſelf, even to her Majeſty, grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe: eſpecially when the laſt of thoſe letters, whereof I have juſt received the original from Mr. Pope, was ſigned with my name: and why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable." Now, I appeal to the reader whether it was poſſible for a man to have made a ſtronger defence againſt ſuch a charge. Stronger indeed than was at all neceſſary on the occaſion, as it was ſoon diſcovered to be a trick of ſome enemy to render him ridiculous; and loſt all credit at Court; as we find by an anſwer to the above letter from Lady Suffolk, in which ſhe raillies the Dean with great ſprightlineſs. "Think of my joy to hear you ſuſpected of folly; think of my pleaſure when I entered the liſt for your juſtification! Indeed I was a little diſconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the ſame ſide; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Iriſh Drapier have found no friend, but the ſilly woman and the Courtier. . . . Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing theſe letters."

This impotent attack upon the Dean, we find, was ſtifled in its birth. What ſhall we ſay then to the attempt made by Dr. Johnſon to revive it at this diſtance of time, in order to level him with the loweſt of mankind, by three groſs imputations, each of which is utterly incompatible with the whole of his character? And

And theſe are, no leſs than folly, falſhood, and cowardice. Folly in the extreme, in ſuppoſing him to write ſuch letters, as could only reflect diſgrace on himſelf, without any aſſignable motive for his doing ſo: falſhood of the worſt kind, as prevarication is worſe than lying; and cowardice in not daring to own what he had done. Who is there that knows any thing of Swift, his utter abhorrence of every ſpecies of falſhood; his courage to ſpeak the truth in the face of Majeſty, with the ſame freedom as before the meaneſt ſubject; but muſt be ſhocked at the audacity of the man, who dared to ſay of him,---"He ſhuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he ſays nothing."

The only reaſons aſſigned by the Doctor for his believing that the letters were really written by Swift, are theſe.

1ſt. To this letter was ſubſcribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and ſentiments.* Now I will appeal to any one of taſte acquainted with Swift's ſtyle, whether there ever was a more clumſy imitation attempted, both with regard to thoughts and expreſſion. It bears indeed as little reſemblance to his, as one of Overton's wooden prints, to the copper-plate of Hogarth.

2d. When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accuſation, *but never denied it.*" That is to ſay, becauſe Swift does not in expreſs terms ſay, "I did not write thoſe letters,"---therefore he does not deny it. But his indignation at ſo baſe a charge was too great to anſwer it only by a ſimple denial; to his friend Pope he refutes it by ſuch forcible arguments, as ſhewed the impoſſibility of his being capable of ſuch an egregious piece of folly, unleſs, as he expreſſes it, he were fit for Bedlam. "To the Queen indeed (as he nobly ſays)

I ſcorn

I ſcorn to defend myſelf; grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe."

While the Doctor was maliciouſly endeavouring to fix the ſtain of a baſe prevarication on Swift, he did not foreſee that the charge—

> Would, like a deviliſh engine, back recoil
> Upon himſelf. MILTON.

For, as it is a received opinion in the world, that men judge of others by themſelves, there is no one who ſees ſo vile an imputation, thrown on ſo exalted a character, upon ſuch bad grounds, but will ſuppoſe the Doctor capable of acting in that manner himſelf, under ſimilar circumſtances.

It were a tedious buſineſs to follow the Doctor through many other paſſages equally reprehenſible; but by thoſe which I have already expoſed, I have ſhewn how little credit is to be given to the reſt. All candid readers of the other Lives written by this Biographer, will ſee how enviouſly he has endeavoured to depreciate the Characters, or Works, of men of the greateſt genius, and to exalt others of little fame. Of this he has given a remarkable inſtance in the very next Life to that of Swift, which may be conſidered as an antidote to his poiſon. What will poſterity ſay when they ſee the Life of *Savage* extended to double the number of pages occupied by that of Swift? When they ſhall find the Writings of the one, not a line of which will probably deſcend to them, highly extolled; and the Works of the immortal Swift, either condemned, or ſlightly praiſed? When they ſhall ſee every art uſed to palliate the actions of one of the worſt of men, and place his character in the moſt favourable light;

light; and all the ingenuity of malice exerted to misrepreſent the conduct, and vilify the character of one of the beſt? But whatever pains the Doctor may have taken in drawing all theſe portraits of our Poets, they will never be conſidered as likeneſſes; except his own, which he has unwarily handed down to future ages, in ſuch ſtrong features, that the reſemblance never can be doubted.

In oppoſition to all the maligners of Swift, moſt of whom were ſuch—

As neither knew his faculties or perſon—SHAKES.

I ſhall oppoſe the teſtimony of two men, who were of his intimate acquaintance for more than twenty years, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Stopford. The firſt concludes his anſwer to Lord Orrery in the following manner.

"My Lord, when you conſider Swift's ſingular, peculiar, and moſt variegated vein of wit, always intended rightly, although not always rightly directed; delightful in many inſtances, and ſalutary, even where it is moſt offenſive; when you conſider his ſtrict truth, his fortitude in reſiſting oppreſſion, and arbitrary power; his fidelity in friendſhip; his ſincere love and zeal for religion; his uprightneſs in making right reſolutions, and his ſteady adherence to them: his care of his church, its choir, its œconomy, and its income: his attention to all thoſe that preached in his Cathedral, in order to their amendment in pronunciation and ſtyle; as alſo his remarkable attention to the intereſt of his ſucceſſors, preferably to his own preſent emoluments; his invincible patriotiſm, even to a country which he did not love; his very various, well-deviſed, well judged, and extenſive charities, throughout his life; and his whole fortune conveyed to the ſame Chriſtian

purpoſes

purpoſes at his death: charities, from which he could enjoy no honour, advantage, or ſatisfaction of any kind, in this world.

When you conſider his ironical and humourous, as well as his ſerious ſchemes for the promotion of true religion and virtue; his ſucceſs in ſoliciting for the firſt fruits and twentieths, to the unſpeakable benefit of the eſtabliſhed Church of Ireland; and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving occaſion to the building of fifty new churches in London.

All this conſidered, the character of his Life will appear like that of his Writings, they will both bear to be re-conſidered, and re-examined with the utmoſt attention; and will always diſcover new beauties and excellencies, upon every examination.

They will bear to be conſidered as the Sun, in which the brightneſs will hide the blemiſhes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interpoſes, to cloud, or ſully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce the eclipſe will not laſt long.

To conclude.—No man ever deſerved better of any country, than Swift did of his. A ſteady, perſevering, inflexible friend: a wiſe, a watchful, and a faithful Counſellor under many ſevere trials, and bitter perſecutions, to the manifeſt hazard both of his liberty and fortune.

He lived a bleſſing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to *Ireland*."

The other was written in Latin, by Dr. Stopford, Biſhop of Cloyne; a man inferior to none of his time in learning, benevolence, and piety; adorned with all the qualities that conſtitute the ſcholar, the gentleman, and the Chriſtian. Swift, on an early acquaintance, ſoon diſtinguiſhed ſo excellent a character, took him into his confidence, became his patron, and never ceaſed

ſed his good offices till, from a junior fellow the of College, he raiſed him to that high rank, ſo ſuited to his merit. The good Biſhop, who always acknowledged that he owed every ſtep of his preferment entirely to Swift, paid the following tribute to the memory of his deceaſed friend and benefactor.

MEMORIÆ JONATH. SWIFT, S.

QUEM vivum ex animo coluit, amico liceat mortuum deflere, atque hoc qualicunque fungi munere.

A. C. 1745 Octobris die 19°. obiit JONATHAN SWIFT Decanus Eccleſiæ Cathedralis Sancti Patricii Dublinienſis; vixit annos ſeptuaginta ſeptem, decem menſes, 19 dies.

Vir ultra quam homini conceſſum videtur, maximis ornatus virtutibus. Vires ingenii mirandæ potius, quam a quoquam exoptandæ; quas exercuit præcipuè in politicis & poetica.

Incorruptus inter peſſimos mores; magni atque conſtantis animi; libertatis ſemper ſtudioſiſſimus, atq; noſtri reipublicæ ſtatus, a Gothis quondam ſapienter inſtituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu & largitione adeo fædatam ut vix nunc dignoſci poſſit, ſæpius indignabundus plorabat.

Patriæ amore flagrans ſortem Hiberniæ, quoties deflevit! quoties laboranti ſubvenit! Teſtis epiſtolæ illæ nunquam interituræ, quibus, inſulam miſerè labantem, jamque juga ahenea ſubeuntem, erexit, confirmavit; impiis inimicorum conatibus fortiter infractis, proſtratis.

Privatam ſi inſpicias vitam, cum illo gratias, lepores, ſales interiiſſe dicas; quibus ſuaviſſime ſermones

conditi, ſummo tamen cum decore, utpote cui unicè propoſitum, quod verum, quod decens, amicis & civibus ſuis aſſidue commendare.

Nec levior flagitiorum vindex, fraudes, ambitionem, avaritiam, dictis acerrimè laceravit, exemplo feliciter oppreſſit.

Erga bonos comis, liberalis, pius, commodis amicorum anxiè inſerviens; pro pauperibus ſemper ſollicitus; quorum egeſtati in hac urbe mire conſuluit, pecuniâ mutuo datâ infimis artificum, in ratâ, eâque exigua portione per ſeptimanas rependenda, unde multi paupertati jam ſuccumbentes, ſeſe paulatim expedierunt.

Idem, abſtinentiæ exemplar antiquum, parcè atq; duriter rem familiarem adminiſtravit; quaſq; ſibi inutiles ſpernebat opes, ſedulo tamen comparatas, domui hoſpitali condendæ, moriens magnifice legavit: ubi idiotæ & lunatici, collati muneris ignari, piè ſemper tractarentur.

Hic vir, tantus, taliſque, qui vividis ingenii viribus longè genus humanum ſuperabat, a civibus ingratis diu neglectus, magnatum invidiam ſæpius, gratiam vix unquam expertus, triginta duos annos latuit in Hiberniâ, nullo ultra decanatum inſignitus titulo; quod tamen illi pro votis accidiſſe inter amicos conſtat, quippe cui ſemper in ore erat; Non tam referre, quo genere honorum ſis ornatus, quam a quibus & inter quos.

Tandem ſenio, atq; intolerandis capitis doloribus confectus, mente, memoria, ſenſu paulatim deficientibus, jamq; penitus extinctis, per quatuor poſtremos vitæ annos, inter mœrentes amicos mortuus vixit; quem tamen omni laude digniſſimum ritè conſecrant divina ingenii lumina.

I ſhall cloſe my account of this extraordinary man, with laying open one leading part of his character, which

which may ſerve as a clue to the whole. He was perhaps the moſt diſintereſted man that ever lived. No ſelfiſh motive ever influenced any part of his conduct. He loved virtue for its own ſake, and was content it ſhould be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of purſuit in other men, though all thrown in his way, he utterly deſpiſed, ſatisfied with having deſerved them. The ſame principle operated equally on the author, as on the man; as he never put his name to his Works, nor had any ſolicitude about them, after they had once made their appearance in the world. The laſt act of his life ſhewed how far he made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune; leaving it for the ſupport of Idiots and Lunatics, beings that could never know their benefactor.

Upon the whole, when we conſider his character as a man, perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and ſuch exalted virtues; and as an author, poſſeſſed of ſuch uncommon talents, ſuch an original vein of humour, ſuch an inexhauſtible fund of wit, joined to ſo clear and ſolid an underſtanding; when we behold theſe two characters united in one and the ſame perſon; perhaps it will not be thought too bold an aſſertion, to ſay, that his parallel is not to be found either in the hiſtory of ancient or modern times.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

FAMILY OF SWIFT.

A FRAGMENT.

Written by Dr. SWIFT.

The original Manuſcript in his own Hand is lodged in the Univerſity Library of DUBLIN.

THE family of the Swifts was ancient in Yorkſhire; from them deſcended a noted perſon, who paſſed under the name of Cavaliero Swift, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Iriſh Peer by King James or King Charles the Firſt, with the title of Baron Carlingford, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleaſant ſtories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland hath received from their parents. This Lord died without iſſue male; and his heireſs, whether of the firſt or ſecond deſcent, was married to Robert Fielding, Eſq; commonly called handſome Fielding; ſhe brought him a conſiderable eſtate in Yorkſhire, which he ſquandered away, but had no children; the Earl of Eglington married another coheireſs of the ſame family, as he hath often told me.

Another

Another of the ſame family was Sir Edward Swift, well known in the times of the great rebellion and uſurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greateſt part ſettled in Ireland, the founder was William Swift, Prebendary of Canterbury, towards the laſt years of Queen Eliſabeth, and during the reign of King James the Firſt. He was a Divine of ſome diſtinction: there is a ſermon of his extant, and the title is to be ſeen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I ſuppoſe it would now be of little value.

This William married the heireſs of Philpot, I ſuppoſe a Yorkſhire Gentleman, by whom he got a very conſiderable eſtate, which however ſhe kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured and paſſionate woman, of which I have been told ſeveral inſtances. And it hath been a continual tradition in the family, that ſhe abſolutely diſinherited her only ſon Thomas, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that except a church or chapter leaſe, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordſhire, whereof not above one half is now in the poſſeſſion of a great-great grandſon.

His original picture is now in the hands of Godwin Swift, of Dublin, Eſq; his great grandſon, as well as that of his wife's, who ſeems to have a good deal of the ſhrew in her countenance; whoſe arms of an heireſs are joined with his own; and by the laſt he ſeems to have been a perſon ſomewhat fantaſtick; for in theſe he gives as his device a dolphin (in thoſe days

called a Swift) twiſted about an anchor, with this motto, *Feſtina Lente*.

There is likewiſe a ſeal with the ſame coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the ſaid William commonly made uſe of, and this is alſo now in the poſſeſſion of Godwin Swift above mentioned.

His eldeſt ſon Thomas ſeems to have been a Clergyman before his father's death. He was Vicar of Goodrich, in Hereford ſhire, within a mile or two of Roſs: he had likewiſe another church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a houſe on his own land in the village of Goodrich; which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been ſomewhat whimſical and ſingular, and very much towards a projector. The houſe is above a hundred years old, and ſtill in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young Gentleman, lives upon his own eſtate in Ireland.

This Thomas was diſtinguiſhed by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the Firſt, and the ſufferings he underwent for that Prince, more than any perſon of his condition in England. Some hiſtorians of thoſe times relate ſeveral particulars of what he acted, and what hardſhips he underwent for the perſon and cauſe of that bleſſed martyr'd Prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads ſix and thirty times, ſome ſay above fifty. He engaged his ſmall eſtate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waiſtcoat, got off to a town held for the King, where being aſked by the Governor, who knew him well, what he could do for his Majeſty? Mr. Swift ſaid, he would give the King his coat, and, ſtripping it off, preſented it to the Governor; who obſerving it to be worth little, Mr. Swift ſaid, then take my waiſtcoat:

he

he bid the Governor weigh it in his hand, who ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which as it proved a ſeaſonable relief, muſt be allowed an extraordinary ſupply from a private Clergyman with ten children, of a ſmall eſtate, ſo often plundered, and ſoon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time being informed that three hundred horſe of the rebel party intended in a week to paſs over a certain river, upon an attempt againſt the Cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three ſpikes, whereof one muſt always be with the point upwards: he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would paſs early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and loſt two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horſes, or torn by the ſpikes.

His ſons, whereof four were ſettled in Ireland (driven thither by their ſufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other paſſages, which they learned either from their father himſelf, or from what had been told them by the moſt credible perſons of Herefordſhire, and ſome neighbouring counties; and which ſome of thoſe ſons often told to their children; many of which are ſtill remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both his church livings ſooner than moſt other loyal Clergymen, upon account of his ſuperior zeal for the King's cauſe, and his eſtate ſequeſtered. His preferments, at leaſt that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical ſaint, who ſcrupled not, however, to conform upon the Reſtoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution: I have ſeen many perſons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The Lord Treaſurer Oxford told the Dean that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, ſeveral letters from Mr. Thomas Swift writ in thoſe times, which he promiſed to give to the grandſon, whoſe life I am now writing; but never going to his houſe in Herefordſhire while he was Treaſurer, and the Queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland, and the Earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age: his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a ſhort inſcription. He died about two years before the return of King Charles the Second, who by the recommendation of ſome prelates had promiſed, if ever God ſhould reſtore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and other ways reward his family, for his extraordinary ſervices and zeal, and perſecutions in the royal cauſe: but Mr. Swift's merit died with himſelf.

He left ten ſons and three or four daughters, moſt of which lived to be men and women: his eldeſt ſon Godwin Swift, of the Inner-Temple, Eſq; (ſo ſtiled by Guillem the herald; in whoſe book the family is deſcribed at large) was I think called to the bar before the Reſtoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioneſs of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was coheireſs to Admiral Deane, who was one of the Regicides. Godwin left ſeveral children, who have all eſtates. He was an ill-pleader, but perhaps a little too dexterous in the ſubtle parts of the law.

The

The ſecond ſon of Mr. Thomas Swift was called by the ſame name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldeſt daughter of Sir William D'Avenant, but died young, and left only one ſon, who was alſo called Thomas, and is now Rector of Putenham in Surry. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part ſupported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her huſband's intimate friend.

The reſt of his ſons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. Dryden Swift, called ſo after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the Poet. William, Jonathan, and Adam, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male iſſue except Jonathan, who beſide a daughter left one ſon, born ſeven months after his father's death; of whoſe life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D. D. and D. of St. P——, was the only ſon of Jonathan Swift, who was the ſeventh or eighth ſon of Mr. Thomas Swift above mentioned, ſo eminent for his loyalty and his ſufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage: he had ſome employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good underſtanding.

He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leiceſterſhire, deſcended from the moſt ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Foreſter, a great commander, who raiſed an army to oppoſe the invaſion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquiſhed, but afterwards employed to command that Prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his houſe in Leiceſterſhire, where his family hath continued ever ſince, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

This marriage was on both ſides very indiſcreet, for his wife brought her huſband little or no fortune; and his

his death happening ſo ſuddenly, before he could make a ſufficient eſtabliſhment for his family, his ſon (not then born) hath often been heard to ſay, that he felt the conſequences of that marriage, not only through the whole courſe of his education, but during the greateſt part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that ſeems very unuſual; for his nurſe, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an abſolute neceſſity of ſeeing one of her relations, who was then extremely ſick, and from whom ſhe expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, ſhe ſtole him on ſhip-board unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almoſt three years. For, when the matter was diſcovered, his mother ſent orders by all means not to hazard a ſecond voyage, till he could be bettter able to bear it. The nurſe was ſo careful of him, that before he returned he had learnt to ſpell; and by the time that he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was ſent at ſix years years old to the ſchool of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the univerſity at Dublin; where by the ill treatment of his neareſt relations, he was ſo diſcouraged and ſunk in his ſpirits, that he too much neglected ſome parts of his academick ſtudies: for which he had no great reliſh by nature, and turned himſelf to reading hiſtory and poetry; ſo that when the time came for taking his degrees of Batchelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due obſervance of the ſtatutes, he was ſtopped of his degree for dulneſs and inſufficiency; and at laſt hardly admitted in a manner, little to his credit, which is called in

that college, *ſpeciali gratia*. And this diſcreditable mark, as I am told, ſtands upon record in their college regiſtery.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leiceſter; and after continuing there ſome months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whoſe father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his houſe called Moor-park, near Farnham in Surry, where he continued for about two years: for he happened before twenty years old, by a ſurfeit of fruit, to contract a giddineſs and coldneſs of ſtomach, that almoſt brought him to his grave; and this diſorder purſued him with intermiſſions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occaſion he returned to Ireland, by advice of phyſicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of ſome uſe to recover his health: but growing worſe, he ſoon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom growing into ſome confidence, he was often truſted with matters of great importance. King William had a high eſteem for Sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that Gentleman was Ambaſſador and Mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The King ſoon after his expedition to England, viſited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greateſt conſequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living ſo near London, and reſolving to retire to a more private ſcene, bought an eſtate near Farnham in Surry, of about 100 l. a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the Houſe of Commons for Triennial Parliaments; againſt which, the King, who was a ſtranger to our Conſtitution, was very averſe, by the advice of ſome weak people, who perſuaded the Earl of Portland, that King Charles the Firſt loſt his crown and life by conſenting to paſs ſuch a bill. The Earl,

Earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor-park, by his Majeſty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice, who ſaid much to ſhew him the miſtake. But he continued ſtill to adviſe the King againſt paſſing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was ſent to Kenſington with the whole account of that matter in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. He told the Earl, to whom he was referred by his Majeſty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of King Charles the Firſt was not owing to his paſſing the Triennial Bill, which did not hinder him from diſſolving any Parliament, but to the paſſing of another bill, which put it out of his power to diſſolve the Parliament then in being, without the conſent of the Houſe. Mr. Swift, who was well verſed in Engliſh hiſtory, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the King a ſhort account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain; for the King, by ill adviſers, was prevailed upon to refuſe paſſing the bill. This was the firſt time that Mr. Swift had any converſe with courts, and he told his friends it was the firſt incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The conſequence of this wrong ſtep in his Majeſty was very unhappy; for it put that Prince under a neceſſity of introducing thoſe people called Whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuſe paſſing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwiſe, from that expreſſion uſed at the coronation, wherein the Prince obligeth himſelf to conſent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

Mr. Swift lived with him (Sir William Temple) ſome time, but reſolving to ſettle himſelf in ſome way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very ſmall, he had a ſcruple of entering into the church merely for ſupport, and Sir William

Temple

Temple then being Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120l. a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was reſolved to go to Ireland and take holy orders. He was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a Prebend in the north, worth about 100l. a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, reſigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's houſe till the death of that great man, who beſides a legacy, left him the care and truſt and advantage of publiſhing his poſthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promiſe his Majeſty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a Prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter. The Earl of Rumney, who profeſſed much friendſhip for him, promiſed to ſecond his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any ſenſe of truth or honour, ſaid not a word to the King. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkley to attend him to Ireland, as his Chaplain and private Secretary; his Lordſhip having been appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of that kingdom. He attended his Lordſhip, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as Secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another perſon had ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the Earl's favour, by telling him that the poſt of Secretary was not proper for a Clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one, who only aimed at church preferments; that his Lordſhip, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In

In ſome months the Deanery of Derry fell vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkley's turn to diſpoſe of it. Yet things were ſo ordered, that the Secretary having received a bribe, the Deanery was diſpoſed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with ſome other church-livings not worth above a third part of that rich Deanery; and at this preſent not a ſixth. The excuſe pretended was his being too young, although he were then thirty years old.

DR.

DR. SWIFT'S WILL.

IN the name of GOD, *Amen*. I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this preſent of ſound mind, although weak in body, do here make my laſt will and teſtament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis. I bequeath my ſoul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jeſus Chriſt) and my body to the earth. And I deſire that my body may be buried in the great iſle of the ſaid Cathedral, on the ſouth ſide, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narciſſus Marſh, three days after my deceaſe, as privately as poſſible, and at twelve o'clock at night: and, that a black marble of feet ſquare, and ſeven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inſcription in large letters, deeply cut, and ſtrongly gilded. HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS *JONATHAN SWIFT*, S. T. D. HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS DECANI, UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT. ABI VIATOR, ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS, STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICATOREM. OBIIT ANNO (1745) MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19) ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

Item: I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly ſubſtance, of what nature or kind ſoever (excepting ſuch part thereof as is herein after particularly deviſed) for the following uſes and purpoſes, that is to ſay, to the intent that they, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his executors, or adminiſtrators, as ſoon as conveniently may be after my death, ſhall turn it all into ready

ready money, and lay out the ſame in purchaſing lands of inheritance in fee-ſimple, ſituate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or ſubject to any leaſes for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one: and I deſire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds ſterling, out of the annual profits of ſuch lands, when purchaſed, and out of the yearly income of my ſaid fortune, deviſed to my executors, as aforeſaid, until ſuch purchaſe ſhall be made, ſhall be paid to Rebecca Dingley of the city of Dublin, ſpinſter, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feaſts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the firſt payment to be made on ſuch of the ſaid feaſts as ſhall happen next after my death. And that the reſidue of the yearly profits of the ſaid lands, when purchaſed, and until ſuch purchaſe be made, the reſidue of the yearly income and intereſt of my ſaid fortune deviſed as aforeſaid, to my executors, ſhall be laid out in purchaſing a piece of land, ſituate near Dr. Steevens's hoſpital, or if it cannot be there had, ſomewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purpoſes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hoſpital large enough for the reception of as many Idiots and Lunaticks as the annual income of the ſaid lands and worldly ſubſtance ſhall be ſufficient to maintain: and, I deſire that the ſaid hoſpital may be called St. Patrick's Hoſpital, and may be built in ſuch a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in caſe the endowment thereof ſhall be enlarged; ſo that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and deſire is, that when the ſaid hoſpital ſhall be built, the whole yearly income of the ſaid lands and eſtate, ſhall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, cloathings, medicines, attendance,

tendance, and all other neceſſaries for ſuch Idiots and Lunaticks, as ſhall be received into the ſame; and in repairing and enlarging the building, from time to time, as there may be occaſion. And, if a ſufficient number of Idiots and Lunaticks cannot readily be found, I deſire that Incurables may be taken into the ſaid hoſpital to ſupply ſuch deficiency: but, that no perſon ſhall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious diſeaſe: and, that all ſuch Idiots, Lunaticks, and Incurables, as ſhall be received into the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall conſtantly live and reſide therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the ſalaries of agents, receivers, officers, ſervants, and attendants, to be employed in the buſineſs of the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income, or revenue thereof. And, I farther deſire that my executors, the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, or the heirs of ſuch, ſhall not have power to demiſe any part of the ſaid lands ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, but with conſent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, the Dean of Chriſt-Church, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Phyſician to the State, and the Surgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leaſes of any part of the ſaid lands, ſhall ever be made other than leaſes for years not exceeding thirty-one, in poſſeſſion, and not in reverſion or remainder, and not diſpuniſhable of waſte, whereon ſhall be reſerved the beſt and moſt improved rents, that can reaſonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the ſame, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earneſt deſire, that no leaſe of any part of the ſaid lands, ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, ſhall ever be made to, or in truſt for any perſon any way concerned in the execution of this truſt, or to, or in truſt for any perſon any

way related or allied, either by conſanguinity or affinity, to any of the perſons who ſhall at that time be concerned in the execution of this truſt: and, that if any leaſes ſhall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expreſſed, the ſame ſhall be utterly void and of no effect. And, I farther deſire until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his heirs, executors, or adminiſtrators, ſhall not act in the execution of this truſt, but with the conſent and approbation of the ſaid ſeven additional truſtees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and ſhall, with ſuch conſent and approbation as aforeſaid, have power from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the ſaid hoſpital. And, I make it my requeſt to my ſaid executors, that they may in convenient time, apply to his Majeſty for a charter to incorporate them, or ſuch of them as ſhall be then living, and the ſaid additional truſtees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchaſe lands; and to ſupply by election, ſuch vacancies happening in the corporation, as ſhall not be ſupplied by ſucceſſion, and ſuch other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this truſt, according to my intention herein before expreſſed. And, when ſuch charter ſhall be obtained, I deſire that my executors, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, or the heirs of ſuch ſurvivor, may convey to the uſe of ſuch corporation, in fee ſimple, for the purpoſes aforeſaid, all ſuch lands and tenements, as ſhall be purchaſed in manner above-mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the ſaid charter, and afterwards the corporation, to be hereby incorporated, ſhall out of the yearly profits of the ſaid lands when purchaſed, and out of the yearly income of my ſaid fortune deviſed to my executors as aforeſaid,

ſaid, until ſuch purchaſe be made, have power to reimburſe themſelves for all ſuch ſums of their own money, as they ſhall neceſſarily expend in the execution of this truſt. And, that until the ſaid charter be obtained, all acts which ſhall at any time be done in execution of this truſt by the greater part of my executors then living, with the conſent of the greater part of the ſaid additional truſtees under their hands in writing, ſhall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the ſame.

Item: Whereas I purchaſed the inheritance of the tythes of the pariſh of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and ſixty pounds ſterling; I bequeath the ſaid tythes to the Vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to ſay, ſo long as the preſent Epiſcopal Religion ſhall continue to be the national eſtabliſhed faith and profeſſion in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Chriſtian Religion ſhall become the eſtabliſhed faith in this kingdom, I leave the ſaid tythes of Effernock to be beſtowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the ſaid pariſh of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by ſuch other officers as may then have the power of diſtributing charities to the poor of the ſaid pariſh, while Chriſtianity under any ſhape, ſhall be tolerated among us, ſtill excepting profeſſed Jews, Atheiſts, and Infidels.

Item: Whereas I have ſome leaſes of certain houſes in Kevin's-ſtreet, near the Deanery-houſe, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other houſe now inhabited by Henry Land, in Deanery lane, alias Mitre-Alley, ſome of which leaſes are let for forty-one years, or forty at leaſt, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my leaſe or leaſes of the ſaid houſes; I alſo bequeath to the ſaid Martha, my leaſe of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds

per annum; which are two houſes, or more lately built; I bequeath alſo to the ſaid Martha, the ſum of three hundred pounds ſterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or Bank bills, immediately after my death, as ſoon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the ſaid Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of ſeven which I now poſſeſs.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harriſon, daughter of the ſaid Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom alſo I give my Japan writing deſk, beſtowed to me by my Lady Worſeley, my ſquare tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honourable Henrietta, now Counteſs of Oxford, and the ſeal with a Pegaſus, given to me by the Counteſs of Granville.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldeſt ſon of the aforeſaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the ſum of ſixty pounds, as alſo five pounds to be laid out in the purchaſe of ſuch law books as the Honourable Mr. Juſtice Lyndſay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay ſhall judge proper for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngeſt ſon of the ſaid Martha, who is to be brought up a ſurgeon, the ſum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a ſurgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which ſaid ſum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her ſaid ſon John, out of the arrears which ſhall be due to me from my church livings (except thoſe of the Deanery tythes, which are now let to the Rev. Doctor Wilſon) as ſoon as the ſaid arrears can be paid to my executors. I alſo leave the ſaid John five pounds to be laid out in buying ſuch phyſical or chirurgical books, as Doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols ſhall think fit for him.

Item:

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Ann Ridgway, now in my family, the profits of the leaſe of two houſes let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the ſaid Cownly payeth me nine pounds ſterling for rent, yearly. I alſo bequeath to the ſaid Anne, the ſum of one hundred pounds ſterling, to be paid her by my executors in ſix weeks after my deceaſe, out of whatever money or Bank bills I may poſſeſs when I die: as alſo three gold rings, the remainder of the ſeven above-mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four; and all my ſmall pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item: I bequeath to my deareſt friend Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Eſq; my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item: I leave to Edward now Earl of Oxford, my ſeal of Julius Cæſar, as alſo another ſeal, ſuppoſed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and ſet in gold; both which I chuſe to beſtow to the ſaid Earl, becauſe they belonged to her late Moſt Excellent Majeſty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nurſing mother of her kingdoms.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglaſs, my picture of King Charles the Firſt, drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the ſaid James; as alſo, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottle ſcrew, which he gave me, and my ſtrong box, on condition of his giving the ſole uſe of the ſaid box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the ſaid Doctor, who hath more occaſion for it, and the ſecond beſt beaver hat I ſhall die poſſeſſed of.

Item:

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my ſilver box in which the Freedom of the City of Corke was preſented to me; in which I deſire the ſaid John to keep the tobacco he uſually cheweth, called Pigtail.

Item: I bequeath all my horſes and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackſon, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horſe furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any Chief Governor (ſince the change of times) to get ſome additional church preferment for ſo virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I alſo leave him my third beſt beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilſon, the Works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's Hiſtory in three folio volumes, and my beſt bible; together with thirteen ſmall Perſian pictures in the drawing room, and the ſmall ſilver tankard given to me by the contribution of ſome friends, whoſe names are engraved at the bottom of the ſaid tankard.

Item: I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery the enamelled ſilver plates to diſtinguiſh bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the half-length picture of the late Counteſs of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item: I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Eſq; the gold box in which the Freedom of the City of Dublin was preſented to me, as a teſtimony of the eſteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the Clergy, in oppoſition to all their unprovoked oppreſſors.

Item: I bequeath to Deane Swift, Eſq; my large ſilver ſtandiſh, conſiſting of a large ſilver plate, an ink pot, a ſand box and bell of the ſame metal.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which ſhe formerly gave me.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. John Worral, my beſt beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath the Reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, my medal of Queen Anne in ſilver, and on the reverſe the Biſhops of England kneeling before her Moſt Sacred Majeſty.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles the Firſt, and on the reverſe a Crown of Martyrdom with other devices. My will, nevertheleſs, is, that if any of the above-named Legatees ſhould die before me, that then, and in that caſe, the reſpective legacies to them bequeathed, ſhall revert to myſelf, and become again ſubject to my diſpoſal.

Item: Whereas I have the leaſe of a field in truſt for me, commonly called the Vineyard, let to the Reverend Doctor Francis Corbet, and the truſt declared by the ſaid Doctor; the ſaid field, with ſome land on this ſide of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's ***.

WHEREAS I have built a ſtrong wall round the ſaid piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the ſouth aſpect with brick, which coſt me above ſix hundred pounds ſterling: and, likewiſe, another piece of ground as aforeſaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial place called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground incloſed by the great wall, may be ſold for the remainder of the leaſe, at the higheſt price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the ſaid price will exceed three hundred pounds at the loweſt value: for which my ſucceſſor in the Deanery ſhall have the firſt refuſal; and, it is my earneſt deſire, that the ſucceeding Deans and Chapters may preſerve the ſaid Vineyard and piece of land adjoining, where the ſaid White now liveth, ſo as to be al-

ways

ways in the hands of the ſucceeding Deans during their office, by each Dean leſſening one fourth of the purchaſe money to each ſucceeding Dean, and for no more than the preſent rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lyndſay, one of the Judges of the Court of Common-Pleas; Henry Singleton, Eſq; Prime Serjeant to his Majeſty; the Reverend Doctor Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's; the Reverend Doctor Francis Wilſon, Prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Eſq; Recorder of the City of Dublin; the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's; the Reverend Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglaſs; the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and, Alexander M'Aulay, Eſq; my executors.

In witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſet my hand and ſeal, and publiſhed and declared this as my laſt Will and Teſtament, this third day of May, 1740 forty.

9 DE 63 JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, ſealed and publiſhed by the above-named Jonathan Swift, *in Preſence of Us, who have ſubſcribed our Names in his Preſence,*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

+ 3.